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American Boy
March 1933



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"The delegation has come for your abdication."

JUNGLE HAVEN

By Albert L. Stillman

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

Chapter One

THE late afternoon sun filtered through the branches of the forest, casting patches of light and shadow upon our cavalcade as it wound single file over a trail in the Algonian forest. In the lead was the royal huntsman, in his green forester's uniform, followed by two of his aides. The two princes came next, riding side by side. Boris, seventeen, was a tall, broad-shouldered youth, muscular and blond. Basil, fifteen, was shorter and darker, lithe rather than muscular, with the delicate face of a dreamer.

I brought up the rear, where a tutor and guardian should be. Far ahead were the dogs and beaters, and the occasional baying and trumpeting warned us that the quarry was not far ahead, and that the day would close with a successful kill.

The Algonians are mountaineers and foresters, as are most Balkan peoples. They are hardy, much

given to hunting, and the pursuit of the wild boar is their favorite sport. Boris would make them a good king. He loved every moment in the outdoors. Basil, on the other hand, was always reluctant to leave his books for the chase.

The baying in the distance turned into a triumphant series of yelps, and I could hear the boar's roar of defiance. There followed a long wind of the trumpet, deep in the forest. The royal huntsman sounded his horn in three sharp answering blasts. Simultaneously, all of us touched the flanks of our horses and sped toward the confused medley of sound.

"Remember," yelled Boris to his brother. "It's my turn today!"

"If you insist," answered Basil, cheerfully.

At that moment we emerged into a small clearing. In back was a low sandstone cliff, which, with true generalship, the boar had selected as a citadel to protect his rear. Ringed about him were the dogs, barking and crowding in. The Algonian boar is no mere pig! He's large, rawboned, and fierce, and this one was a grand specimen. With short rushes and baffling checks and wheels, he more than held his own with the pack. Two dogs were dead, and others were bleeding from injuries. The foresters stood by, doing what they could to restrain the rash charges of the excited hounds.

Boris dismounted and received from one of the retinue a short heavy spear. The dogs fell back, as if realizing that the situation was now in stronger hands than theirs. The boar paused, shaking flecks of foam from his jaws, and watched with narrowed eyes Boris' advance. Boris, holding the spear with its point slightly dipped, walked slowly forward,

warily watching the animal's eye for the flicker that would betray its intention to charge.

A dry stick crackled under Boris' advancing foot. The boar leaped forward as if shot from a catapult. Boris leaped high, and the great pig ran under his feet. Quickly it wheeled. Even more quickly, Boris turned upon the animal, lowered his spear, and drove it unerringly behind the animal's shoulder, straight to the heart. The shock of the thrust tumbled the boar to its side. It grunted, gave a convulsive kick and lay still. Boris raised up, breathed deeply, and turned to the royal huntsman.

"A ham to the palace, together with the jowls," he said. "Divide the rest of the carcass among the families of our attendants today."

The royal huntsman bowed, and gave the orders to a near-by subordinate. This man repeated the order to a lesser henchman.

"The captain commands the lieutenant, and the lieutenant commands the sergeant," Basil laughed. "It reminds me of your American slang, Mr. Mexican—'pass the buck!'"

The legs of the animal were tied together and the carcass slung on a pole. The sun was low; so the boys and I left the retinue and rode rapidly back to the palace.

WHEN I reached my apartment, my valet announced formally that His Majesty desired to see me within the half hour. I bathed and changed and reported at once to the anteroom of the king's chambers. I was admitted immediately.

The king was supping privately. On the table before him was a cold joint of ham and a mug of cider. He greeted me very cordially.

"Join me informally, Mexican," he said. "Her Majesty has left the country this morning to visit her royal father in Hessburg. We'll have to talk a bit seriously, I'm afraid."

The king prided himself on his informality and indulged it as much as possible. He was fond of me, I think. Still I joined him rather hesitantly.

"Sit down," said the king. "How are the boys?" I sat down and helped myself.

"Both splendid. Boris has killed another boar." His Majesty nodded. "The end of the month's at hand," he said briskly. "Let's have a verbal report on the boys, and then I'm going to ask you to listen to me for a while."

"The work continues as outlined," I replied. "Boris is having trouble with analytical geometry. The equation of a curve is not sufficiently practical for his taste."

"I am glad Boris is practical," smiled His Majesty. "How he is going to need it!"

I was surprised at his sudden vehemence, and I noticed for the first time that under His Majesty's easy good humor there was a suggestion of tenseness. I went on. "Basil has no trouble with theory. He loves it."

"They are far ahead of their ages in knowledge?" the king asked.

"Each is beyond the usual nineteen-year-old."

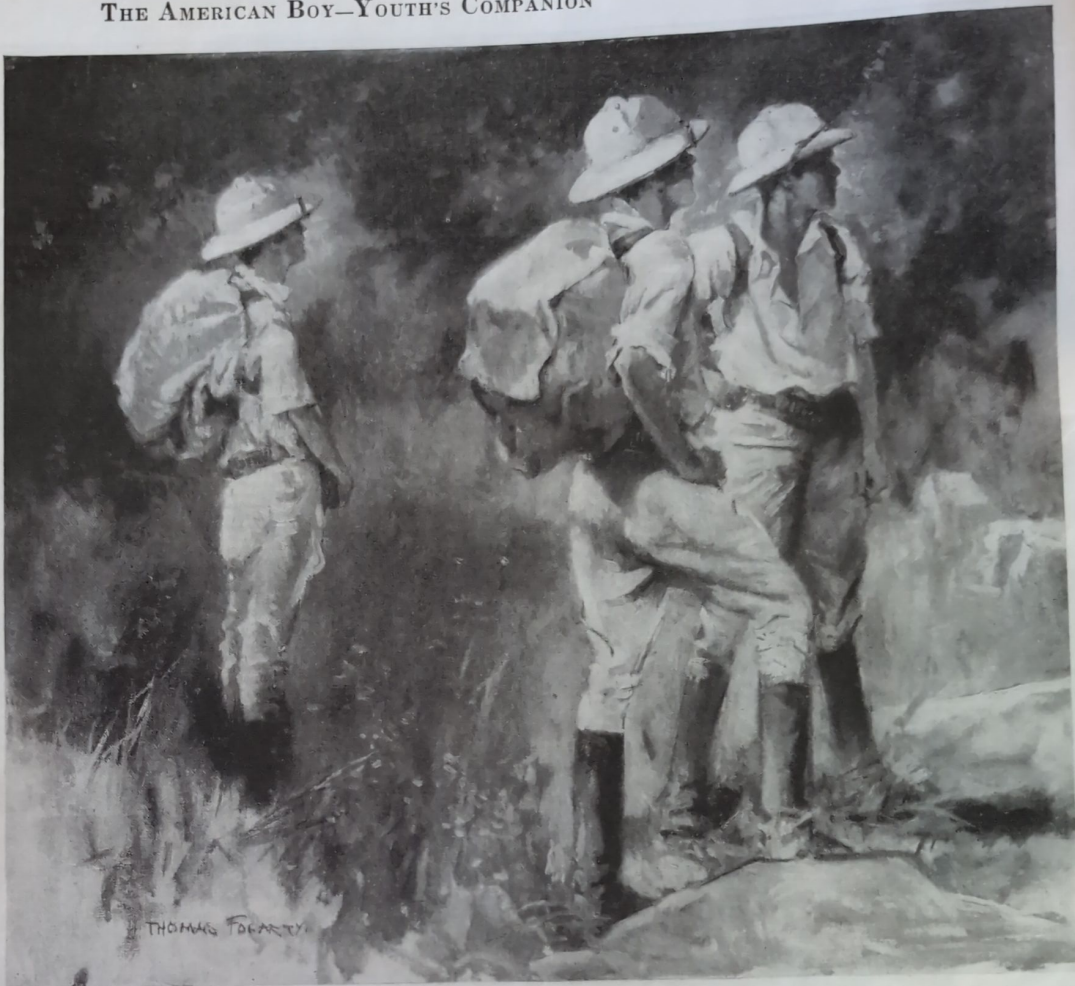
"Of course—I was right. A man with your unusual background can do wonders."

Right here, let me stop my story to explain what the king meant when he referred to my "unusual background." Of my parents I have no recollection—my name, Bob Mexican, must have been given me by the Lower California Indian tribe that brought me up. From my Indian foster parents I learned hunting, cooking, the preparing of skins, and the making and handling of Indian weapons.

Conrad Elder, an old prospector, picked me up in Durango and took me on as general handy man when I was still in my teens. He was something of a philosopher and an educated man, and he tried to teach me to read and write. I stayed with him as long as he lived.

He left a fortune. The bulk of it went to a nephew in the East, but a codicil in his will gave me \$10,000 a year as long as I attended any recognized university, and a further provision that the income was to cease if I failed in any single subject.

I didn't fail. After some preparatory work I attended a university and finished a course in mining



He was a magician of some kind. It was perfectly

engineering. But as I prepared to earn my own living, a lawyer advised me that there was nothing to prevent me from continuing my studies and receiving \$10,000 a year indefinitely. So I went back for a year of metallurgy. Then a year of chemistry.

After that, I am ashamed to say, I became Mexican, the professional student. In turn I learned forestry, mechanical engineering, and hydraulics. Seventeen years I studied, until one day Elder's nephew bribed an instructor to fail me in an easy subject, and according to the terms of the will my income was at once cut off.

By that time my fame had spread beyond the United States, and after some correspondence I was appointed tutor to the Algonian princes. This explanation, I hope, will make more credible the amazing events that were to come.

As I sat there, my mind roaming into the past, the king arose and closed all the doors to his apartment. Then he came back and sat down.

"What you have accomplished with my boys far surpasses my expectations," he said. "I believe that in Boris Algonia will have a good king. I know, too, how you love those boys. I am going to take advantage of that love, Mr. Mexican."

I waited quietly, wondering what was coming. "I have placed a sum of money in gold in your room—your second bureau drawer, right-hand side," the king said. "Please arrange to leave the country tomorrow—"

"Your Majesty," I cried.

"And take my sons with you—please make no noise," he said. "You deserve some explanation. Here it is." He spoke jerkily, and in low tones. "The mother has gone to her father's. She is reasonably safe there. But I dare not send the boys with her, because they would not be safe."

The king drew out of his desk drawer a large map of Algonia and the countries surrounding it, and spread it out on the table.

"Now I'll run over a minor chapter in European diplomacy. You know that certain powers are making us a pawn in their ambitious games. But you

cannot possibly know how powerful, how far-reaching, and how unscrupulous are the forces with which we must deal.

"We have two great European powers—let us call one Power A and the other Power B. Both are interested in a quick water route to Constantinople. To date Power A has the better of it, and Power A has been friendly to me and to my country. Now observe this narrow peninsula connecting the two great divisions of Centruria—to the south of us. A canal through that peninsula would quicken communication with Constantinople for Power B."

"Well," I said as the king paused, "it would also be a good thing for Centruria, I suppose. Why don't they dig the canal without delay, and where is Algonia concerned?"

"MY friend, you are not on the border of Canada and the United States. You are in a network of industrial empires that still strive to advance by conquest. Observe the map again. Cannon mounted on the Algonian mountain range would command the whole canal and render it useless."

"A treaty would cover that," I ventured.

"No," said the king. "Our powerful neighbor B would never spend the money for such a canal unless there sat on the throne of Algonia a dynasty of their own choosing, known to be friendly to them in all things. Believe me, Mexican, there will be no canal so long as my family is in power here."

Whether the king was really helpless, or whether he was determined to thwart Power B at the demand of the friendly Power A, I didn't know. It was evident, however, that I was in the presence of a very unhappy gentleman.

"For some months the campaign of Power B has been under way," His Majesty went on. "The first step has been to assail my private character in the press of other countries, and then to see that copies were distributed in Algonia. Then disaffection was fomented in our little army. Now I am sure I have enemies even in my palace guards! I do not know, with one exception, who are friends or foes."



clear that his attitude was distinctly unfriendly.

"The exception is myself, I take it," I inquired. "Yes," said His Majesty, simply. We paused a moment.

"If former experience is any guide," the king continued, "a very grand committee will call upon me within the next few days, requesting my abdication for the good of the country, and promising me a princely income to remain—with my family—outside the borders of Algunia."

"I should be tempted," I commented.

"And so should I," heartily agreed the king. "More, I would accept with pleasure. But I know that the statesmen of Power B have infinitely more faith in the harmlessness of a dead monarch than a deposed one. Once I became a private citizen in a European capital, my assassination would be easier for them."

"Now, my dear Mexican, you see the conditions. I must stay here and face the music. The boys will be in your care. Remove them far away into lands where their enemies would not dream of looking for them. Our enemy has secret assassins everywhere. Distrust everyone. The wilder and more lonely the new home you select, the better. Start in the morning, and do not wait to say good-by. Communicate with no one for at least a year, and then only if you can ascertain that there has been a change in our favor. Get them away, Mexican—all details are in your hands. I don't want to know them."

"Your Majesty—" I began.

"You will undertake it?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes."

"Good. Let us finish our meal."

The map was returned to the desk, and we replaced the viands. Not much more was said and, indeed, the meal was never finished. We were nibbling the spiced cakes that were our dessert when we heard the tramp of many boot-shod feet and the clash of spurs in the corridors outside.

"Now what's that?" asked the king. "I gave strict orders—"

The door was flung open. On the threshold stood General Berestjeff, head of the army, and Major Josten, the wizened commander of the Palace Guard.

Behind them were other notables of the kingdom.

"Ah, General," said His Majesty in mild rebuke, "could you find no one to announce you?"

"Sergius Rimoff," began the general, pompously mouthing the king's given name, and omitting all titles, "we have come in the name of the people of Algunia."

"Indeed, my dear General! Since when has the name of the people of Algunia meant disrespect to their sovereign?"

"Sovereign no longer, Sergius. This delegation has come for your abdication."

"Aren't you a few days ahead of schedule?"

"You are wasting time, Sergius," broke in Josten. "If you care to go to the balcony, you will find the mob in the courtyard. We are really acting for your protection."

THE king strode across the room, opened one of the French windows, and peered out. A confused howl arose from below. The king returned.

"Ah, yes," he said, smiling bitterly. "At least twenty braves screaming for my blood. My dear Josten, I hope you have seen that they are pedigreed Algunians, every one. You do not believe any foreigners might have mistakenly crept in?"

"It is the voice of the Algunian people," blustered the red-faced commander.

"Of course," agreed His Majesty—and he never looked more majestic than then. "I must not confuse the paymasters with the hirelings, must I? Please," as most of the delegation gave visible signs of resentment, "be patient, gentlemen. I must abdicate, it seems. But I have not read up recently on the formalities that accompany an abdication. I may, I presume, continue to give a few final orders to my household?"

The general, still flushed, bowed his assent.

"Then, Mr. Mexican," said the king, "you will kindly attend to the educational matters I spoke of at once, without a second's delay."

I bowed. I understood, and the king knew that I understood.

"And Mr. Mexican," he went on, "remember that I am king of Algunia until I have signed my abdication. Please be so good as to remember that when you reach the door. Pause there, Mr. Mexican, face me and bow."

That was unlike the king, and it puzzled me. Was such bravado necessary to impress these men?

The committee filed into the room, making way for my exit. Following instructions, I stood momentarily at the doorway, beginning the deep obeisance that Algunia accords royalty.

Like a streak of jagged lightning, the gold braid on the monarch's cuff flashed as his hand reached the drawer of the desk in front of him and emerged with a Colt 38. The first shot lodged between the eyes of the pompous old general. I could tell by the fall that he was dead. Josten caught the second shot in the temple and fell across the general.

I DIDN'T wait! Well I understood what the monarch had done, and why he had made me walk to the doorway!

For the sake of his boys he had decided to make a lone stand and die. By that diversion he was trying to give me time to gather the gold, arouse the boys, and escape. I ran down the corridor with all speed, toward my room, my heart choked with admiration for Sergius Rimoff.

I would not let him make this sacrifice in vain. I would not—I would not! As I reached the door of my room I heard a volley.

Sergius IV was dead.

I found the gold, packed it in a belt, attached the belt quickly to my person and covered it over with my own canvas cartridge belt, which I always kept filled. My pistols were loaded.

On I raced through the corridors to the apartments of the two princes. I reached the entrance to Boris' suite, and pounded on the door.

"Let me in—it's Mexican," I roared.

After an exasperating delay, the door was opened and Boris stood before me, half-dressed.

"What's the matter, Mr. Mexican?"

"Hurry and dress," I said. "Call Basil! The world's afire."

He looked at me bewildered for a split second, then hurriedly made off. I ran down the corridor and glanced over the gallery to the court below. The mob, which seemed small, was passing in and out of the rooms on the ground floor. It was only a question of seconds before they would mount the stairs.

Meanwhile the committee that had called on the king came down the staircase, bearing the bodies of their slain colleagues. The king's body had been left behind. An officer whom I didn't recognize was in charge. He halted the committee, said a few words that I couldn't hear, and pointed in the direction of the princes' apartments.

I lost no time then, but ran back, stooping low as I ran. There was no way to escape downstairs. I reached the boys' apartments. Boris had found Basil. Both had hurriedly finished dressing, and were munching cookies.

"They brought us no dinner," explained Boris. "We know something terrible is happening. What is it?"

"Revolution—father killed—come with me," I said jerkily, getting it over as quickly as possible.

The boys paid me the second great compliment of the day, and followed without question, pausing only to gather up pistols and ammunition. Their faces were shocked and white, and Basil's eyes glistened with sudden tears. But they trotted by my side unhesitatingly.

"Where are we headed?" asked Boris.

"The roof," I answered.

A part of the mob was already upstairs as we reached the stairs to the roof. As we climbed swiftly up we could hear cries: "The princes are up there!"

I heard the soldiers running from the boys' rooms into the corridor. They would be upon us almost at once, and I needed time on the roof for what I planned to do.

"Boys," I whispered earnestly. "We must reach the roof, and we have to have a few minutes there. We must keep this mob back somehow. I suggest we fire the stairs."

"The chapel lamps," said Basil quickly.

I nodded. In the queen's chapel were lamp, candles, and ceremonial oil, and the lamps and candles were always lighted. There was a reserve supply of oil for the lamps.

Before the soldiers could locate us, the entire staircase behind us was ablaze, and we were on the roof under the early evening stars.

Chapter Two

THE capital of Algunia is situated among the mountain peaks, five miles from the sea. The streets are practically a series of narrow terraces, culminating in two eminences near the center of the city. On the lower of the two were perched the palaces, and on the higher was the great citadel that served as headquarters for the little Algunian army. The citadel was now the fountainhead of the revolution, and its guns were manned by our enemies.

I glanced from the roof of the palace and could see people running about the streets, alarmed by the firing. Below our feet, yells and the crackle of flames blended into a dull roar. From several windows smoke was pouring, and one directly below us was beginning to belch flame.

"The glider, of course," said Boris, quietly.

He had grasped my objective—it was our one desperate hope of leaving the city. The air service of the Algunian army was as yet mostly on paper, and the country had no planes. But it did have gliders, and here on the roof was a two-passenger ship resting on its catapult. Boris was an expert flyer. We ran over to it.

"Must one of us stay behind to fire the catapult?" asked Basil, as we worked.

"No, we leave together," I said, shortly.

"She is built only for two passengers," objected Boris. "I'll gladly stay behind."

"She'll have to carry three of us this time," I told him.

"Very noble of Boris," said Basil, "but the way I estimate our chances, he isn't risking much."

He pointed to the citadel. The searchlight from the tower was sweeping toward us. When they located us there'd be bullets.

"On your faces!" I yelled.

We all dropped prone, and lay there for a moment, breathing heavily. "Crawl slowly, Boris," I ordered. "See if you can scramble into the cockpit."

Boris obeyed, and reached his objective without being fired upon.

"Now, Basil! Spread yourself flat on the starboard wing."

I took hold of his arm to encourage him and found it trembling slightly. But there was no fear in his face as he crawled away.

The moon had come up behind the mountains. Beside the searchlight I could see a gun crew adjusting a 75-millimeter gun. Shellfire! Now we *did* have to hurry!

As I ran over to the catapult in the full glare of the searchlight, a bullet spat into the masonry near-by. Whipping out my penknife, I forced the blade of it into the catapult control. Then I leaped to the glider.

Boris was in the car, bent down, his hands on the controls. Basil was spread flat on the right wing, grasping the leading edge grimly. On the citadel a few hundred yards away I could see soldiers working about the cannon. The muzzle was swinging toward us. And there was my penknife, sticking up like a

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"A Question of Color"

By C. S. Montanye

black pencil less than twenty feet away. Sitting upon the wing, one hand grasping its edge, I brought my pistol to bear upon the knife and coolly squeezed the trigger.

It was a good shot. The penknife disappeared and the catapult roared. Simultaneously I dropped flat and hung on for dear life. I could hear the bark of the 75 as we shot into the air over the castle's parapet.

We had departed none too soon. The 75 shell exploded on the roof, turning it into a sudden blaze of white. The glider

rocked in the blast, and for a moment my heart stopped. Then I looked over the ship, saw that we were intact, and breathed a shuddering sigh of relief. It had been close—much too close.

We soared over the market place, and I could see people running about the square. With the weight of three men in her, the glider's angle was steep.

"I shall have to land, I think," called Boris.

But I had a forlorn hope. Winds from the south had a habit of hitting the mountainside and shooting upward. If we could only get into those upward columns of air! Down below soldiers were running into the market place, pointing at us.

Then, even as those soldiers below lifted their rifles, a breeze hit us. The glider leaped like a wild horse, and I knew we were rising. Rifles were spitting, now, but I could hear no bullets ticking through the glider. It would have to be a lucky shot to hit us!

"Head out to sea!" I yelled. "We'll look for the fishing fleet!"

Of all classes in Algunia none was more loyal to the crown than the deep sea fishermen. This very summer the princes had spent two weeks with the fishing fleet, and I knew we would find a safe haven if we could reach the coast, five miles away. As we coasted down the rising air currents in a long, bumpy glide, I began planning our next move.

"How about flares?" I asked.

We soared over the market place, and I could see people running about the square.

Every glider carried a supply of flares. In Algunia, where gliders came down so frequently in ravines and forests, they were a necessity.

"A dozen," said Boris.

"Listen!" shouted Basil.

Below us we heard the long, sustained roar of the surf playing upon the jagged rocks that formed Algunia's coast line.

"I should like more altitude," said Boris, and tried for it. But as he nosed the ship up, even I could feel the rush of air slacken and the framework give a slight tremble as if the ship were about to stall.

"How are you at night landing, anyway?" Basil called out cheerfully.

"I can land any time in water," said Boris grimly. We passed the line of surf, flying low.

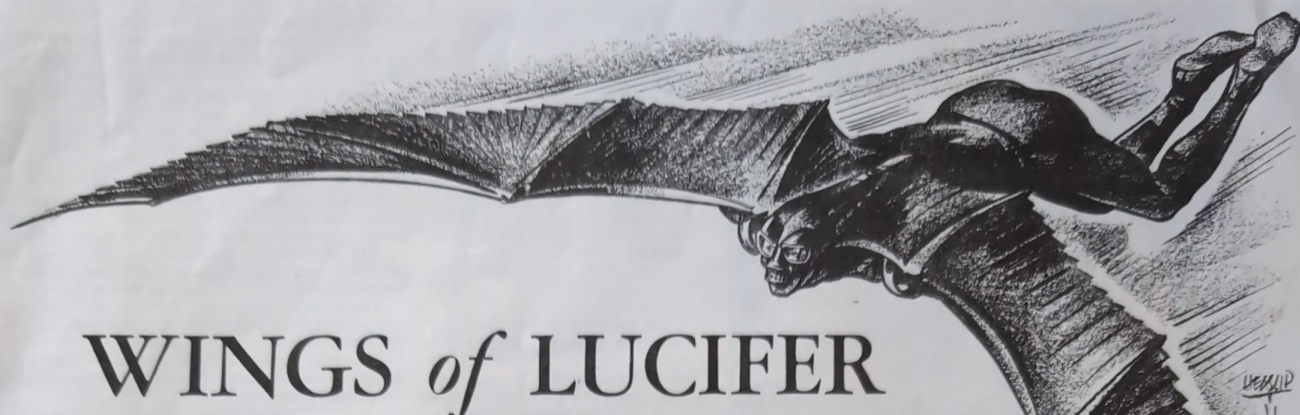
"We'll just clear the breakers," Boris barked.

The sound of the surf slowly grew fainter. Suddenly, below us, a monster wave appeared out of the darkness, reached up its giant hand and grabbed us with a sudden jar that almost threw me into the sea. Our flight ended. We were afloat.

Basil and I crawled from the wings into the small cockpit. Boris was already lighting a flare.

"She rides nicely, doesn't it?" (Continued on page 43)





WINGS of LUCIFER

A Mad Adventure That Couldn't Happen--but Did

By Carl H. Claudy

Illustrated by William Heaslip

knows we are ready for him."
"They've been stolen before—always with bloodshed," murmured Henning.

"So has your ruby!" retorted the president. "But no one has stolen it from you!"

"How about the roof?" Mr. Wirt looked up as he spoke.

"The peaked top of the tower slants at an angle of eighty degrees—just ten degrees from vertical. Only a fly could cling to it. Foster and I looked out the roof door before dark. We saw nothing. Then I locked the door after us. Satisfied?"

Mr. Wirt laughed. "It's not for me to be satisfied! I don't own the diamonds, you know! I'm here to consider putting some money into handling them—as I suppose we all are. I can think of no precautions you haven't taken."

"Nevertheless it was a fool stunt to put it in the paper," insisted Henning. "But if you are satisfied there is no danger, I move we get to business."

He lit a cigar with hands that shook a little.

"Nervous?" A dapper Frenchman on his left observed the tremble.

"Yes. I haven't the remotest idea how any human being could do it, but I know those gems. There might be, say, a hovering airship—but there can't be."

"We are fifteen!" President Ledbetter said confidently. "Suppose a burglar could get in—from your hovering airship!" He laughed scornfully. "Would we sit quietly and let him help himself?" He looked at Wirt as he spoke, and that gentleman flushed.

"Have you ever looked into the open end of a forty-five with a masked face behind it?" he asked gently. "I can buy my diamonds. I have only one life. If I thought a thief could get in here, I wouldn't be present when Mr. Foster produces the diamonds. Robbers with automatics have nervous fingers . . . my associate is still in the hospital—missed his heart but punctured his lung—"

Two or three strolled restlessly around the room, talking in low tones. One man went out in the hall to shake

the steel gates at the head of the narrow stairs; they heard him bang on the elevator door. From the windows Henning gazed down a sheer drop of three hundred feet. Above, there was nothing but roof, too steep to cling to. Nothing below but four empty floors, each locked from the other. Elevators unable to get closer than five stories below. Windows on all sides opening into empty space; fifteen men on guard.

Henning laughed again. "I'm an old woman!" He turned to Foster. "It's hot here, in spite of the height and open windows. Produce the pretties and let's get this over with!"

Foster looked at his watch and shook his head. "I can't get the diamonds until nine o'clock!" he answered. "Time lock." He waved his hand at the massive vault door that occupied the hall side of the room. "Ten minutes to wait."

Wirt examined the great vault door of shining polished steel.

"It's eighteen inches thick and surrounded on three sides with six feet of reinforced concrete, electrically protected," explained Henning. "I have almost its

duplicate in my home."

"Made especially for the Keltonham ruby—of course," asserted Wirt. "How about the men on guard? Can they be got at?"

"All D. M. P. A. men," assured Henning. "I think fourteen years is the service of the youngest of them. There are four at the foot of the first barred stairs where the elevators are, all armed to the teeth. Even if they were all crooks, they haven't the keys to the doors—and yet those Romano diamonds—"

"Why, man, are you really superstitious?"

Henning shook his head and wandered off to look again out of the window. In spite of the precautions, the number of men, and the absolute impossibility of a theft, the evil reputation of the Romano diamonds clung to his mind. They had never remained in any one man's hands for more than a year—and Foster had had them for eleven months.

A long list of murders was wrapped up in their history. The last four owners, all wealthy collectors, had been killed or badly wounded. So bad was the reputation of those gems that they were no longer salable as a collection. Nemesis seemed to follow them. Hence the syndicate formed to break up and sell them separately.

As a collection they were valued in the millions, or would be if collectors were not afraid of them. Separately, the gems and pieces would bring less, but business needs money, not unsalable gems. The diamonds were too valuable and unique to be handled by any one dealer. Even Foster, rich as he was, had to ask for help to dispose of them, and Henning, who never spared money to buy the gems he loved, wanted only a few of the better pieces.

FOSTER spread a black velvet cover over the mahogany table. He dragged four daylight stand lamps to the table and under the white glare the black cloth showed dusty. He brushed it clean, carefully.

Two watchcases snapped. Foster nodded. "I know. Well open, now—"

From a drawer he produced a blue automatic, which he laid near his chair. The vault was to the left of the only door to the hall.

"Be seated, please, gentlemen!" he begged.

He walked pudgily to the vault and spun the combination carefully. It was a time and combination lock in one. The time lock feature was used only overnight, or when extraordinary precautions had to be taken. He heaved on the wheel and gasped with effort as the heavy door swung slowly open. Inside he unlocked another door of barred steel. He stepped into the vault, and with still a third key he unlocked a drawer from which he took a chest of polished wood.

This he set beneath the glare of the daylight lamps on the table.

The chest was perhaps eighteen inches long by a foot wide by eight inches deep. Fourteen heads bent forward curiously. Horlitz raised the lid—the little

A GROUP of fifteen, jewel collectors and dealers in precious stones, met about a table in the offices of Emerson Foster. His suite of rooms included the entire top floor of the Tower Building, forty floors above the street. From his windows he could see the lights of Jersey City and the tiny hulks of ocean liners on the Hudson. From below came the faint hum of downtown New York.

The nearest structure to rival the Tower Building in height was the Chandler Building, six blocks away.

"Just the same, I think you did a fool thing," J. Gordon Henning, wealthy collector of fine gems, said casually. "Those diamonds are evil enough without talking about them—"

"Not at all! Publicity doesn't hurt!" Emerson Foster waved two pudgy hands in protest. "Read it! Read it aloud!" He pushed a newspaper at his critic. Henning shrugged his shoulders but read, obediently.

"Emerson Foster, diamond dealer, reported to the police today an anonymous threat to steal the Romano diamonds. Captain Edward Raymond, of the Diamond Merchants Protective Association police, believes the letter that of a crank. Nevertheless, extraordinary precautions have been taken against robbery. Mr. Foster received the letter in the morning's mail. It reads:

"The Romano diamonds will be stolen tonight, unless you stop the elevators of the Tower Building."

"The note is typewritten on good paper and unsigned. Captain Raymond has thrown a cordon of men around the Tower Building in which the diamonds are held in a burglar-proof vault. Neither he nor Mr. Foster is worried. The vault is on the top floor of a building especially designed for safety against theft of jewels, and a robbery would be impossible."

Foster smiled as Henning finished the letter.

"The country is talking about the Romano diamonds," he said. "That won't hurt when we come to sell them."

"He'll be quite a burglar who breaks in," a tall man on the other side of the table said quietly. "As you know, this is my first meeting with you. Mind telling me what the precautions are?"

Elson Ledbetter, the stout president of the Diamond Merchants Protective Association, polished and smooth and glossy, answered the question.

"Not at all, Mr. Wirt. I can understand your wanting to know!"

A smile went around the table. Wirt and Tetlow of St. Louis had been robbed of fifty thousand dollars' worth of gems a month before, and Tetlow was still in the hospital as the result of a bullet wound.

"The situation is this," went on Ledbetter. "Foster, here, occupies this entire top floor; no need to watch neighbors' room for concealed crooks. The elevators, as the letter suggested, tonight cannot rise higher than five floors down—the four floors beneath this are not leased. The stairs are barred with steel. Five gates are locked across the stairs, one on each of five floors, and Foster has the keys. He had the good sense to make this letter public. If any insane person thinks he can steal from this stronghold, he

*A Long
Story
Complete
in This
Issue*



The watcher at the window gasped as it dropped like a plummet.

chest was not locked—and a half gasp, half sigh went up from the group. In black velvet compartments blazed the fires of Golconda, the scintillating points of all the stars of night. Big diamonds, little diamonds, diamonds in ropes, diamonds in chains, diamonds in bracelets and pins, diamonds in collars and tiaras.

Foster removed the top tray and another pile of gems shot its brilliance into the room. The ceiling danced with tiny rays of light. Another tray, and still a fourth, and the Romano diamonds lay revealed. Three, four, ten millions in the finest gems the world had ever seen, brought together as a collection.

No one spoke. The trays went around the table, the experts leaning forward in little groups. Reverent hands lifted the baubles tenderly, holding them in chamois skins, laying them on the black velvet, examining them with pocket lens or eye microscopes. Low exclamations and whispered words filled the room.

For half an hour the examination continued. Pencils and papers came out as each man jotted notes of gems in which he was particularly interested, or pieces he thought he could sell.

Foster sat with eyes half closed, watchful but con-

tented. His precautions had been effective. No burglar could get in. He jangled the keys in his pocket, thinking of the five locked doors to the stairs. Now and then he glanced at the windows, hoping for a breath of air. It was very hot and he was fat. He would be glad when it was over.

"When you have all seen all you want, I'll put them away," he stated. "Then we can talk."

"I'll be glad—put them away, quickly!" said Henning.

"Still nervous?" Wirt rose, laughing, but sat down again at a look from Ledbetter.

The others signified that they had seen enough. Foster collected the trays, placing them one after another in the chest, and closed the lid. With the chest in front of him, he sat for a moment to light a cigar as short and pudgy as he.

"I'll put 'em back—" He half rose from his chair, his hands on the box.

"Hands up, quick!"

Foster grabbed his gun and whirled on a coal black figure—black from head to heel. It had no face. Before he could fire, a shot crashed the silence. Foster didn't have time even to gasp. He slumped into his chair, his gun clattering to floor. A bright red stream welled from a hole in his head, flowing across the shiny top of the table to the velvet.

The black figure sprang forward, caught up the box, and jumped again to the open door through which it had come. The gun that had spoken so terribly menaced the group. Twelve had their hands in the air. Henning sat as he was, his hands open and empty on the table, smiling a little. Wirt's mouth fell open; then his hands slowly went heavenward.

Henning looked calmly at the black figure. Now that it had happened, he was no longer afraid. The murderer wore a curious costume. The figure was clad in black tights, a close-fitting black jersey with long sleeves, and a black hood and mask that covered all of the face save for eye holes and a slit for the mouth. Even the hands were gloved in black. The shoes were black, soft, and high-laced. "Gym shoes," thought Henning. "He must be hot in that wool costume."

"Put your hands up!" A low, rather pleasant voice held a quality of steel.

"Why?" inquired Henning, his voice steady. "I have no gun—"

Two shots rang out in rapid succession. The chair back behind Henning's head splintered on either side. Henning drew in his breath sharply, then smiled. "Poor shooting!" he jibed.

"Good shooting!" came the low contradiction. "I can shoot the heart out of an ace at twenty paces. Will you put your hands up?"

Henning elevated his hands.

The expressionless voice continued:

"That's better. You are Henning, are you not? Some day I will call on you for your great ruby!"

"Yes?"

"Yes. And when I call you will give it to me."

The black figure paused, almost as if contemplating the scene before him. He didn't seem anxious to get away.

"He can't get away!" thought Henning. "He must have concealed himself up here yesterday—or before."

"I thank you for accepting my suggestion of keeping the elevators from this floor. I might not have dared, else. I bid you good evening. Oh—I almost forgot! It will be exceedingly dangerous to come into the hall for at least two minutes—exceedingly dangerous."

With the box under its arm the black figure backed

to the door, slipped through, and closed it after him. They heard a key turn in the lock.

Henning dived for Foster's fallen automatic. He shot thrice at the lock, shattering it, then with his gun in hand tore into the hall, ignoring the danger of which the burglar had warned. But the hall was empty.

Foster sat deserted in his chair while frenzied men fought for clues and an explanation. The red blood, dark now, had stopped welling.

The elevators were five floors below.

The barred doors to the stairway were untouched. The collectors unlocked them one by one with keys taken from the pocket of the dead man.

The guards five floors below had heard nothing and seen no one. No one had come up the stairs, no one had passed them going down.

The guards around the building reported no loiterers or suspicious characters. The door to the roof was still locked.

The man couldn't have escaped. And yet black burglar and Romano diamonds had apparently vanished into thin air.

"Are you superstitious now?" whispered Henning to Wirt.

Wirt didn't answer.

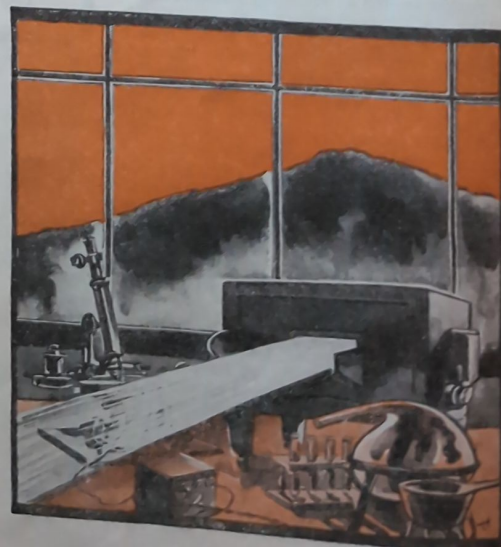
ROCKING to the air bumps, Hod Wingate hung on extended pinions a mile above the earth. Below him spread the wooded panorama of lower Connecticut and the gleaming expanse of Long Island Sound. At that height the Palisades were mere river banks, leaving the Hudson but a steel gash across the green and brown of checkered earth.

Hod Wingate kept a sharp lookout for airplanes. He had made sketches of himself in his pinions, and knew that at a distance he must seem only a peaceful glider pilot to any passing mail or passenger plane. With his white wings and white tights, white jersey and shoes he was hardly visible at all. He wanted no planes coming close and seeing a human figure with wings but with no engine, fuselage, or propeller. Two weeks ago it wouldn't have mattered greatly. Now, since the Romano theft and murder, discovery would mean deadly danger.

The bird man's flying equipment was like nothing the world had ever seen. In a little laboratory atop a mountain out West he and his cousin had developed it. First Aerolin VII. Then Aerolin XIII. A metal light as balsa wood, as strong as duralumin. With his cousin he had built wing structures modeled after bird wings, with Aerolin tubes for ribs and Aerolin sheet for surface. It had cost them a fortune to develop power—to harness the energy of the atom. But they had done it, and now, in a tiny box, they could carry enough atomic fuel for an around-the-world flight.

A close observer could have seen the atomic fuel container, no bigger than a match box, between Hod's shoulder blades. He'd have noticed the slender, flexible tubes running out from it along the backs of Hod's arms, to the delicate pistons and springs that formed a network across the under surface of the wings. In soaring, or riding upward air currents, Hod needed no fuel, but when he wanted to beat upward, he had only to release energy and he could outmaneuver a hawk. His outstretched arms were thrust through rings. His fingers were pressed over flutelike stops in the atomic fuel tubes. With his fingers he was the ruler of space, the king of the upper air!

With the perfection of a fuel supply, Hod's cousin, Jim Wingate, had departed for the East. Impatient



Jim! Restless and adventuresome, Jim had refused to go through the arduous job of working out details. He had washed his hands of the project, left the field to Hod, and gone to New York.

Now Hod was in New York, looking for capital. All this Hod reviewed in an instant as he hovered over the woods of Connecticut. He folded his wings and dropped plummet-like toward the Sound, a white comet in the sky. Spreading his wings he opened out into a swooping glide. Then, releasing a mighty surge of energy through the tiny tubes, he set in action the slender springs and pistons. Obediently the wings scooped the air powerfully as he climbed to his former level. There was a worried frown on his face.

"That robbery was a mistake," he murmured. "A terrible mistake. Tossing away everlasting fame, for sudden, ill-gotten wealth!"

Down below, in towns along the Post Road, Hod knew that the world was hysterically discussing the theft. That collector, Henning, had suggested a hovering autogiro or a dirigible with a rope suspended from it. Others advanced the theory of secret doors in the Tower Building. One editor accused the fifteen collectors of a plot to murder Foster. Fantastic theories! But the truth was more fantastic than the theories, and only two people knew the truth—Hod Wingate and Jim.

"It had to be murder!" Hod groaned aloud. "Foster would pull a gun!"

Suddenly the bird man's wide gray eyes grew steely, and his face became set in grim determination.

"I'll go see Jim," he said.

Curling one wing he dropped in a half spiral and turned north. Sliding down a pathway of air he headed straight for a lone hilltop a hundred miles from New York. As he gained speed he tucked his head behind a small shield that was held in place by a lightly constructed Aerolin shoulder harness. With powerful beats of his wings he fled with incredible speed.

When he was over his hill, he dropped like a falcon. Down, down, almost to earth, and when it seemed that he must be dashed to pieces on the rock he spread his wings, checked his flight, and lightly landed on a ledge. He stepped out of his wings, leaving them as lifeless as the outworn shell of a cicada. He folded them into a compact bundle some ten feet long and climbed a path to his cabin.

Inside the cabin, Hod sat at a pine table and re-read the newspaper accounts of the Romano theft.

"SLIM evidence," he murmured, as he read aloud the description of the murderer. "The burglar is a good shot and boasts of it. He is willing to kill, but does not kill unnecessarily—he spared Henning. He wore gymnasium shoes. His black jersey outfit was tight-fitting and evidently hot, and it completely covered body, hands, and face."

The flying man grinned pleasantly. The wind-tanned color of his face contrasted sharply with his sandy hair. He looked quickly at a corner where a second set of wings stood. This set was black, and there were black shoes and black tights to go with it. The white suit for day flying, the black suit for night—and the murderer wore black!

"I must go see Jim," Hod thought.

He went to work with tools on the ribs of both sets of wings. When he had finished, he packed it all neatly into an ordinary suitcase. In another suitcase he packed clothing, much of it tight-fitting woollens. Without delay he set off down the trail.

Hod Wingate walked swiftly past an astonished doorkeeper in uniform guarding the portals of an exclusive Park Avenue apartment house.

"Top!" he said briefly to the elevator boy.

"You mus' be announced, sah!" the elevator boy told him.

With one motion Hod pushed the elevator boy to one side, slammed the door, and pushed down the starting handle. The boy opened his mouth to protest, then swallowed hastily at the sight of a yellow bill in the young man's hands.

"I have been announced!" he grinned. "Buy yourself a pack of cigarettes and keep the change—"

"Yas, sah! Yas, sah! I know you been announced!"

Hod got off at the top floor and watched the elevator descend before he rang the bell of Jim's apartment. When the door opened he pushed his way in unceremoniously, and set his back against it.

The man who faced him flushed a little, then paled with anger. "What the—oh, it's you!" He stepped back. "I thought it was—but come in, as long as you are in—"

"I'm coming in—as long as I am in!" retorted Hod, grimly. "Who did you think it was—the police?"

Jim Wingate led the way into a well-furnished living room. He was slightly broader than Hod, and dark-haired. There was more suave boredom in his face and his manner. He wasn't tanned.



"I bid you good evening. It will be exceedingly dangerous to come into the hall for at least two minutes."

"The police? I don't think I understand you!" murmured Jim.

"You understand me all right!" Hod retorted. "I'm talking about this Romano business."

For an instant the two men eyed each other squarely, as though each were trying to force the other to bend to the fierceness of his gaze. Hod, slender, fair-haired, wind-tanned. Jim, huskier, dark-haired, ruddy but not tanned. They had the same wide gray eyes, but where Hod's eyes were eager and joyous, Jim's were more knowing and aware.

Jim was the first to relent from the intent battle of eyes. He turned and laughed with genuine mirth.

"Here we are," he said. "We haven't seen each other for a year and we start right in with a first-rate scrap. When did you get to New York?"

Hod gave a grunt of impatience. "Two weeks ago," he said. "I wrote you a month ago and didn't get a reply."

"How are Wings coming along?" Jim asked carelessly. "Have you got them just the way you want 'em? I'd like to take a flight again, one of these days."

Hod snorted. "Don't stall, Jim!"

"What do you mean?"

"We worked together three years," Hod went on. "When you left, you gave me your word of honor that you had taken no formulae or plans, that you had no intention of continuing in scientific work. You said you were going into business. You wanted life, contacts, fun. And you lied." Hod paused and drew his breath. "You stole the sketches of Wings—I don't know whether it was Wings XIV or Wings XV. You stole formula VII and the atomic energy device. And you've used them to steal the Romano diamonds and murder a man."

Jim's face flushed red. For a moment he couldn't find words, but when he spoke his voice was steady.

"It's funny," he said slowly. "Here you arrived in New York two weeks ago, shortly before the Romano theft. You're the inventor of Wings, the only man with the equipment, the flying ability, and the motive for the theft. And you accuse me!"

Hod looked at his cousin wrathfully. With an effort he mastered himself, and this time it was he who changed the subject. His expression became reminiscent, disarming.

"Jim," he said, "I worked alone for a year, out on that mountain top. A long, hard year by myself. It wasn't much fun after you left—I kept thinking

of the good times we'd had together. Remember the celebration we staged when we hit upon the fuel principle?"

"When you hit upon it!" Jim corrected. "You're the scientist, not I, and I'm taking no credit."

"But you were the first man to glide with Wings. You had the nerve that I lacked. I can still see you standing on the edge of that cliff, wings outstretched. That was before we had fuel. It was a gliding experiment purely, and you took a chance with your life. At the last minute I yelled at you to stop—to try it with a dummy. And with a derisive laugh you—" Hod paused and a slight reminiscent shudder swept through his frame.

"—leaped off," Jim finished with a laugh. "But I was taking no great chance. You see, I had faith in your design. And you had nerve. You'd have taken that jump if I hadn't. I wanted to be first."

For a moment their quarrel seemed forgotten as they recalled that moment on the cliff, with space yawning beneath and a set of frail-looking wings to test. Yet, behind the half-smiles on their faces there was the poised waiting for an armed truce.

"Three long years," Hod said slowly. "Time and again I was ready to quit. And you kidded me out of it each time."

JIM refused the compliment with a careless shrug. "I was having fun," he said. "You were pursuing a great ambition."

"My one great ambition," Hod admitted. "And do you realize that now I can never give my invention to the world? The minute I present it, people will connect it with the Romanoi case. And I go to prison—or to the chair. I can't prove an alibi!"

"But why are you here accusing me?" Jim asked. "I haven't thought of Wings for a year!"

Hod looked searchingly at his cousin, vainly trying to pierce through the polite exterior.

"Furthermore," Jim went on, stretching lazily in his chair, "you're safe. You can be sure of that. Suppose I were to go to the police and tell them that I knew a man who had perfected a means of flight that enabled him to take off and land like a bird—on window ledges, roofs, and what have you. Suppose I turned you over to the police, Wings and all. They'd have to demonstrate that a man could fly with the contraption. You wouldn't fly with it, and they couldn't. And they'd have no evidence!"

"But you could demonstrate the flight for them," Hod said keenly.

"And lay myself open to suspicion?" Jim laughed. "No danger!"

Hod's eyes roamed about the room as if they were searching for something. Jim noticed it and laughed.

"You're not looking for Wings, are you?" he asked. "I could give you the keys to every closet and drawer in this apartment and you wouldn't find so much as a piece of Aerolin."

"Merely because you've hidden it too well."

Jim snorted. Then, suddenly, his voice became curt.

"You haven't planted anything here, have you?" he asked quickly. "Maybe part of a wing? Or one of the Romanoi diamonds?"

Hod reddened. "You know I haven't!"

Jim shook his head. "When a man is desperate, he might do anything. Isn't it a reasonable theory, in view of your need for money, to suppose that you committed the robbery and then remembered that you had cheated yourself of the glory and fame of your invention? And your only way out is to hang the crime on somebody else?"

"You think I'm that kind?"

"No," Jim admitted. "But I know your ambition."

Hod rose convulsively to his feet. "Then the net result of this interview is that we accuse each other of the Romanoi killing?"

Jim rose, and they stood facing each other—the only two men in the world who could have committed the crime.

"I'm afraid that's the situation," Jim said regretfully.

"You know well enough I don't approve of murder."

"Nor I," replied Jim.

"You know that I'm going to try to clear my invention of stigma!" Hod went on.

"You're threatening?" Jim lifted his eyebrows inquiringly. "You mean you'll try to hang this thing on me—send me to the chair if you can?"

"That's what I mean."

Jim lifted his shoulders and dropped them indifferently. "So be it," he said, smiling a little.

MR. J. GORDON HENNING yawned in the faces of his guests, obviously tired of the discussion. Mr. Ledbetter, stout president of the Diamond Merchants Protective Association, and the chief of the D. M. P. A. police were, doubtless, very estimable gentlemen, but their conversation was fruitless.

"I don't think we'll get anywhere this way," he said. "I am glad to discuss the matter with you, but we're no nearer a solution of the crime than before."

We knew exactly nothing when you arrived, and we know exactly nothing now!"

The smooth president arose to walk, irritated, about the room. It was a very beautiful room. Three heavily curtained windows looked out from the twentieth floor of an exclusive apartment, over Park Avenue. Ledbetter knew that the expensive rugs, the carved furniture of rare woods, the priceless pictures, the Ming vases, the original jades, spelled money in quantity. But he didn't approve of wealthy collectors who listened and smiled and made no suggestions.

"Confound all thieves!" he broke out. "Henning, if it can happen once, it can happen again! Your own collection now—aren't you interested in saving it? Your great Keltonham ruby?"

Henning smiled again.

"Of course I'm interested!" he answered pleasantly. "But mere interest isn't helpful. But make no mistake about it, I can—and have—protected my own collection."

The heavy curtain that partially hid one of the great open windows stirred, as if with some vagrant breeze.

"How?" demanded the chief of police. Henning shrugged. "You ought to know. You O.K.'d the design of my vault. The makers themselves can't get into it in less than twenty-four hours, even with all the workmen, tools, electric current they want. How can a thief get into it?"

The stout president whirled. "But you take out your collection to look at sometimes, don't you? No thief could have broken into Foster's vault, either!"

"That's very true," agreed Henning. "But my vault is not in a business building in which anyone may come and go. Whoever stole the Romanoi jewels *did* get up and down that staircase in spite of locked doors, and therefore he got keys from someone. He'll never get up and down mine! They're steel, locked at top and bottom. There is only one key and I have that key!"

Henning rose, and so did his visitors. The host unlocked and unbolted a mighty door that gave into another room, from which his guests went into the hallway.

ALONE again in his living room, Mr.

Henning relocked the door. It had six bolts set in three inches of stout oak under the mahogany. No other opening gave entrance or exit save the three huge windows, high above the street. A jutting cornice extended well beyond the roof line, so that no dangling figure on the end of a rope could get to the window without a giant swing that would be almost certain death to try. Across the room from the half-curtained windows another drape hid a wall of steel, the door of which was supplied with a time lock.

"I guess the ruby is safe enough. But it's a nuisance not to be able to look at it without looking over my shoulder every thirty seconds!" Mr. Henning spoke aloud. "How in the name of heaven did he do it?"

For at least the hundredth time Mr. Henning leaned out of one of the windows to look up, and out, and around. The hovering airship theory was only a wild idea, and yet—

"How could he do it?" he repeated. "I'd almost give the ruby to know. . . ."

He left the window to stand beside the table in silent thought. His face grew stern and his mouth became set.

"You probably will give the ruby—and then not know!" announced a pleasant voice behind him.

Henning whirled to face the familiar black masked figure, an automatic in its black gloved hand. His jaw dropped, his face paled.

"Put your hands on the table in front of you, quickly!" spoke the refined, almost drawing voice, but there was a hint of steel in it.

"Oh! Not up in the air like last time?" Henning asked with forced humor.

The black figure sprang forward lightly to run one hand over Henning's figure, the other pressing a hard black something into Henning's ribs.

"Not armed. Now, Mr. Henning, if you will sit in that chair, there, out of reach of any possible gun, we'll talk about your ruby."

(Continued on page 46)



The black figure climbed more slowly now, and slanted less, as if resting.

"But—but, sir,"
Nig said. "That's
just not my dive!
It's Ladd's third
dive, not mine!"

Fancy diving is great sport, but to Nig Berry and Johnny Ladd, competitors for the national championship, it was a nerve-wracking battle

AFRAID to LOSE

By Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

IN THE entire Hotel Grant, the right wing of the twelfth floor was the quietest spot—and the most tense. The State College swimming squad was quartered there, and it was the week-end of the national collegiate meet.

On the bed in Room 1218 lay two supple figures. Nig Berry, fancy diver, his body tanned by California sunshine to the color of a coffee bean, rested on his side and stared unblinking at the blank wall a foot from his eyes. Chuck McKelvey, 220 man, lay flat on his back, one arm thrown across his face. The shades were half drawn and the room was in twilight. Through the closed windows came faintly the sounds of traffic going slowly through slushy March streets.

Nig Berry was thinking that the preliminaries were just three hours away. Involuntarily his right fist clenched and then relaxed. Convulsively he flopped to his back and stared at the ceiling.

"For crying out loud," came Chuck's voice, humorously, through the crook of his arm. "You've been shaking the bed for the last half hour. Executing a dive, or what?"

"I just can't get comfortable," Nig said apologetically.

"Fretting about that two and one-half somersault?" Chuck pressed.

Nig shook his head. "I'm not going to do the two and one-half," he said. "It didn't go good in practice. I can't get it."

"You should worry," Chuck yawned. "I never could

understand why you wanted to do the two and one-half when you've got better dives on tap!"

Nig grunted. "Just a notion," he said.

Chuck dropped back on his pillow and marveled. A year ago Nig had just been an ordinary diver. Then, one day, he had decided that he wanted a Clement Scholarship, with its four years in a French university. Athletic ability was one of the numerous qualities demanded of a Clement scholar.

New purpose and ambition had transformed the easy-going Nig. He had increased the height of his dives at least two feet. He had mastered new and difficult dives. In fact he had improved so far as to threaten the supremacy of his teammate Johnny Ladd, defending U. S. champion. What a scrap those two had put on through the regular season!

"A little birdie tells me you're going to beat Johnny tomorrow," Chuck said.

Nig just stared at the ceiling, wide-eyed.

"You're going to beat him," Chuck insisted. "Johnny's through and he knows it. Remember that Western meet?"

Nig remembered it! He had beaten Johnny for the first time in the Western dual.

"Johnny's ruled the dives too long," Chuck went on. "He's had 'em all to himself. You're the first man

in two years who's pressed him, and he can't stand it."

"Words of wisdom from the Ohio cowboy," Nig laughed. Then his face sobered as he added: "Johnny's in a tougher spot than I am."

"Johnny's a front runner," Chuck said unsympathetically. "He does well when he's out ahead of the pack. He's not used to competition."

Nig abruptly lifted his brown body to a sitting position. "Do you know, if I win—" He paused and looked at Chuck. "If I win, I'll almost be sorry."

Chuck sat up explosively. "You crazy galoot! Why?"

"Because this championship means more to Johnny than it does to me."

"You mean the City A. C. job?" Chuck asked.

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THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION

Nig nodded. "They're out for a man with a name," Nig said. "My uncle belongs to the club, and I know. If Johnny sweeps the national collegiates and does well in the Olympics he's got a good chance of becoming swimming coach at the A. C. If he doesn't they won't be interested. They're a high-hat outfit." "Aren't you working for a Clement scholarship?" Chuck demanded.

"I am," Nig admitted. "But I might get the scholarship without a diving title. Johnny *has* to have it."

"Right now you're going to get those fool ideas out of your head!" Chuck raged. "I'll be blamed if I'd waste any sympathy on a man who's treated me the way Johnny's treated you! Have you forgotten the Tech meet?"

Nig rubbed his smoothly muscled brown legs uncomfortably.

"You came out of the water after doing a swell one and one-half gainer," Chuck went on, "and what did Johnny do? Told you that you landed dangerously close to the edge of the board. Warned you to be careful. Then, later, he flattered you!"

"What of it?" Nig replied. "If a diver's going to be upset by little things like that, he deserves to lose!"

Chuck snorted. "My idea of a friend is a man who will give you a pat on the back and a smile. Diving's a lot like golf. It takes steel nerves and perfect control. You've got to have the right frame of mind."



Give me the man who'll let you go along and play your own game—not try to unnerve you with a lot of hokey!"

While Chuck raved on, Nig smiled faintly. He was about to retort when there came a knock on the door followed by a prolonged rattling of the knob and a command to open.

"Who is it?" Chuck called.

"Bill and Tacks."

"Not Bill Penniman and Tacks Martin?" Chuck asked in a loud, awed whisper.

"None other!"

"Not the Bill Penniman, backstroke champion! And the Tacks Martin, premier dash man?"

"That's correct," came a pleased voice through the door.

"Well, trot back to your rooms," Chuck said calmly. "My life is nothing but Bills. And Tackses—auto taxes, gasoline taxes—"

"Let us in before we break down the door! We're in our underwear, and I think there's a lady coming down the corridor."

Nig leaped over Chuck's form, strode to the door, and opened it.



"I'm just doing this to save the good name of State College," Nig explained elaborately as he let the visitors in. "It's men like you that make a joke out of higher education."

Bill Penniman stretched his rawboned form in the big chair and Tacks Martin sat trimly down at the desk. Chuck looked accusingly at them.

"Don't you know you're supposed to have a beauty sleep before the big meet?" he demanded, thrusting out his jaw.

"Tacks is so beautiful now I can hardly stand it," Bill Penniman yawned.

Tacks grinned, and his eyes sparkled with a wicked glitter.

"Why sleep," he asked, "when there are great deeds to be done? What's Johnny Ladd's room?"

"1214," Nig said. "Two rooms down the hall."

"There aren't nearly enough conferences," Tacks said positively, and lifted the telephone receiver. He spoke into the mouthpiece with courtly grace. "My fair maid, will you, in your own clever way, connect me with Room 1214? Conferences are needed."

"Just plain batty," Nig mourned.

Tacks put his hand over the mouthpiece and cast a glance of caution at the other three. "When Johnny comes out in the hall," he said, "do as I say. Bill—you know what to do. And you two—hello, Johnny?"

Tacks modulated his voice to a lazy monotone. "Johnny, this is Nig—Nig Berry. . . . Can I help if my voice sounds unnatural? I got a little cold. . . . Can you come out in the hall a minute? . . . You're

wearing nothing but shorts? My—my. That's all right—nobody will see you. Something rich is going to happen. Come right out!"

He hung up the receiver and leaped to his feet.

"What's up?" Nig asked. "And why tell him it was me talking?"

"Ask no questions," Tacks said. "Come on out."

He led the way into the hall, and presently Johnny Ladd came sleepily out of a door twenty feet down the hall, clad only in a pair of shorts. The scant clothing revealed a beautifully proportioned body.

Smooth, flat muscles overlay his back from hips to neck, moulded his shoulders to a graceful curve, and gave his chest an even fullness. His fair skin contrasted sharply with Nig's brown body. His blue eyes held a look of half-eager doubt.

"What's up, Nig?" he asked.

Nig was about to speak when Tacks grasped Johnny's arm. Meanwhile Bill left the group and slipped quietly down the hall.

"I'll explain," Tacks whispered to the champion. "The Western squad is quartered on the floor below. Being as how they're our greatest rivals, we thought we ought to serenade 'em. We're getting the whole squad, and going down just as we are. We're meeting at the servants' stairway down the hall. Some of the gang's already there. You go ahead, and we'll round up the rest."

"You would think of something like that," Johnny grinned. "I'm on, but hurry 'em up, because I'm cold."

When Johnny had gone a safe distance down the hall, Tacks turned to Bill. "Did you close the door?"

"I did," Bill replied solemnly.

"What do we do next?" Chuck asked, bewildered. "We now go back to your room," Tacks said politely, "and await results."

"But aren't we going to serenade Western?"

"We are not," Tacks replied, leading the way to 1218. When the door was closed he threw himself on the bed and laughed gleefully.

"I'd like to see him when he gets to the stairway and finds nobody there!" he howled.

"And comes back to find his room locked," Bill rumbled happily.

"And has to go to the floor clerk to get another key!"

"And goes past that party of salesmen and ladies in the women's dress exhibit!"

"Salesmen and ladies?" Nig asked.

"Just around the corner," Bill explained. "They've got two big sample rooms."

"They're all over the halls! Wait'll he wades through them!"

The two doubled up with laughter, while Chuck and Nig looked on doubtfully.

"What a brainstorm," Nig said in awe. "You're not really going to make him go after a key!"

"Sure," Tacks grinned.

"You're not so bright. What's to prevent him from taking refuge in one of the other fellows' rooms?"

"I've tipped 'em off."

"He'll go to the coach's room."

"Coach isn't in! Shh! Here he comes!"

Light footfalls approached their door, and then there was a knock.

"Adonis himself will now parade before the sales convention! Yeah-h!"

Two minutes later, with bated breaths, they heard him return, unlock his door, and slam it shut with a bang that echoed deafeningly down the hall.

At five, the squad gathered in the main dining room for a light supper. Johnny Ladd came in late, and a hilarious chorus greeted him.

"Buy any ladies' dresses?"

"Make any dates?"

Bill Penniman turned to the coach. "Scotty," he said, "can't you stop Johnny from going around the hotel dressed like Mister Ghandi?"

"Ghandi is right!" a voice yelled. "But where was his goat?"

"Page Nig Berry for Johnny's goat."

Black-browed, Johnny sat down. "Kid away, bright boys," he said with a forced grin. "See if I care. Where's the toast?"

After supper, in a corner of the lobby, Johnny cornered Nig alone. His eyes were blazing and his lips tight.

"Was that business in the hall upstairs your idea?" he asked.

"I was a party to it, I guess," Nig replied.

"Was it your idea?"

"What of it, Johnny? There's no use getting sore about it."

"I'm not sore. I just thought the originator of the joke might like to know that I cut my foot on a piece of glass down the hall."

The voice was that of a man barely able to control himself. And with the remark Johnny turned and walked away, leaving Nig to stare after him, doubtful-eyed.

At six-thirty, the squad piled into a fleet of taxis for the trip to the Masterson Field House on the Tech University campus. Although the meet was officially dubbed the national collegiates, to the world at large it was a duel between two great squads—Western and State—for unofficial team honors.

Except for the dives, there were no upsets in the preliminaries. State qualified 14 men and Western 15 for the finals.

Performing confidently and with a feeling of power, Nig Berry took first in the dives with a score of 154 points. Johnny moved with a slight limp that favored

his right foot, but he took second place with 145. The next closest qualifier was Al Hobart of Western, with 126. The fancy dives were strictly a State College event.

An hour later when the prelims were over, Coach Scotty Allen passed by Nig and Johnny in the dressing room.

"They've lost the divers' sheets," he said. "Some bright manager mislaid 'em and they're making out new ones in the office. Go up there, give 'em your list of optionals, and put your John Hancock on the sheet."

In the fancy dives each contestant does five compulsory dives and five of his own choosing. These dives are listed on judges' sheets and the rules require that the diver okay the list twenty-four hours before the event. And thereafter he's not permitted to change any dive.

Nig dressed and followed the silent Johnny into the office where the sheets were being made out. Except for one dive, Nig's list would be the same as Johnny's. Where Johnny did the two and one-half, Nig did the difficult backward spring double forward somersault.

The two waited quietly while three officials, seated at a big desk, checked with Al Hobart. Just then Chuck McKelvey, dressed to go to the hotel, stuck his head in the door.

"Finished, Nig?" he asked.

Nig shook his head.

"Hurry it up!"

Johnny turned to Nig inquiringly. There was a conciliatory look on his face.

"Want me to put your John Hancock down, Nig?" he asked.

"Will you, Johnny?" Nig asked gratefully.

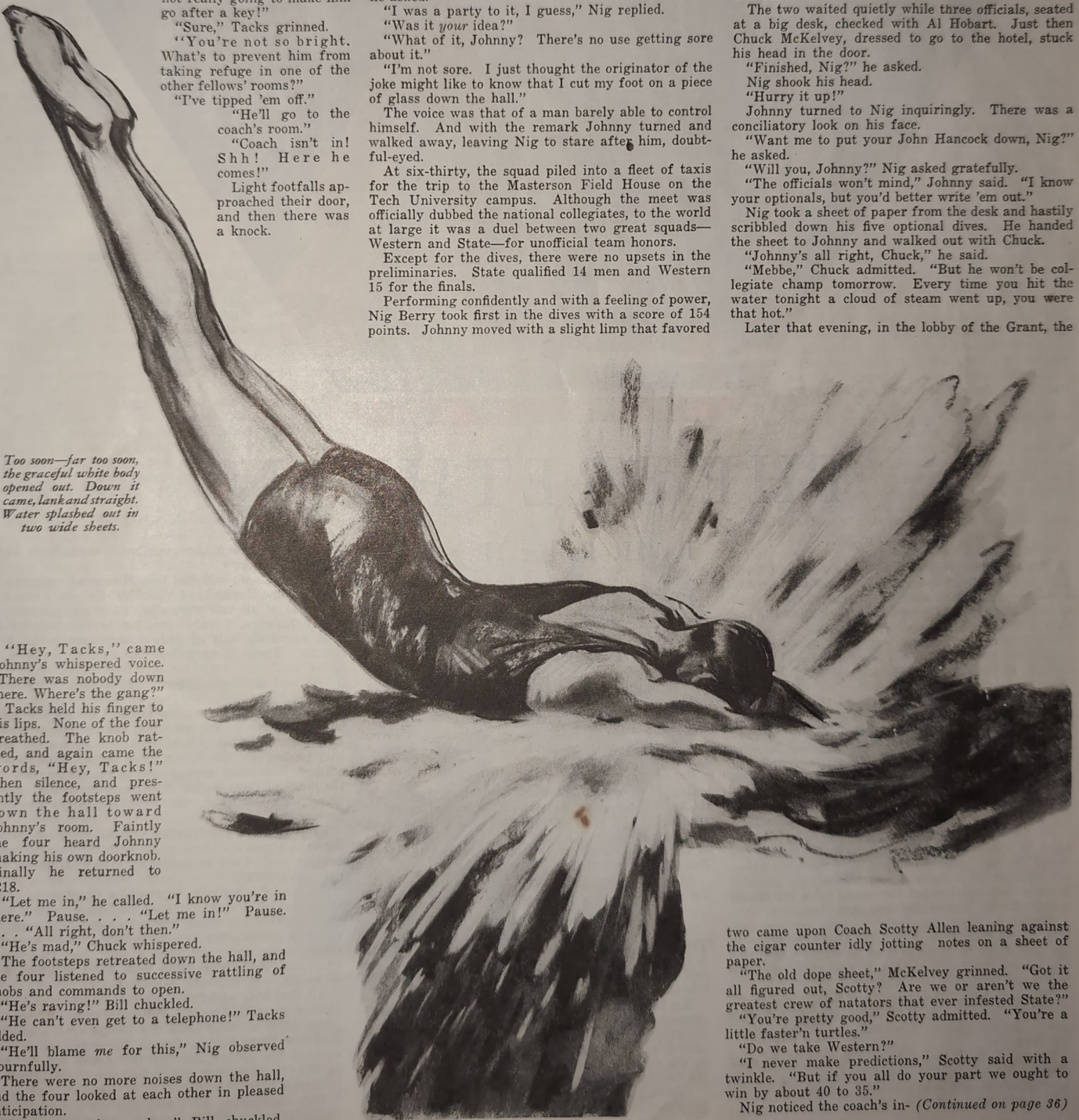
"The officials won't mind," Johnny said. "I know your optionals, but you'd better write 'em out."

Nig took a sheet of paper from the desk and hastily scribbled down his five optional dives. He handed the sheet to Johnny and walked out with Chuck.

"Johnny's all right, Chuck," he said.

"Mebbe," Chuck admitted. "But he won't be collegiate champ tomorrow. Every time you hit the water tonight a cloud of steam went up, you were that hot."

Later that evening, in the lobby of the Grant, the



Too soon—far too soon, the graceful white body opened out. Down it came, lank and straight. Water splashed out in two wide sheets.

"Hey, Tacks," came Johnny's whispered voice. "There was nobody down there. Where's the gang?"

Tacks held his finger to his lips. None of the four breathed. The knob rattled, and again came the words, "Hey, Tacks!" Then silence, and presently the footsteps went down the hall toward Johnny's room. Faintly the four heard Johnny shaking his own doorknob. Finally he returned to 1218.

"Let me in," he called. "I know you're in there." Pause. . . . "Let me in!" Pause.

. . . "All right, don't then."

"He's mad," Chuck whispered.

The footsteps retreated down the hall, and the four listened to successive rattling of knobs and commands to open.

"He's raving!" Bill chuckled.

"He can't even get to a telephone!" Tacks added.

"He'll blame me for this," Nig observed mournfully.

There were no more noises down the hall, and the four looked at each other in pleased anticipation.

"He's gone after a key," Bill chuckled.

two came upon Coach Scotty Allen leaning against the cigar counter idly jotting notes on a sheet of paper.

"The old dope sheet," McKelvey grinned. "Got it all figured out, Scotty? Are we or aren't we the greatest crew of natators that ever infested State?"

"You're pretty good," Scotty admitted. "You're a little faster'n turtles."

"Do we take Western?"

"I never make predictions," Scotty said with a twinkle. "But if you all do your part we ought to win by about 40 to 35."

Nig noticed the coach's in- (Continued on page 36)

To Save Thousands, Two Faced Death



Godwin knelt before the beardsman, and said to the bishop, "Bless me, father, and bid them strike."

THE BRETHREN

The Preceding Chapters

By H. Rider Haggard

Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee

AT DAWN the army of the Franks would set forth to march to its doom. That it would be terribly overwhelmed, Godwin and Wulf D'Arcy had no doubt. The two tall English brothers, known to the leaders of the Christian army merely as wandering young knights who had recently joined them to fight against the mighty Saladin, knew far more about the dangers of the East than did some of the lords high above them in rank.

Many months before, the brothers had come overseas to rescue their half-Eastern cousin Rosamund, whom both loved and desired to marry. Rosamund had been stolen from her English home by Saladin, who was her uncle. The mighty monarch had dreamed that the presence of Rosamund in the East would in some way save the shedding of a sea of blood, and he believed himself fully justified in keeping her in his court.

He treated her with great kindness, and when a twist of events brought Godwin and Wulf into his power he was generous in his dealings with them. He admired their courage and was deeply grateful because they had rescued Rosamund from his deadly enemy, Sinan, lord of the mountain Assassins.

Though he might have held the twin brothers captive, he set them free to join the Christian army on the day when he declared that he would sweep into the sea all the foreign invaders who threatened the peace and happiness of his people.

"Oh, my uncle," Rosamund had cried upon learning that Godwin and Wulf were leaving Saladin's court, "let me go, too, I beseech you, in the care of my kinsmen!"

"Nay," Saladin had answered sternly, "you must stay by my side till the dream that was given me be accomplished—and death shall be the portion of any who would steal you from me."

So Godwin and Wulf had been forced to ride away, leaving Rosamund behind. Their one comfort was that she still had with her Masouda, the beautiful girl from Sinan's household who had planned the three cousins' escape from the Assassins. Masouda could help Rosamund perhaps. They could not. And it was their duty to fight for the Cross against Saladin.

But how hopeless a fight it was to be!

Guy of Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, was weak. He had let the fierce Master of the Templars crowd him into an advance against Saladin that was sheer madness. Godwin, who had seen in a vision the fate of the Christian army, solemnly warned the king. But all to no avail.

At dawn the army would set forth across the parching plains.

Chapter Eighteen

THE first gray of morning found the host breaking camp—with heavy hearts. Many knew only too well the danger in which they stood; moreover the tale of Godwin's vision had been spread abroad.

Not knowing where to go, Godwin and Wulf joined themselves to the great body of knights who followed the king. As they did so, the Templars, five hundred strong, came up, and the Master called out, pointing to the four great wine skins filled with water that the brethren had wisely hung behind their saddles: "What do these water carriers here among brave knights who trust in God alone?"

Wulf would have answered but Godwin bade him be silent, saying:

"Fall back; we will find less ill-omened company."

Then came Reginald of Chatillon, Saladin's enemy, the cause of all this woe, who saw them and cried: "Sir Knights, I know you for brave men, for I have heard the tale of your doings among the Assassins. There is room for you among my suite—follow me."

"As well him as another," said Godwin. So they followed him.

By the time that the army reached Kenna, the July sun was already hot, and the spring was so soon drunk dry that many men could get no water. On they pushed into the desert lands below. Now clouds of dust were seen moving across the plains, and in the heart of them bodies of Saracen horsemen. Soon these were harassing the Frankish forces as they marched.

From noon till near sundown the long line struggled forward across the stony plain, with the burning heat beating upon their armor, until men and horses became exhausted.

At length camp was pitched in the desert. But there was no water, not even for the wounded, and that night none slept, for who can sleep with a parched, burning throat? Godwin and Wulf watered their horses sparingly from a bowl, and then gave what they could from their wine skins of water, till at length only one skin remained.

All that long night through there arose a confused clamor from the camp—"Water! Give us water!" while from without came the shouts of the enemy. And the Saracens set fire to the dried scrub that covered the ground, so that the smoke rolled down on the Christian host and choked them, and the place became a hell.

Day dawned at last, and the army was formed up in order of battle, its two wings being thrown

forward. Thus they struggled on. Nor as yet did the Saracens attack them, since they knew that the sun was stronger than all their spears. On the Franks labored towards the northern wells, till about midday the battle began with a sudden darkening flight of arrows.

After this came charge and countercharge, attack and repulse, and always above the tumult that dreadful cry for water.

Again and again the Saracens attacked, and again and again they were driven back by the desperate valor of the thirst-craved Franks. A black-bearded man stumbled up to the brethren, his tongue protruding from his lips, and they knew him for the Master of the Templars.

"For the love of Christ, give me to drink," he said, recognizing them as the knights at whom he had mocked as water carriers.

They gave him of the little they had left, and he plunged once more into the fight, shaking his red sword.

Then the last attack began, with the Franks massed on the side of a steep hill. Up the hill came dense volumes of smoke, and up with the smoke rushed the Saracens. Thrice they were driven back; thrice they came on. At the fourth onset few of the Franks could fight more, for thirst had conquered them on this waterless hill of Hattin. They lay down, with protruding tongues, and let themselves be slain or taken prisoners.

A GREAT company of Saracen horsemen broke through the guard and seized the king of Jerusalem. Others hurled themselves upon the Holy Rood, tore it from its place, and with mockery and spittings bore it down the hill towards their camp.

"Come," said Godwin to Wulf in a strange voice. "We have seen enough. It is time to die. Look!—yonder below us are the Mamelukes, our old regiment, and among them Saladin, for I see his banner. Now, let us make an end of which they will tell in Essex. Charge for the flag of Saladin!"

Wulf nodded, and side by side they sped down the hill. Scimitars flashed at them and arrows struck upon their mail, but through it all they went unscathed, and at the foot of the Horn of Hattin turned their horses' heads straight for the royal standard of Saladin. On they struggled. On, still on.

They were among the Mamelukes, where their line was thin. By heaven! they were through them, and riding straight at the sultan, who sat on his white horse with his young son and Prince Hassan at his side.

"Saladin for you—Hassan for me!" shouted Wulf.

Then they met, those two, and all the host of Islam cried out in dismay as they saw their commander and his horse borne to earth before the last despairing charge of these mad Christian knights. Another instant and the sultan was on his feet again, and a score of scimitars were striking at Godwin. His horse Flame sank down dying, but he sprang from the saddle, swinging the long sword. Now Saladin recognized him and cried out:

"Yield you, Sir Godwin! You have done well—yield you!"

"When I am dead—not before!" answered Godwin.

Thereupon Saladin spoke a word, and while certain of his Mamelukes engaged Godwin in front, keeping out of reach of that terrible sword, others crept up behind and, springing on him, seized his arms and dragged him to the ground, where they bound him fast.

Meanwhile Wulf had fared otherwise, for his horse Smoke, stabbed to the vitals, fell as he plunged on Prince Hassan. Yet he also arose but little hurt, and cried out:

"Thus, Hassan, old foe and friend, we meet at last in war. Come, I would pay the debt I owe you for that drugged wine!"

"Indeed, it is due, Sir Wulf," answered the prince, laughing. "Guards, touch not this brave knight who has dared so much to reach me. Sultan, I ask a boon. Between Sir Wulf and me there is an ancient quarrel. Let it be decided here and now, and let this



Hiding the torture of his grief and anxiety, Wulf buried himself into the fight to defend Jerusalem.

be your decree—that if I fall in fair fight, none shall set upon my conqueror, and no vengeance shall be taken for my blood."

"Good," said Saladin. "Then Sir Wulf shall be my prisoner and no more, as his brother is already. Give the Frank to drink that the fight may be fair."

So they gave Wulf a cup of which he drank, and

when he had done it was handed to Godwin. For even the Mamelukes knew and loved these brethren who had been their officers, and praised the fierce charge that they had dared to make alone.

Hassan sprang to the ground, saying:

"Your horse is dead, Sir Wulf; so we must fight afoot."

"Generous as ever," laughed Wulf. "Even the poisoned wine was a gift!"

Hassan smiled back ruefully. Then the two men faced each other, and oh! the scene was strange. Up on the slopes of Hattin the fight still raged. Little companies of

soldiers stood back to back while the Saracens wheeled round them, thrusting and cutting at them till they fell. Here and there knights charged singly or in groups, and so came to death or capture. About the plain, hundreds of foot soldiers were being slaughtered, while their officers were taken prisoners.

Towards the camp of Saladin a company advanced triumphantly, carrying aloft the blackened

Holy Rood, while others drove or led mobs of prisoners, among them the king and his chosen knights.

The wilderness was red with blood, the air was rent with shouts of victory and cries of agony. And there, in the midst of it all, ringed round with grave, courteous Saracens, stood the emir, clad above his mail in his

white robe and jeweled turban, facing the Christian knight, who stood with harness hacked and reddened, the light of battle shining in his fierce eyes and a smile upon his stained features.

Hassan struck first and the blow went home. Falling upon the point of Wulf's steel helm, the heavy, razor-edged scimitar glanced from it and shore away the links from the flap that hung upon his shoulder, causing Wulf to stagger. Again Hassan struck, this time upon the shield, and so heavily that Wulf came to his knees.

"Your brother is sped," said a Saracen captain to Godwin, but Godwin only answered: "Wait."

As he spoke Wulf twisted his body out of reach of a third blow, and while Hassan staggered forward with the weight of the missed stroke, placed his hand upon the ground, and springing to his feet, ran backwards six or eight paces.

"He flies!" cried the Saracens; but again Godwin said, "Wait." Nor was there long to wait.

For now, throwing aside his buckler and grasping the great sword in both hands, with a shout of "A D'Arcy! A D'Arcy!" Wulf leaped at Hassan as a wounded lion leaps. The sword wheeled and fell, and lo! the shield of the Saracen was severed in two.

Again it fell, and his turbaned helm was cloven. A third time, and Hassan sank dying to the ground.

Wulf stood and looked at him, while a murmur of grief went up from those who watched, for they loved this emir. Hassan beckoned, and Wulf went to him and knelt beside him.

"A good stroke," Hassan said faintly. "Well, I knew that the hour of our meeting in war would be an ill hour for me, and my debt is paid. Farewell, brave knight. Would I could hope that we should meet in Paradise! Take the star-jewel from my turban and wear it in memory of me. Long, long and happy be your days."

Then, while Wulf held Hassan in his arms, Saladin came up and spoke to him, till at length the emir fell back.

Thus died Hassan, and thus ended the battle of Hattin, which broke the power of the Christians in the East.

Chapter Nineteen

AS the sun went down blood-red on that ill-fated day, over two hundred captive Templars and Hospitallers knelt to offer their last prayer. For on them advanced the emirs of Saladin, their blades glittering ominously.

King Guy and his nobles, Saladin had spared, declaring, "Kings do not kill kings."

But to Reginald de Chatillon and the knights of the holy Orders, the sultan had shown no mercy. Arraigning them as faith breakers, men who had mocked at truces and slaughtered defenseless Saracens, he had declared that they themselves must face relentless death.

So they were to perish, under the scimitars of Saladin's emirs.

"My brother and I cannot witness this crime!" Godwin cried to Saladin in bitter protest. "We ask that we may die with these knights."

"Nay," answered Saladin. "You have eaten of my salt, and to kill you would be murder." He then ordered them to the tent of Rosamund so that they might be spared the sight of the death of those long lines of men of their own race.

The brethren found Rosamund and Masouda crouched together on some cushions, clinging to each other. At sight of Godwin and Wulf, they sprang to their feet, their faces alight with joy.

"You live—you live!" cried Rosamund.

"Aye," answered Godwin, "to see this shame! They murder the knights of the holy Orders. To your knees and pray for their passing souls."

So they knelt down and prayed till the tumult died away, and they knew that all was done.

"Oh, my cousins," said Rosamund, swaying as she stood, "what a hell of wickedness and bloodshed is this! Save me from it—I beseech you save me!"

"We will do our best," they answered. "Now let us talk no more of these things lest we go mad. Tell us your story."

But Rosamund had little to tell, except that she had been well treated, and always kept by the person of the sultan, marching to and fro with his army, for he awaited the fulfillment of his dream concerning her. Then they told her all that had chanced to them, ending with the death of Hassan beneath the sword of Wulf. At that Rosamund wept and shrank from Wulf a little. Yet when he said humbly:

"The fault is not mine; it was so fated. Would that I had died instead of this Saracen!" Rosamund answered: "No, no; I am proud that you should have conquered."

But Wulf shook his head, and said:

"I am not proud. I was the younger and stronger man, though at first he well-nigh mastered me by his skill and quickness. At least we parted friends. Look, he gave me this," and he showed her the great emerald star.

Masouda came forward and looked at it.

"Do you know," she asked, "that this jewel is famous, not only for its value, but because it is said to bring good fortune to its owner? There is scarce a soldier in the sultan's army who would not give all he has for the Star of Hassan. So beware, Sir Wulf, lest you be robbed or murdered."

"I remember the captain Abdullah's looking at it greedily and lamenting that the luck of the House of Hassan should pass to an unbeliever," said Wulf. "Well, enough of this. I think Godwin has words to say."

"Yes," said Godwin. "We are here in your tent now, Rosamund, but tomorrow we shall be separated again. Now if you are to escape—"

"I will escape! I must escape, even if I am recaptured and die for it," broke in Rosamund passionately.

"Speak low," said Masouda. "I saw the eunuch Mesrou pass the door of the tent, and he is a spy—they all are spies."

"If you are to escape," repeated Godwin in a whisper, "it must be within the next few weeks while the army is on the march. The risk is great and we have no plan. But—"

At that moment someone entered the tent. It was the head eunuch, Mesrou, a fat, cunning-faced man. Low he bowed before them, saying:

"Your pardon, O Princess. A messenger has come from Salah-ed-din demanding the presence of these knights at the banquet that he has made ready for his noble prisoners."

"We obey," said Godwin, and rising they bowed to Rosamund and to Masouda.

Then they followed Mesrou to the royal pavilion. There they partook of a strange, sad feast.

Saladin was seated at the head of the table, and as each dish was brought he tasted it to show that it was not poisoned, but ate no more. Not far from him sat the king of Jerusalem and his brother, and

all down the board great captive nobles, to the number of fifty or more.

Sorry spectacles were these gallant knights in their hewn and bloodstained armor. Pale-faced, too, with eyes set wide in horror at the dread deeds they had just seen done. Yet they ate, and ate ravenously, for they were mad with hunger. Thirty thousand Christians lay dead on the Horn and plain of Hattin; the kingdom of Jerusalem was destroyed, and its king a prisoner. They were defeated, shamed, bereaved. Yet, being human, they ate.

Saladin called Godwin and Wulf to him that they might interpret for him, and gave them food, and they also ate, compelled to it by hunger.

"Have you seen your cousin, the princess?" he asked. "And how found you her?"

Then Godwin, torn by recollections, broke into furious speech.

"Cover That Train Wreck!"

Barked Big Jim

and Phil Carter, youngest reporter on the Winston News, dashed off to hurl himself into a hard-driving railroad adventure!

"Special Assignment"

Next Month's Newspaper Story

By Robert and Hoyt Moore



They bore Rosamund through the bright moonlight into the city of Jerusalem and along the Way of Sorrow.

"Sire," he said, "we found her sick with the sights and sounds of war and murder; shamed to know also that her uncle, the conquering sovereign of the East, had slaughtered two hundred unarmed men!"

Wulf trembled at his words, but Saladin showed no anger.

"Doubtless," he answered, "she thinks me cruel, and you also think me cruel—a despot who delights in the death of his enemies. Yet it is not so, for I desire peace and to save life, not to destroy it. It is you Christians who for hard upon a hundred years have drenched these sands with blood, because you say that you wish to possess the land where your prophet lived and died more than eleven centuries ago. How many Saracens have you slain? Hundreds of thousands of them! Moreover, with you peace is no peace. Those Orders that I destroyed tonight have broken it a score of times. Well, I will bear no more. Allah has given me the victory, and I will drive the Franks back into the sea. Let them seek their own lands and leave the East in quiet."

"Now, Sir Godwin, tell these captives for me that tomorrow I send those who are unwounded to Damascus, there to await ransom while I besiege Jerusalem and the other Christian cities. As for the wounded, their bishop of Nazareth shall stay with them in my army to minister to them."

So Godwin rose and translated all this. Afterwards he asked whether he and his brother were also to be sent to Damascus.

Saladin replied no; that he would keep them for awhile to interpret, and then they might go their way without ransom.

On the morrow, accordingly, the captives were sent to Damascus, and that day Saladin took the castle of Tiberias. Then he moved on to Acre, which he took, and so on to other towns, all of which fell before him, till at length he came to Ascalon, which he besieged in form, setting up his mangonels against its walls.

The night was dark outside of Ascalon, save when the flashes of lightning in the storm that rolled down from the mountains to the sea lit it up, showing the thousands of white tents set round the city, the walls, and the sentries who watched upon them.

In the garden of an empty house without the walls, a man and a woman were talking, both of them wrapped in dark cloaks. They were Godwin and Masouda.

"Well," said Godwin eagerly, "is all ready?"

She nodded and answered: "At length, all. Tomorrow afternoon an assault will be made upon Ascalon, but even if it is taken the camp will not be moved that night. There will be great confusion and Abdullah, who will be the captain of the guard over the princess's tent, will allow the soldiers to slip away to assist in the sack of the city. At sunset but one eunuch will be on watch—Mesrou; and I will find means to put him to sleep. Abdullah will bring the princess to this garden disguised as his young son, and here you two and I shall meet them."

"What then?" asked Godwin.

"Do you remember the old Arab, my uncle, who

brought you the horses Flame and Smoke? Well, he has more horses of that breed. I have seen him, and he is well pleased at the tale of Flame and Smoke and the knights who rode them. At the foot of this garden is a cave. There we shall find horses, and with them my uncle, Son of the Sand, and by the morning light we will be a hundred miles away and lie hid with his tribe until we can slip to the coast and board a Christian ship. Does it please you?"

"Very well. But what is Abdullah's price?"

"One only—the enchanted star, the Luck of the House of Hassan. For nothing else will he take such risks. Will Sir Wulf give it?"

"Surely," answered Godwin with a laugh.

"Good. Then tonight when I return I will send Abdullah to your tent. Fear not; if he takes the jewel he will give the price, since otherwise he thinks it will bring him ill fortune."

"Does the lady Rosamund know?" asked Godwin. Masouda shook her head.

"Nay. If anything goes wrong, it is well that she should be innocent, for then—"

"Then death, and farewell to all things," said Godwin; "nor indeed should I grieve to say them good-by. But Masouda, you run great peril."

"All life is peril," said Masouda somberly. "But at least"—and in her voice was sudden, strange ecstasy—"I have lived and loved."

The last two words she spoke so low that Godwin could not be sure he heard them aright. After a moment of silence, she spoke again, this time in her usual tone.

"It were better that we talk no more. Back to your tent, Sir Godwin, where I will send Abdullah to you to receive the jewel. So farewell, farewell."

He took her outstretched hand, hesitated a moment as he felt its coldness, then lifted it to his lips, and went.

An hour later, in the low moonlight that had fol-

lowed the storm, the captain Abdullah might have been seen walking carelessly towards the tent where the brethren slept. That carelessness was craft. But cautious as Abdullah had been, he had roused a shadow. After him slipped the eunuch Mesrou, a spy who had heard whispers.

Wrapped in a dark camel's-hair cloak, Mesrou stole along behind, taking shelter cunningly behind every rock and shrub. Hidden among some picketed dromedaries, he saw Abdullah enter the tent of the brethren. Mesrou waited till a cloud crossed the moon, then ran to the tent unseen, threw himself down on its shadowed side and, lying there like a drunken man, listened intently. But the thick canvas was heavy with wet, and those within spoke low.

Finally, with infinite caution, Mesrou drove the point of his knife into the taut canvas and cut a little slit. Then he could hear better the words of the men who talked in the darkness of that tent.

"Good," said a voice—it was that of one of the brethren, but which Mesrou could not tell. "Good. Then it is settled. Tomorrow, at sundown, you bring the princess to the place agreed upon. In payment of this service I hand you now the Luck of Hassan. Take it—and swear to do your part!"

"I swear it by Allah and his prophet," Abdullah answered hoarsely.

"It is enough. And now—away from here! Be cautious."

Then came the sound of a man leaving the tent. Passing round it softly, he halted, and opening his hand, looked at its contents. Mesrou screwed his

head round to look also, and saw the light gleam faintly on the splendid jewel that he, too, greatly desired. But as he twisted, his foot struck a stone, and instantly Abdullah glanced down to see a dead or drunken man lying almost at his feet. With a swift movement he hid the jewel and started to walk away.

Then, doubtless bethinking him that it would be well to make sure that this fellow was dead or sleeping, he turned and kicked the prostrate Mesrou with all his strength. Thrice he did this, to the eunuch's agony.

"I thought I saw him move," Abdullah muttered after the third kick. "It is best to make sure," and he drew his knife.

Mesrou, luckily for him, could not cry out—terror had paralyzed him. And before he could find his voice, Abdullah had buried the knife three inches deep in his fat thigh. Somehow, Mesrou bore this, knowing that if he moved, the next stroke would be in his heart.

Then Abdullah, satisfied that this fellow, whoever he might be, was either a corpse or insensible, drew out the knife, wiped it on his victim's robe, and departed.

As soon as he was out of hearing, Mesrou began crawling painfully toward the sultan's house, filled with fury and vowing vengeance. For this outrage many should suffer—the swine Abdullah, the foreign knights, the proud princess, the mystery woman who served her. They should all pay!

"A-ah!" spat Mesrou, and dragged himself on to bring down agony and death.

Swift and sure were the punishments of Saladin. When he heard of Mesrou's story, he gave his orders.

Abdullah was seized that very night. Under torture he confessed. Yet he kept faith; he told no more than he knew Mesrou could tell.

He admitted that in the darkness of the tent of the brethren he had received from one of them—he knew not which—the Star of Hassan as a bribe to bring the princess to a certain garden. He did not betray Masouda; he declared that a stranger Arab had told him that great good fortune would be his if he presented himself in the tent of the brethren that evening.

He swore that he knew nothing more—and then fainted under the merciless hands of his questioners.

"Take him away and guard him well," ordered Saladin. "Bring him to me again in the morning!"

But in the morning Abdullah was dead, there in the windowless room where he had been thrust. He had made shift to strangle himself with his robe. Better a quick death than continued torment with doom at the end!

But there still lived four others who were tangled in the plot.

Chapter Twenty

WHEN on that bleak morning Godwin and Wulf woke to find their tent surrounded by Mamelukes, they knew all was lost.

"The plot is discovered," said Godwin to Wulf, with despair in his face. "But we must admit nothing lest others perish with us."

Silently they followed the officers who came to conduct them to Saladin. In a great room of Saladin's house they waited. Presently came Saladin, attended by emirs and secretaries. Then Rosamund appeared, white and still, with Masouda following, calm-faced as ever.

The brethren bowed, but Saladin took no notice of their salutation. For a moment there was silence; then Saladin bade a secretary read the charge. It was that they had conspired to steal away the princess of Baalbec.

"Where is the evidence against us?" asked Godwin boldly.

Again Saladin motioned to the secretary, who read the words that had been taken down from the lips of the dead Abdullah. Then the wounded eunuch Mesrou was carried forward, and told all his tale.

When he had finished Godwin asked which of them he had heard speaking with Abdullah, and Mesrou answered that he could not say, as their voices were so alike.

Then Rosamund was ordered to give her testimony, and said, truly enough, that she knew nothing of the plot. Masouda also swore that she now heard of it for the first time. After this the secretary announced that there was no more evidence, and prayed the Sultan to pronounce judgment.

"Against which of us," asked Godwin, "seeing that both the dead and the living witness have declared they did not know whose voice they heard. You cannot condemn a man against whom there is no good testimony."

"There is testimony against one of you," answered Saladin sternly, "and that man shall die. He shall be beheaded at sundown. The other may go free with the embassy from Jerusalem, which departs to-night, bearing back my message to the leaders in that holy town."

"Which of us, then, is to die, and which to go free?" asked Godwin.

"Say you, who know the truth," answered Saladin. "We admit nothing," said Godwin; "yet if one of us must die, I as the elder claim that right."

"Nay," said Wulf. "The right is mine. The jewel was Hassan's gift to me. Who else could give it to Abdullah?"

Then all the Saracens there assembled murmured in admiration, and even Saladin said: "Well spoken, both of you. So it seems that both must die."

But Rosamund threw herself upon her knees before him, exclaiming:

"Sire, my uncle, such is not your justice! If you know not which is guilty, spare them both, I beseech you."

Stretching out his hand, he raised her, and said: "Nay, the guilty man must suffer, as he deserves. But which is guilty?" he added heavily.

Now behind Saladin stood an old imam whose shrewd wisdom had won him Saladin's confidence. Leaning forward, he whispered in his master's ear. Saladin considered a moment, then answered him:

"It is good. Do so."

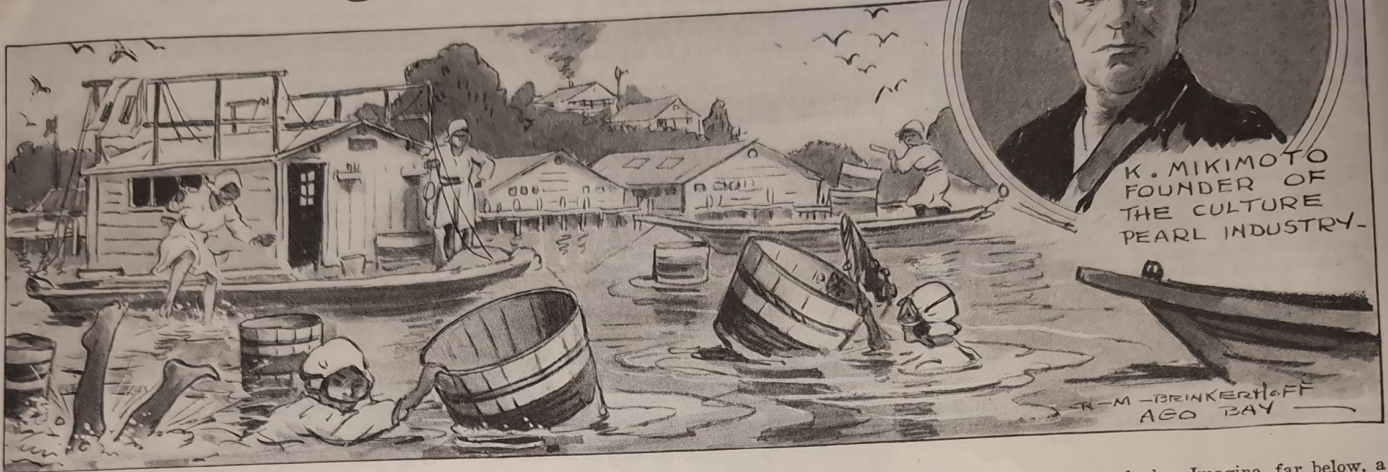
So the imam left the court, and returned presently carrying two small boxes of sandalwood tied with silk and sealed, the one exactly like the other. He gave them to Saladin.

(Continued on page 29)



"I have sworn to defend the innocent from harm!" cried Wulf. "I sheathe not my sword!"

The Vagabond Trail



By George F. Pierrot

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

ON the way to Toba, where caged-up oysters lay genuine pearls just like hens lay eggs! We found ourselves on a second-class Japanese sleeping car, the lights of Tokyo disappearing behind us, and ourselves calmly undressing in the aisle. The Japanese are not afflicted with mock modesty. In the same aisle women were unconcernedly removing their outer garments; men were doing the same; nobody glanced to right or left. Indeed, in the hot summer season thin mosquito nets sometimes replace berth curtains.

There were four of us. Bob Brinkerhoff, illustrator, and I were in Japan getting material for the *American Boy*. R. Yokohama, Tokyo manager for K. Mikimoto, Japan's "pearl king," was with us to act as host at Toba. Hideo Kato, our young guide, accompanied us everywhere in Japan.

The sleeping car was quite like an American one, except that it was smaller, as Japanese tracks are narrow gauge. The berths were narrower, too, and shorter; moreover, mine sloped slightly toward the aisle. Everything was quite comfortable, however. I got to bed first, and opposite me Bob's large-scale anatomy was almost ready to follow suit. As he reached into his berth to put away his collar and necktie his back was toward me, and in a most inviting bent-over posture. I drew my right hand back until it almost touched my shoulder blades, and let fly. It was a swat that would have done credit to Babe Ruth. It almost knocked Bob through the side of the car. Indeed, the car lurched violently to the right. I have always maintained that the force of my wallop bent the track. Kato, however, informed me somewhat scornfully that the train *always* curved at that spot.

Bob gave me a sad, mournful look, such as you'd get from a pup if you bit his foot. Somehow, his injured meekness didn't deceive me; I expected an earthquake. And got same. Presently something

vicious grabbed my right ankle, and I landed kerflop in the middle of the aisle. Startled Japanese heads poked out of berths, like turtles. A sympathetic porter rushed up, and solicitously helped me to my feet. From across the aisle came a long-drawn-out snore. A soft, gentle snore, as of a whale imitating Old Faithful geyser. Bob's face stayed composed by obvious effort; his eyes were closed most unnaturally tight; he looked about as innocent as a Thomas Cat with fresh cream on his whiskers. However, I didn't disturb him. I am not revengeful by nature. Moreover, I didn't fancy another forced landing on that hard-surfaced aisle, and me without a parachute!

After a sound sleep, we landed at Toba, a quaint little city of winding streets, tiny hospital shops, and many fat and smiling children. Mr. Yokohama—small of stature, young, always smiling, the soul of gentility and thoughtfulness—took charge. Soon we were in a brand new Ford touring car, bound for near-by Ago Bay. The sun smiled down on us as we wound along the rim of a little green valley. Under their umbrella-like straw hats, busy coolies squatted in the miniature fields. Once a husky young peasant woman, carrying home the succulent top of a bamboo tree, stopped to wave at us. Our hard dirt road was wide enough for just one automobile; when we met a cart there had to be considerable good-natured jockeying.

Imagine a great wooden guest house, high on a crag, its spacious veranda overlooking the sea. Imagine scrubby evergreens, dauntlessly squeezing their perilous livelihood from thin and rocky soil, but not too

busy to give welcome shade. Imagine, far below, a cool blue bay, dimpled in the windy sunlight, edged with jutting, irregular rocks, and dotted with green and abrupt little islets. Such was this one of Mr. Mikimoto's ten pearl "farms."

The fresh salt air made us want to kick up our heels; we scammed down the zigzag path like so many colts. Presently we were clattering across the docks, and into an explosive little launch. Soon we tied up to a weatherbeaten flatboat with a shanty occupying most of its deck.

In the water were four little Japanese girls, wearing thin white cotton bathing dresses. Around the waist of each was tied a slender rope; it anchored her to her bobbing wooden tub. Each girl wore a white waterproof helmet with a round glass window in front; the lower rim of the helmet fitted close against her upper lip. Each grasped a light net, like a trout landing net. She'd upend, her brown legs thrashing in the air, and down she'd go. Presently she'd pop out of water, her net full of medium-sized oysters, and dump them in the tub. Meanwhile, with a shrill birdlike whistle, she'd expel the air from her straining lungs. Girls do the diving because they stand cold better than men, and oyster gathering continues all winter. These Toba lasses have been diving experts for generations; in fact, a Toba girl who isn't an excellent diver finds her matrimonial prospects very poor indeed. Regularly the girls come out and rest in the superheated shanty; in winter they rest often.

The oysters, on the average three years old, can live out of water for two days. They're hurried to the secret laboratory, where skilled operatives slit them with surgical knives, place within their delicate membranes a seed pearl or bit of mother of pearl, disinfect the incision, and toss the "planted" oyster in a basket. He's now ready to return to the sea.

From the oyster's standpoint, a pearl is nothing





to write home about—to him it is as unwelcome as a gallstone. A bit of sand, seaweed, or similar foreign body lodges in the oyster's membrane. The oyster, irritated, surrounds the intruding particle with successive layers of a secretion (called "nacre") that hardens into coatings of real pearl. These Mikimoto "culture" pearls are produced in the same way, except that Mr. Mikimoto's men, rather than nature herself, supply the original irritant. The pearls are just as genuine, and just as beautiful and valuable, as those found haphazard in the Persian Gulf.

We then chugged our way to a platform built on floating logs, and witnessed the next step. Husky men and women workers placed the treated oysters in big tarred wire cages. Each cage contained seven compartments, and each compartment had room for twenty oysters to live and grow. The hinged cage doors were closed and wired, and the cages dropped at the end of wires into the water.

Though the oyster won't be opened for seven years, he isn't forgotten. Twice a year his cage is raised; barnacles and seaweed are scraped off his shell; he moves to a new and freshly tarred apartment. He is lucky that he lives behind a screen, for each summer devilish drift into the bay by thousands, and devilfish are particularly fond of oysters. Moreover, nature isn't always kind to oysters. One of her currents brings in devastating parasites. Another kills by its chilly coldness. Mikimoto's men watch for these currents, and tow the cage-hung rafts out of their way.

Each year Mikimoto "plants" 5,000,000 oysters—oysters three to four years old. This doesn't mean, however, that each year he harvests 5,000,000 marketable pearls, else he would greatly exceed his current volume of about \$3,000,000. During the seven years of pearl growth, 20 of each hundred oysters will die. Another 20 will have rid themselves of the irritant, and will yield nothing. Of the remaining 60, perhaps three will contain sizeable, symmetrical, up-to-stand-ard pearls.

Around the World in One Hundred Days

After the pearl has been extracted, oysters are pressed through a sieve, to extract the tiny seed pearls that will later serve as nuclei for bigger ones. Mikimoto's men even grow their own oysters. On wire cages painted with lime they collect the tiny oyster larvae that float in by the millions during summer. These are reared in the open sea until three years old; the most vigorous ones are then impregnated.

Mr. Mikimoto's rise to fame is a modern romance. Forty-three years ago he was a humble noodle peddler on the streets of Tokyo. In 1890 the late Dr. Mitsukari, a scientist, revealed to him the possibility of cultivating pearls. (Dr. Mitsukari had become interested in experiments first conducted by Chinese 250 years before. They had placed tiny clay images of Buddha within the shells of fresh water mussels, and to their huge delight these statuettes had gradually acquired a thin pearly coat.) For fifteen years Mikimoto labored and experimented. He sought to produce a spherical pearl that would be unfatigued by adhesion to the oyster shell. Finally he succeeded, and today this 78-year-old multimillionaire is famous in the jewel markets of the world. His aim is to produce real pearls in such quantities that everyone can afford to own genuine ones.

At luncheon, high on the veranda, we were served fried oysters.

"Eat them carefully," cautioned Mr. Yokohama, mysteriously.

Gingerly I bit into mine, and at once struck something hard. A pearl—real, round and lustrous! There were two on each of our plates. Such is Mr. Mikimoto's charming gift to his guests. After the meal another happy surprise burst upon us. Grinning coolies brought us each ten unopened oysters—

what we should find would be ours to keep. No Christmas tree ever equalled the thrill of my pan of oysters. I knifed through each with the delight of a six-year-old. Each of us came away with eight beautiful pearls.

That afternoon we visited fisherman's paradise. On a small rocky island near Toba Mr. Mikimoto has dug a big round pool. There we were to fish deluxe. One coolie brought me a red plush upholstered chair, which he placed at the edge of the pool. Another handed me a long bamboo pole. A third baited my hook, and a fourth—page Mr. Ripley—produced from somewhere a glass of cool sparkling ginger ale.

I dropped in my hook. Immediately it was surrounded by a swarm of wriggling little waga, a diminutive salt water fish that resembles a baby bass. Quickly, I caught one. A fifth coolie detached him, and the third coolie again baited my hook. I caught eight or nine, and then took a heavier line, with an unbaited snag hook, and went after the big red tai—husky eight-pounders—that sulked at the bottom of the pool. The tai is a favorite Japanese food. Ebi, the fish god, is always represented as carrying one. Much of the raw fish on the Japanese table is tai, and the epicure can tell you just where it was caught! The best

tai comes from a narrow inlet near Kobe, where swift flowing water produces fish of unusual firmness.

The tai were wary and unco-operative. Imagine a big fish so selfish that he doesn't want to be hooked! Shame on him! I'd drop my hook gently on bottom, and drag it slowly toward Mr. Tai. Then, when it was touching his chin, I'd jerk. Finally I was successful; with a vicious flirt of his tail the tai set sail "for China, cross the bay." I managed to bring him to the surface, and a coolie clambered down the steep rock side of the pool and scooped him up in a landing net. I caught one more, and called it a day. Meanwhile Bob and Kato were having similar luck.

A Long Feature



Next we climbed the steep hill to Mr. Mikimoto's villa, and were shown to our quarters in the guest house. A smiling maid, who spoke no English, gestured that the bath was ready. I found a red quilted bathrobe obligingly laid out for me, and padded down to the bathroom. Here was a high narrow wooden tub, full of hot water, and a little wooden bucket, also full. Luckily I'd had bathing instructions previously. I soaped and rinsed myself from the bucket, then soaked myself in the tub, with my knees chuck against my chin. Then upstairs I went.

My clothes were gone. (Subsequently I found them, neatly folded, in a straw basket on the floor.) Laid out for me was a blue and white cotton kimono, and of course I had my red quilted one.

I shed the red one, and had just got the cotton one around my shoulders when in walked the maid. Without the slightest embarrassment she tied it on for me, then helped me get into the quilted one. The Japanese, as I've said before, regard the human body with no mock modesty.

At the door Bob and I found wooden shoes awaiting us. We put them on, gripped their cord between our big and first toes—that's the only way there is to keep from losing them—and walked stiff-legged across the yard. In the dining room of the main house we met Mr. Yokohama, also wearing the outer and inner kimonos, and we sat on cushions on the floor and ate a *sukiyaki* dinner, which included the fish we'd just caught. Then we ascended the lookout—a grassy area shaped like an oyster shell, with a curving cliff as its edges—and gazed out on the sea, hidden by arched green islands. With us was the villa's aged major domo, a tiny, silent old man—he spoke no English—whose innate dignity and thoughtfulness made him an unforgettable host.

That night the maid unrolled our beds on the floor—mattress, sheets and quilts—and we slept like twin logs, with the tangy breath of the ocean, and the fragrance of many flowers, floating in through the wide open windows.

The next morning we were up early for an American breakfast. (A typical Japanese breakfast will consist of a bowl of soup—bean soup was Kato's favorite—a bowl of rice, pickled vegetables, and plums, kidney beans, pickled scallions or some similar delicacy. Tea is the breakfast drink.) Then, with the servants congregated in the driveway and bowing profound good-bys, we rolled away.

Presently we reached the good-sized town of Yamada, and left our car by the river side, at the famous shrine of Ise. (Pronounced "ee-say," accenting first syllable.) Ise is the most mystic of all Shinto shrines, since it has to do with the deification of the emperor. It is sacred to Amaterasu, the sun goddess, believed to be the grandmother of the first emperor, and foreigners are not too welcome there. Moreover, there is little for a foreigner to see, though he is impressed by the reverence of the thousands who walk on the broad dirt avenues under the great evergreens. The rather simple buildings of the shrine are made of unpainted cypress, brought from the emperor's own forests. They are destroyed and replaced every twenty years, this process being believed to insure purification. There are four sets of fences, and we got no farther than the outer one. It seemed odd to find, at the entrance to a sacred place, such discordantly unpeaceful objects as captured Russian guns. But explainable, no doubt, on the basis that Ise and patriotism are closely linked.

At Yamada station we climbed aboard the elevated electric train, waved a reluctant good-bye to the smiling Mr. Yokohama, and started for famed Nara.

OUR last two days in our beloved Tokyo had been jammed with rich experience. On the first of them we had made the 33-mile trip to Kamakura, (85c by fast, comfortable second-class train). Kamakura, for two hundred years a center of the shogunate, once attained a population of 700,000. It was often burned in feudal wars that followed, however, and now is chiefly important for its beauty, its fishing, its desirability as a summer resort, and above all because of its great bronze Buddha, or Daibutsu. Bob and I first viewed the temples and shrines, riding in a two-horse rubber-tired buggy, and then the sublime Buddha itself.

Nothing that I have ever seen in Europe compares with the Daibutsu (Daibutsu means "Big Buddha") in the power to arouse reverence. It is a great bronze image of Buddha, sitting on the customary lotus throne. The image is 50 feet high, and 98 feet in circumference at the base. The face is 8½ feet high. The eyes are of pure gold, and a silver boss on the forehead weighs 30 pounds. The position of the hands, palms up, expresses meditation. I gazed at the statue for long minutes—so august, so tranquil, so sublime. It took possession of me completely; I could not utter a word.

The gods have been kind to the Daibutsu. Erected in A. D. 1252, it gazed serenely and impassively down on the feudal wars. The 50-yards-square building that inclosed it was damaged by a devastating storm in 1369, and was carried away by a great tidal wave in 1494. Since then the Daibutsu has remained in the open, indifferent to wind and storm. The elements do not harm it. It survived the great earthquake of 1923, when it watched the mighty tidal wave expire at its base.

We were fortunate in seeing the Daibutsu in festival time, when thousands of Japanese, wearing their colorful best, came to pay it their respects. Cherry trees stood all about it, surrounding it reverently with a sea of pink blossoms. Unfortunately the environs have become commercialized; there are refreshment stands, and racks of postcards, that seem not at all in keeping with the Buddha itself. I'm sorry, too, that I climbed inside the Buddha. It seemed a bit irreverent. One should admire the Daibutsu from a distance.

In Kamakura we found a little bookshop, and I bought a set of three little volumes of old Japanese poems, translated by Charlotte Peake. Each book was made by hand, and the exquisitely delicate decorations, in pastel shades, were all hand blocked. The Japanese had an ill-concealed contempt for the wordy poems of the Europeans. They learned to express a complete thought in the classic *tanka*, a five line verse of exactly 31 syllables, and in the *hokku*, a three line verse of seventeen syllables. Their best poems are gems in miniature. One translation that I found

seemed ideal for a guest room; I had it copied for mine. It reads:

Scatter your Blossoms, cherry trees, I Pray
To keep my Friend still longer at my side;
Quick! With your Drifting Snow of petals hide
The Road by which he thinks to go away.

Japanese literature went through the usual stage of balladry. Stories from history, and exploits of warriors, made up much of its content. For a time women writers used Chinese words, and styles exclusively. Women, writing in the pure Japanese, thus found their opportunity to make a permanent and important contribution. During the Meiji or modern era there has been strong interest in foreign literature, especially the Russian. Shakespeare and Ibsen are well known to Japanese theater-goers. The original Japanese versification has survived the tempts of foreign-influenced poets to popularize the Western forms. Modern Japanese literature has its critical novels, its sex novels, and its realism in general.

Nikko, ("Neek-ko," accenting first syllable), famous for its shrines and temples, is 90 miles from mous for its shrines and temples. The Japanese say, in Tokyo, and Kato took us there. The Japanese say, in punning vein, "Don't say *kekko* (splendid) until you've seen Nikko." They are quite right. Nikko, you've seen Nikko. They are quite right. Nikko, set in dark and heavily wooded mountains, is a symphony of color. The pagoda-style shrines and temples, more than sixty of them, are a mass of red and gold. No wonder Marco Polo, hearing of Japan's lacquered temples, reported that Nippon was encrusted with gold. The whole Nikko group is really a great cemetery—the burying ground for the famous Tokugawa shoguns. Some visitors find Nikko too ornate; I am not one of them. To me Nikko is Old Japan, full of pomp and magnificence, and I'm grateful to have had a glimpse of it.

Again we were fortunate—it was a festival day, and costumes ran riot. Long lines of richly attired pilgrims wound through the avenues below venerable cryptomerias—giant evergreens that are cousins of our own mighty California redwoods. The shrine of Ieyasu, the first Tokugawa shogun, is unbelievable in its splendor—it took 15,000 workmen twelve years to complete it. Here are the famous carved monkeys, who hear, see or speak no evil. They stand above the doorway of the stable of the sacred horse, a proud and pampered animal who is often found at important shrines. My memory of Nikko is one of masses of red and gold lacquer, of gorgeous tile-roofed pagodas, of exquisite carvings, of grave and courteous priests, of eager but reverent visitors.

Japan's oldest existing religion is Shinto, "the way of the Gods." It differs from the Christian religion in that it represents the gods as peopling the earth with their own offspring, and it makes the Japanese, rather than the Jews, the "chosen people." Since the Meiji reformation in 1868 Shintoism has been the state religion. (Continued on page 39)



The Japanese typesetter must reach for thousands of characters.



At the Beppu mineral baths men and women lay covered with hot sand.

High School America -- a Challenge!

Almost the Japanese form—not quite! If the right hand were being thrust into the water at the spot indicated, you'd have the Japanese style well illustrated. The effect of having that hand there while the other hand is pulling is to keep your body riding high at the moment of pull. And you've got to ride high, these days, to beat the Japanese!

DURING the next four years, high school and college America has a job on its hands—to regain from Japan the swimming supremacy of the world. It's a task that will have to start in the high school pools. And it's going to mean a change in our style of swimming. A fundamental change in our idea of the crawl stroke.

Remember what happened in the 1932 Olympics? The United States, for a generation leader of the world, had to be content with one race—the 400 meter, in which Clarence Crabbe had to swim six seconds faster than he ever had in his life! Japan showed her brown, splashing heels to the world in every other men's race!

Here's an analysis of the Japanese stroke, given you by Clarence Pinkston, swimming coach of the Detroit Athletic Club, and former Olympic and national diving champion. He has watched every step in the Japanese development for the last 12 years.

During the 1932 games, swimming coaches and experts did much debating over the Japanese swimmers. "They use a faster, more powerful leg thrash!" "Their stroke is jerkier!" "They've simply got more powerful motors! They're swimming harder, that's all!"

But Pinkston has decided that the Japanese have definitely improved the stroke. Through interpreters he has talked to Ikkaku Matsuzawa and K. Shirayama, the fathers of Japanese swimming, and from them he's learned where their stroke differs from ours.

Before we take up the Japanese stroke, however, let's visualize an American swimmer, doing the crawl at top speed:

His body is riding fairly high. His legs are thrashing, six beats to the stroke, in a drumming one-two-three—one-two-three rhythm. Or perhaps eight beats. His arms are alternately swinging forward, cutting into the water, thrusting downward, and pulling toward the opposite hip. While one arm is pulling, the other is being brought forward, forearm dangling, hand relaxed. Progress through the water is smooth and steady.

Now the Japanese:

The swimmer seems to be going forward in a succession of spurts. His progress *does* seem jerkier. His legs are going faster and with more force. But those points aren't fundamental. They're merely the results of two important changes in the arm stroke.

The instant the Japanese swimmer finishes an arm

stroke, he makes a quick recovery. Remember that, because in the next four years, high school and college swimmers are going to hear a great deal about *quick recovery*.

The result of this quick recovery is that while one arm is pulling down through the water, the other arm is *forward*, not trailing, or just coming forward! Can you visualize that? Can you see the swimmer breasting the water, his left arm pulling, his right arm already thrust forward in the water, ready to pull the minute the left arm has finished and again recovered?

Here's the Crawl Stroke That Made Japan Olympic Swimming Champion

The moment you have that picture in your mind, you've mastered the fundamental change in stroke that has brought the Japanese to the top of the heap in swimming. There's only one other main difference—the Japanese thrust their hands into the water perhaps six inches closer to their heads than do the Americans. They don't reach so far ahead.

These improvements have automatically eliminated the main faults in swimming. One fault is too much roll of the body. When you roll, you dip your shoulder and that slows you up. You can readily see that in the American style, with one arm in the water pulling and the other arm, elbow crooked, up in the air, the roll is likely to be accentuated. But how can you roll if the right arm is out in front while the left is pulling? That arm in front helps to keep you in a straight line, shoulders square to the front, body planing up!

Another fault is swaying hips. When an American swimmer tries to overcome roll, he often falls into hip sway. When his right arm comes forward, his hips swing to the right. Then his left arm goes forward and his hips sway left. Here, again, the Japanese style tends to keep you in a straight line.

CRITICS who say that the Japanese swim faster merely because they take more strokes to the pool-length aren't supported by the facts. Pinkston counted strokes per pool-length during a practice in the Olympics pool and discovered that two Japanese swimmers were getting six or seven inches more distance *per stroke* than an American swimmer in the next lane!

The next time you practice the crawl, try the Japanese style. Say to yourself: "I'll put my hands into the water short. Before I start to pull with one hand, I'll have the other out in front of me." (Take that literally!)

On first trial you'll find the stroke tiring and unnatural. You'll find that you have to thrash your feet faster in order to ride the water properly. You'll go up to eight beats per

stroke. (A "stroke," you know, is a full pull with *both* arms.) In a sprint you may even go up to ten.

Progress will be slow, Pinkston warns you. It may take three months for the style to become natural. But when you get the new style down pat, you'll make a great discovery. You'll learn that you're riding the water high at the time of pull. You'll be planing. You'll be reducing roll and hip sway. And you'll be knocking seconds off your time.

The Japanese aren't unbeatable. But America will have to learn their stroke. So go to it, high school splashers! Let's get back the world's swimming crown



Explained to Franklin M. Reck by Clarence Pinkston

The YOUTH'S COMPANION Founded 1827 The American Boy

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Treating, and Mis-Treating

WE have decided to launch another great national movement, and we want you to become a charter member. This month we propose to set up the Organization Opposed to Mis-Treating Tummies. While we were sitting in a drug store in a little New England town last summer three high school boys came in and perched themselves atop the stools in front of the soft drink counter. One boy ordered three rounds of malted milk. That was fine. The boys enjoyed it, and we enjoyed watching them. But when they had finished the second boy insisted on ordering a round, and then the third boy. The result was that all three scrambled unhappily off those stools looking most painfully stuffed and uncomfortable. We submit that while those boys intended to be noble and generous, they took a ridiculous way of showing it. We don't object to the time-honored custom of Treating, but we do object to overdoing it. In other words, we are opposed to Mis-Treating. We appoint you charter member of our Organization.

Paying the Piper

THREE times a week we work out in a private gymnasium, frequented mostly by prosperous business men. Exercise ought to be a lot of pleasure, but to these portly gentlemen, it is unmitigated torture. You see straining agony in their faces as they squat and bend. They groan heart-rendingly as they struggle up and down on a leather-covered table. All of them, as some wag put it, have stopped growing on the ends and have commenced growing in the middle. All of them are paying for the sins they have committed with a knife and fork. The moral is—but it's too obvious to point out.

Read This One

OCCASIONALLY we come across a book that fairly knocks us out of our chair. Such a book is "Pearl Diver" (Doubleday-Doran) written in collaboration by Victor Berge and Henry W. Lanier. The story starts with young Berge a boy in Sweden, climbing about the mountains, fishing and sailing. Then the death of his parents, the stir of adventure within him, and his going to sea. And after that, one hair-raising experience after another, in Africa and Australia and India and the South Seas. Especially fascinating—horribly fascinating—was his dreadful battle with an octopus, a hundred feet below the surface.

The Octopus

THE octopus, says Berge, is the Terror of the Deep. He hates every living thing. He will fight a shark at every opportunity—the bigger the shark the better. Always he kills the shark; he works his way up to its head, grips its gills with his powerful tentacles, and drowns it. The octopus Berge likens to eight boa constrictors, all wriggling at once. He can stand on tiptoe like a spider—he can rocket himself through the water for a hundred feet, with the speed of a tiger. He is horribly fond of divers for pearls; he lies in wait for them under the coral. He doesn't let you see him, usually, because he can change color like a chameleon. If you want to know

what happened when Berge came to grips with a giant octopus in South Sea pearly waters; if you want to dive twenty fathoms and fight a man-eating shark; if you want to bend a sail a hundred feet above decks, with a hurricane blowing and the sea pitching your rotten old windjammer end on end—well, read "Pearl Diver."

The Greatest Man

WHO is the greatest man that ever lived? Aristotle? Napoleon? Confucius? Caesar? Shakespeare? When you try to answer this question, you must keep in mind a number of things. Some men not only did a lot of good, but a lot of bad, too. Some men were outstanding in a single field, but made no important contributions in any other. So think it over carefully, before you give your answer. . . . Many learned people would pick, as their choice, a certain talented Italian who lived in Florence and Milan about the time of Columbus. His name was Leonardo da Vinci. (Pronounced Veen-chee, accent on first syllable.)

Artist

LEONARDO is perhaps best known for his famous portrait in the Louvre—the often-stolen "Mona Lisa." His even greater painting, "The Last Supper," wasn't done on canvas, but on the wall of a church in Milan. Leonardo was a prominent sculptor, too. His 26-foot model for an equestrian statue of Sforza must certainly have been magnificent. It was, unfortunately, destroyed before it could be cast. French troops, when they captured Milan, used it as a target for their arrows. Leonardo was an excellent architect; he designed palaces. He was the greatest engineer of his time, being an expert on irrigating systems, fortifications, bridges, and what-not.

Inventor

LEONARDO was a superb cartographer, and some of his maps are authoritative today. He was an expert anatomist; by dissecting corpses he discovered that blood circulates and that arteries harden. He was a botanist with a classified herbarium, a physicist and mathematician, a poet and an entertainer who wrote tales and fables and pageants. He was an accomplished actor, and a gifted musician who played the lute and sang engagingly. As an interior decorator his fame was international. He was a great teacher. In applied science his contributions were magnificent. He is sometimes called the father of both modern engineering and geology. He in-



By JOHN O'DONNELL

Once it was a new carpet,
Soft, clean.
But it had no meaning.
Now
It is threadbare,
Dirty, worn,
Cast out as having reached the end of
usefulness.
But somehow
Tonight I see a pattern in its weave.

An American Boy Prize Poem



vented the diving bell, and designed an airplane powered with a propeller. Had he known of gasoline, he might have been the first to fly. He invented the breech-loading cannon, and the machine gun. He discovered that steam could be made to do work, and he visioned cannon that would fire projectiles by the use of it.

Athlete

FURTHER, and important, had you known Leonardo you would have liked him. He was an athlete with a splendid physique, and handsome. He was modest, friendly, diplomatic. He was a generous and loyal friend, hard working, and simple in his habits. "Poor is the man of many wants," he once said. He was the favorite of kings, yet admiration didn't turn his head. His energy and intellectual curiosity were inexhaustible; he always wanted to know the causes of things.

Da Vinci Today

CONSIDER Leonardo as alive today. He would be the greatest painter and sculptor of the age. As an inventor he would rank with Edison. As an engineer, he could have built the Panama Canal. As an entertainer, he would be as famous as the clever young Englishman, Noel Coward. In architecture, he would be as renowned as, say, Stanford White. In mathematics, he would rank with Einstein. American doctors would respect his knowledge of anatomy; geologists would ask his advice. In wartime he would be high up on the general staff. Scientific societies would shower him with gold medals. Moreover, he would be popular and greatly loved. No man in the history of the world has been so simultaneously gifted in both art and science.

Teachers

WE rise to give teachers a great big hand. They're performing like heroes, these days. Enrollments have substantially increased, yet because of the depression we're hiring fewer teachers than ever. We have asked teachers to accept, along with overwork, very heavy pay cuts. Still they're hewing manfully to the line, and paying no attention to the chips. And despite the damage we've done to their salaries, they continue to be the best credit risk of any large occupational group. If a merchant sells a piece of merchandise to a teacher, he's more likely to get his money than he is if he sells to a doctor, a grocer, or a lawyer. The *Credit Herald* makes this assertion, after an exhaustive survey.

A Standard

BEN AMES WILLIAMS, the gifted novelist, deserves your most careful attention when he says: "Life is the acceptance of responsibilities or their evasions; it is a business of meeting obligations or avoiding them. To every man the choice is continually being offered, and by the manner of his choosing you may fairly judge him."

Congratulations, Katsuro

WHEN the Airplane Model League of America held its first national contests in Detroit, back in 1928, the model aviator who came the farthest to compete was Katsuro Miho, smiling Japanese boy from Kahului, Hawaii. Katsuro didn't win any top prizes: but he took away with him two things (in addition to a couple of medals)—the liking of every other contestant and every official, and a cast-iron determination that he was coming back to "the States" for his education when he got through high school in Hawaii. . . . Katsuro is back. He's in Salt Lake City, and he's finding time aside from his school work to be business manager of a most remarkable little publication, *Reimei*. This admirable magazine is published—in English that would do credit to natives of Massachusetts!—by a group of young Japanese-Americans. *Reimei* means "dawn," and the editor explains that the present era is dawn for thousands of young men and women of Japanese blood but American citizenship. "We have drifted so far from Japan that . . . things Japanese appear in an unfamiliar perspective." Katsuro's friends of five years ago may be proud that he's allied himself with a work and an outlook so optimistic and worth while. They may be proud, too, of his intelligent Americanism.

BLIZZARD!

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

WHENEVER chance brought Renfrew in to Mounted headquarters at Edmonton, he tried to see something of Inspector Jocelyn. For Jocelyn was one of the greatest men Renfrew knew.

Jocelyn was a monarch of the North. The little known regions of the arctic were his familiar camping grounds. Time and again he had traveled alone, or with a single companion, to the rescue of explorers who had invaded the North with expensively organized parties. Alone he had followed his dogs for thousands of miles across fields of ice and snow that no man had ever trodden before him, where the food supply lay only in his hunting and life itself depended on a dauntless spirit and extraordinary endurance.

Out of the intolerable hardships, the constant dangers, and the utter loneliness of many years in the arctic, Jocelyn had built up a greater manhood. Other men cracked under the savage strain of the life; Jocelyn became indomitable.

This was the friend whom Renfrew promptly called one bleak February night as soon as he had reached his hotel room in Edmonton.

"Where are you?" asked Jocelyn.

"I'm at Scott Inlet on Baffin Island," said Renfrew humorously. "Thought you might like to have dinner with me."

"Not up there, old man," Jocelyn spoke with well-feigned regret. "Make it nearer and I'll join you."

"Good. Then I'll expect you at the King Edward for dinner tonight. No excuses accepted."

"Right ho. But I'll have to leave you after eating. Got a job of work."

"Reports?"

At last Renfrew dug through the drifts to the cabin door—and two men plunged out and grasped him.

"No. Got to go out and get a little heir."
"Air?"

"No, heir. Soap maker died in the old country and left a spot of money to a lad who's living here in Edmonton. I'm carrying the good news from Aix to Ghent."

"Good. I'll help you carry it. After dinner, eh?"

"Of course. After roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, deep dish apple pie, and a spot of coffee."

Something more than an hour later Renfrew and Jocelyn sat over their "spot of coffee" and approached the business of the evening.

"Isn't it rather unusual," said Renfrew, "for an

inspector of the Mounted to dash about delivering messages to lost heirs?"

Jocelyn's rare humorous smile illumined his rather severe, grave face. "I suppose so," he admitted, "but I couldn't resist the temptation."

"What temptation?"

"Well, I've always wondered what I'd do if somebody told me I'd inherited a million dollars. So I wanted to break the news to this youngster myself."

Renfrew grinned his appreciation. "Just a youngster, eh?"

"Twenty-four last summer. And he hasn't the remotest idea of his good fortune! His name's Frayne and he's a distant relation of old Girard, the soap maker. After Frayne's parents died, the young fellow wandered away into Canada. Last summer old Girard died, without leaving a will. They've been hunting for Frayne ever since until only this after-



noon we got news from Ottawa that he'd drawn his last penny from the Edmonton branch of the Bank of Montreal last July. The bank gave us his address, and I'm running out to see him tonight. Think of it, absolutely broke since last July. And now I'm to tell him he's worth more than a million!"

"And I'm to be looking over your shoulder as you do it," grinned Renfrew.

But he wasn't. Jocelyn's shoulder was far from Renfrew's when Barry Frayne was told of his good fortune.

FRAYNE'S address was that of a lodging house in a side street. The two officers strode along briskly through the sharp air, anticipating with pleasure the effect of their good news. The door of Frayne's lodgings was opened by an elderly citizen in shirt-sleeved, slippered ease.

"Frayne?" he repeated, answering Jocelyn's request. "Why, no. Barry left here last summer." Jocelyn and Renfrew exchanged glances of almost comical disappointment.

"Have you any idea where he moved to?" asked Jocelyn.

"No." The old man gazed at them quizzically. "No, they didn't tell me where they were going. It was an expedition, you know."

"What kind of expedition?"

"A sort of scientific expedition. They kept it very secret, but I heard Mr. Detwiler talking with Barry about getting specimens of black-faced musk oxen." Jocelyn turned to Renfrew in dismay.

"That means they've gone North. The black-faced musk ox is supposed to be extinct, but there are rumors of specimens all over the North. I can't understand Frayne's getting into anything like that."

"Why not? I'd have grabbed at the chance when I was twenty-four."

"Yes, but you wouldn't have had it unless you could have chipped in on the expedition, and Frayne was broke. He was a shoe clerk."

"That's right," the elderly lodging-house keeper nodded. "He worked at Hannaford's store. I can't understand Mr. Detwiler's taking him, either. Barry didn't look very strong."

"Detwiler," murmured Jocelyn. "Detwiler. I wonder if that's the man who prospected out of Baker Lake in 1918."

"That's the one! I heard him tell Barry that he'd prospected for years in the Barrens, and he mentioned Baker Lake."

"Then it's out of our hands," sighed Jocelyn regretfully. "No telling where they've gone. I haven't happened to get acquainted with this man Detwiler, but I've heard of him, and he knows the Barrens like a book." He turned to Renfrew. "We'll have to pass on the news to the Northern posts and let them give it to Frayne when he comes out. Wonder where they were headed."

"Did they outfit in Edmonton?" asked Renfrew.

"Yes," the old man spoke up. "They ordered a lot of stuff from the Alberta Mercantile Company."

"Good!" cried Renfrew. "Maybe the company can tell us what part of the country they headed for. Come along, Jocelyn."

At the Mercantile Company's store the next morning they picked up the trail again. The manager remembered the Detwiler-Frayne expedition clearly and with a smile.

"They were so secretive about it," he said. "Like a couple of kids who were going to startle the world."

Frayne told me to ship the canoes to Fort Smith and Detwiler was mad about it. But that's the way they were headed. Down the Slave River, I suppose, and north of Great Slave Lake."

"How long a trip were they planning?"

"A couple of years, I should judge. But I'll let you take Detwiler's list of supplies and you can figure it out for yourself."

He produced a sheaf of papers, informal orders, some neatly written, others evidently scribbled hurriedly at the last minute. The two officers examined them with expert eyes.

"They've ammunition enough for an army!" declared Jocelyn. "And pemmican enough for a couple of years." He stood staring down at the papers in his hand while Renfrew stared likewise at one of the crumpled sheets.



Jocelyn and Renfrew journeyed under skies of velvet blue, arched over a snow-laden wilderness.

"Reading Signs"

By Laurie York Erskine

When Renfrew and a gay young flyer find a scrap of charred shirt in a hidden dugout, Renfrew uncovers a crime that wipes out the flyer's gayety.

A Far-North Mystery

In April

"Fort Reliance and Baker Lake are the detachments to notify," Jocelyn went on finally. "I'll bet they're wintering in the Thelon River country. That takes it out of our hands for good, and there's nothing to be done till next spring. What are you looking at—a secret message?"

Renfrew dropped the paper he had been holding up between his eyes and the light.

"Something of the sort," he said gravely. "I think that we've got to get to those men as fast as possible."

He faced the manager briskly. "Did either of them leave any baggage behind?" he asked.

"Yes. Both of them left some duffle. I'm holding it for them."

"We'll return later and get it," said Renfrew. "And if you don't mind I'll keep this paper. Come along, Jocelyn."

He led the mystified Jocelyn back to the hotel and took him into the smoking room. Here, near a window, he handed the paper to Jocelyn.

Jocelyn studied the back of the sheet. "Why, there's a diagram here!" he cried. "In pencil. It's pretty dim though."

"Hold it up to the light and you can see the names."

Jocelyn held up the paper and studied the blurred diagram, frowning.

"See what it means?" asked Renfrew.

"Can't say that I do," confessed Jocelyn. "Looks like something out of a history book to me."

"That's just what it is!" cried Renfrew. "It's what they call a family tree, made out in Detwiler's handwriting, and it shows that he's a distant cousin of young Frayne. And it also shows that if Frayne should die by any conceivable accident that might happen to a tenderfoot on an expedition to the Barrens, Detwiler would inherit that million. Now do you see?"

For a long moment Jocelyn was silent, making thoughtful calculations.

"It's a month's journey to Great Slave Lake, on from the end of the railroad," he said finally. "If the dogs hold out and the weather's good. But if Detwiler's really out to lose young Frayne he'll wait all winter for nature to do the job for him. He won't do anything desperate till the weather breaks up. Isn't that the way you'd figure it?"

"We can hope so, anyway, and follow 'em as fast as dogs'll move."

An examination of the luggage that Detwiler and Frayne had left behind further emphasized the need for haste. In Detwiler's bags were letters from his father in England, warning Detwiler that the old soap manufacturer had not much longer to live. These letters also informed him of the presence in Canada of Detwiler's distant cousin, who alone stood between him and the inheritance of a million. Renfrew frowned grimly at the thought of how Detwiler had promptly hunted up Frayne, and his suspicions of Detwiler's motive were deepened by a diary he

found in Frayne's luggage which revealed that young Frayne had no suspicion that Detwiler was related to him. He wrote of Detwiler as a "friendly stranger who is letting me in on a big adventure."

Two weeks later Jocelyn and Renfrew unloaded their supplies, dogs, and equipment from a freight car at Waterways, which is the end of steel. In another day the two men were trotting over the snowy stretches behind a team of eight magnificent Huskies, well away on the first long mush to Chipewyan.

It was an exhilarating, happy journey made in a day more than a week of perfect March weather. Bright skies of velvet blue arched over a wilderness of snow-laden trees and a snow-whitened floor that rose and fell in rounded contours to the eternal, forested horizon. A week and a day of hardships no greater than the heat of hard running in the sunlight, the sting of wind-blown snow against their faces, and the need of sleeping beneath a starlit sky framed by the needled fronds of the spruce trees.

At Chipewyan they learned that a trapper had come down on the boat last July with two men who answered the descriptions of Frayne and Detwiler. They made Fort Smith, the next lap of their journey, in a vigorous dash of three days. But the sun was curtailed behind a leaden sky before they got there, and Renfrew felt strangely worried.

The leaden clouds were promising blizzard and bad

weather ahead, of course—but something else troubled him more. It was the strained tenseness of Jocelyn's face as he had made the last few miles into Fort Smith. Jocelyn was not the man to feel a three-day run of hard sledding. The discomforting remembrance of his friend's drawn face tugged at Renfrew's spirit during the day they spent picking up information at Fort Smith.

Jocelyn's investigation kept him in the settlement. Renfrew, finding that Detwiler had had some business with an old trapper named Judd, went out to Judd's cabin a little beyond Fort Smith. In the evening, at the police barracks, the two officers discussed their findings. Renfrew, staring into the fire, tried to speak casually.

"Didn't learn much except that our men passed through here," he said. "I think we ought to wait a few days. We can rest while we dig up more information."

He looked up and found Jocelyn's eyes leveled upon him with a cool and challenging gaze.

"If you didn't get anything out of Judd," he said deliberately, "Judd must have lied. I've found out that Detwiler and Frayne quarreled while they were here. Detwiler hired Judd's two sons and a man named Hackley to go on with them. Frayne engaged a man named Dean, but Detwiler wouldn't take him along. I've been talking with Dean today, and he tells me the quarrel was about him. Detwiler fired the man Frayne had hired. The only man Frayne

could count on in a pinch to stand loyal to him. See what that means? We've got to travel fast, Renfrew."

"It would do no harm to rest," murmured Renfrew. "Better turn in," said Jocelyn coldly. "Dawn, tomorrow."

Renfrew felt an irrepressible sense of dread as he set out with Jocelyn in the blackness before the sun rose. As the day developed sulkily out of the dawn, the bitter coldness of a temperature thirty-six degrees below zero was intensified by a wind that rose out of the north and lashed their faces with whirling eddies of snow that stung like sand.

For days they followed the twisting highway of the Slave River into a North which welcomed them with a scowling mass of clouds that never let the sun shine through.

That ominous sky spurred them on with a new reason for speed. If the blizzard swept down before they reached Resolution it might hold them, storm bound, on the trail until fuel and food gave out. It was a prospect unpleasant at best. And something was wrong with Jocelyn. Day after day Renfrew saw Jocelyn's strong, handsome face, drawn and strained by pain that he tried vainly to conceal. Without discussing the situation, without mentioning it, they pressed forward each day as far as their strength would permit them.

Jocelyn's indomitable will power seemed strong enough to fend off the most desperate of physical afflictions; unflinchingly he plunged forward in their last dash to make Resolution before the blizzard broke. He and Renfrew pulled together on either side of the team as they struggled through the night which ended that last day. They were close to the lighted windows of the trading post at Resolution when Renfrew felt Jocelyn blunder away from the team, swinging the sled aside. Dropping his line, Renfrew sprang to his friend, who was staggering about as if stricken blind. A strange moan broke from his lips—and then he tumbled over, writhing in the snow.

Leaving the team to shift for itself, Renfrew half dragged, half carried the suffering man to the door of the trading post. It opened to his knocking and five powerful men came out to help him bring Jocelyn in. In the tropic heat of the cabin they stripped Jocelyn and the post doctor examined him while, with clenched teeth, the patient fought off the demons of pain that caused him to struggle against the strong hold of his friends.

Very grimly the doctor gave his verdict, and the kitchen table of the trading post was made an operating table. While the northern wind howled outside, the doctor administered an anaesthetic and by the light of a coal oil lamp performed upon the still form of Jocelyn an abdominal operation from which many men fail to recover in the most finely equipped hospitals of civilization.

RENFREW waited three days, until he was assured that Jocelyn was well on the way to recovery. Then, with his mission urging him on, he started out alone for old Reliance, where he had learned from gossip at Resolution a "back camp" had been established by the explorers.

He set out in the face of the threatening blizzard that still hung between sun and earth, making daylight as bleak as the hour before dawn. The black menace of it seemed always moving and brewing above him.

With his eight powerful Huskies pulling a sled heavily loaded with provisions, Renfrew found himself still racing against that threat through a dull monotony of days which brought him finally, weary in mind and body, to the gaunt chimney of stone marking the site of old Fort Reliance at the eastern end of Great Slave Lake.

At Reliance he found Hackley, the trapper hired by Detwiler at Fort Smith. Hackley lived in a rude cabin of his own making and guarded a cache of provisions and equipment for the "explorers," who had gone on North.

"The Judd (Continued on page 49)



A man of huge proportions came staggering like a gigantic hunchback through the white waste.

"What?" demanded Tierney after long study. "No corned beef and cabbage today?"



The Man Without a Name

By John A. Moroso

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

AT 2:45 in the afternoon Verdi's opera, "Simon Boccanegra," was to go on the air from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Martinelli, the great tenor, and Tibbett, the great baritone, were to be in the cast.

Jim Tierney sat before the dials in his snug little New Jersey cottage, a silk hat of the vintage of 1812 tilted back on his head and his huge torso swathed in his Prince Albert, the outfit he used for weddings and funerals.

Maggie Murphy, the old detective's housekeeper, filled a rocking chair. A green velvet cape was wrapped about her ample shoulders, and her short nose was powdered. This was to be their first grand opera and they had decided to have it in style.

"We got five minutes yet, Maggie," said Jim, taking a sheet of paper from his desk. "I made a few notes on the story of the uproar and will explain it to you so you'll understand what they're singing about."

Maggie nodded.

"Now this here story," Jim went on, "is about a leading citizen named Simon Bocca-somethin'. The home town elects him to some office or other, and he falls in love with a Eyetalian girl named Maria but her dad says nix on the mush and sings it for eighteen minutes. Dad takes Maria and hides her in a castle.

"By and by Maria becomes the mama of a baby girl. The baby goes to a convent and grows up and her granddad adopts her, not knowing that she's his granddaughter. This guy, the granddad, is named Fiesco but he ain't Tony Fiesco, unnerstand, what runs the fruit stand in 45th Street. So he has a daughter and a granddaughter all in one."

"Hot dog," said Maggie. "Imagine it."

"Now Simon is hunting for Maria all the time and finds his own daughter, which is his father-in-law's granddaughter and daughter all in one, and he falls in love with her, which if he had married her would have made Simon his own father-in-law, if you get me."

"I give up," said Maggie, shaking her head.

"But before Simon can become his own father-in-law the home town people throw him over and he's out of a job. Now y'unnerstand, Maggie, that I might have some of it wrong. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if I did—"

"It sounds like a mess," said Maggie. "Turn on the uproar. It's time, and I got a chicken to pick for tomorrow."

Tierney turned the dials and cut in on the overture.

"Gee, them brass instruments is grand," he sighed. "Ain't it wonderful, we sitting here in style listening to the uproar—"

Suddenly the radio burst into action. Voices rattled through the somewhat worn radio tubes and

vibrated out of the antique loud speaker. Before long the opera was going full blast—lusty baritones, full-throated tenors, and sopranos, all competing vigorously with the orchestra.

"Gee, Maggie, listen to the old man tell 'em!" shouted Tierney.

Rover hoisted his great body to an upright position, pointed his snout ceilingward, and began to howl.

"Just listen to that new baritone," exclaimed Jim above the tumult. "Y'ever hear any better singing than that, Maggie?"

"It's the dog," said Maggie, as she got up and removed the green velvet cape.

"You ain't going, Maggie?"

"To the kitchen and me job, and putting corks in me ears."

"You ain't got no culture," protested Jim, "to walk out on the grand uproar like that."

"Mebbe I ain't."

"You ought to stick around and learn somethin'."

"Well, Jim, I can tell a dog from a baritone, anyhow."

Tierney cut off the performance and began turning the knobs in search of a brass band.

"Oh," said Maggie, as she rolled up her sleeves, "there's a letter in the kitchen for you. I forgot to give it to you this morning, Jim."

SHE got it for him. It bore the return address of Police Headquarters, New York City, and Jim opened it hastily. It was from his old chief, Inspector Sweeney, and read:

"Dear Jim: We have a man over here that we picked up as a suspicious character and he has us puzzled completely. He won't answer questions of any sort. He doesn't demand his release. He's about sixty-five, is dressed in plain ordinary clothes, and looks the plain average man of his age. We've tried to break his silence, but so far we haven't been able to get anywhere.

"We stripped him and examined every stitch of his clothes but could find no identification mark of any sort. His linen bears no laundry mark. His shoes have had the trademark of the maker cut out, but even if we had that much to go on, in the end we would find that there were thousands of such pairs of shoes made every day by some manufacturer. Now that's the significant thing—the cutting out of the trademark in the shoes. If he had left it in we could

have placed him down as a mental case and sent him to some booby hatch. But, as your good common sense will tell you, it is evident that our prisoner has some reason for not wanting to be traced dead or alive. And yet we have him. So far as the police are concerned we have nothing more than the heart, lungs, legs, and arms of a human being.

"There must be some way of getting through this man's deliberately blank mind. If you aren't busy, drop in and give him a look over for me. Sweeney."

The unidentified man, temporarily called John Doe, had been casually stopped by a policeman on Riverside Drive at 110th Street, at seven o'clock on a pleasant June morning. The cop was the usual pleasant neighborhood "fatty" who had pounded the same beat for ten years. The cop knew his beat and knew that John Doe, who often passed him early in the morning, somehow didn't fit in. And so Officer Harris hailed him with a pleasant, "Good morning." The man paid no attention, and that was a singular thing, for the New Yorker considers it a compliment to be greeted by a cop in friendly fashion.



"Just listen to that baritone," exclaimed Jim. "Y'ever hear any better singing than that, Maggie?"

In Which Jim Tierney Tackles the Strangest Case of His Career

"Wait a minute," called Harris. The man stopped dead in his tracks.

"Where do you live, may I ask?"

"You may not ask," was the response.

"I've got a right to ask."

John Doe turned on his heel and started on his way, but Harris caught him by the arm and gently but firmly assured him that he wanted his address. The answer was a shrug of the shoulders and Harris, somewhat peeved, took him to the station.

The desk sergeant could get no statement from the man. Neither could the house detectives, and he was sent down to headquarters.

Tierney, who had hurried to headquarters in record time, placed his hard-boiled derby on the rug beside Inspector Sweeney's desk. John Doe had been brought in and sat facing the inspector and at Jim's right.

"What's the idea?" Jim asked the man curiously. "We ain't trying to make any trouble for you. But this ain't any town for a man without a name."

John Doe had been held in a headquarters cell for two weeks and a good growth of brown beard, slightly touched with gray, covered his chin and cheeks. Soon the lines of his jaw and the curve of his lips would be hidden. Tierney's ease and friendliness, and his comfortable business suit, brought a light of amused appreciation into the man's clear gray eyes. Jim was encouraged.

"Two weeks is a long time for a man to be locked up," he reminded the prisoner, "especially a man not accused of anything. Don't you miss some of the little things of life like books, music, a walk in the fresh air?"

"I should like to have a razor." It was the man's first request.

"Is the food all right?"

John Doe nodded.

"There's a library around the corner and I can get any books you want." There was no answer. "Wouldn't you like a morning or afternoon newspaper?" No reply.

"Or a morning walk on Riverside Drive?"

The man remained silent, his hands clasped in his lap.

"About the food, Jim," said Sweeney. "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Doe had nearly two hundred dollars on him when we searched him. I told him he could have anything he wanted to eat brought in

from the outside. Our grub is just the plainest."

Tierney nodded slowly, and then sat up straight.

"That'll do for this morning," he said, and a uniformed man touched John Doe on the shoulder and took him back to his cage.

"What do you think, Jim?" Sweeney asked.

"I think he wants a shave."

"Do you?" laughed Sweeney. "In preference to a good steak?"

"Yeh."

"Well, shall I get him a razor, Jim?"

"Not much, Chief."

"Afraid of suicide?"

Jim shook his head.

"Why not give him a razor, then?"

"Because he probably wore a beard before he became the strong, silent guy. We'll let him grow a beard and watch him to see if he gets worried. When it's full grown I might give him a few walks around this town and see what happens."

"Have it your way, Jim," the inspector agreed.

"What's the next step?"

"I'll drop in on Marty in the identification bureau and skin through the list of missing persons."

MARTY CONLON, in charge of identification, turned over all his work to subordinates and welcomed Tierney as an old pal.

"The shop's yours, Jim," he said.

"Missing guys with whiskers is what I want, Marty," Tierney announced. "Pull out all the mugs with hair mattresses."

They went through the files carefully but without satisfactory results. John Doe had been photographed, full face and profile, as are all cases sent through the bureau, but since there was no charge against him he hadn't been finger-printed.

"Get one of your camera men who knows how to touch up a picture, Marty," suggested Jim.

Marty complied, and in a quarter of an hour they had a photograph that showed John Doe with a beard.

"Looks rather handsome, huh?" chuckled Tierney.

"One of the old-timers of Wall Street, maybe," suggested Marty. "A big railroad financier or banker."

Tierney placed the synthetic portrait in a clean sheet of paper and then in his inside pocket, and returned to Sweeney's office to show it.

"I think that's the way Mister Doe ought to look,

Chief," he said. "I don't want to show it to him until the right minute."

"It's a fine portrait of Lyman M. Blake," said the inspector.

"Who's Blake?"

"Blake's dead, unfortunately. His body was found many months ago in the East River, fearfully chopped up by propellers, the clothes gone, but the head and face intact, as sometimes happens."

Tierney's face dropped.

"Thoroughly identified?" he asked.

"Yes. Laid in the morgue for weeks before the department of missing persons made a picture."

"Then," said Tierney sadly, "we ain't solved the mystery of the lost millionaire."

"I'm afraid not."

"But all the same," Tierney assured his chief hopefully, "nobody can tell me that when a man has a roll of money in his pocket and can get a good beefsteak or anything else in reason, and then doesn't ask for anything but a razor, he isn't holding out on us. I'm going to take him in hand and live with him every day until I get chummy with him. I'll bring him in at night. That all right?"

"You betcha. Go the limit."

With the portrait tucked away, Jim escorted John Doe out into the sunshine of Centre Street.

"You need exercise and fresh air, old-timer," he assured his prisoner. "And so do I. We're going to loaf around and have a good time. I got my orders to stay with you, but that needn't stop us from enjoying ourselves."

They walked over to Broadway and turned south. If the man beside him could be mistaken for the late Lyman M. Blake, Jim thought, it wouldn't be improbable that he belonged in the same class. Anyhow, Jim intended to find out.

By the time they reached Broad and Wall Streets, the very center of the financial world, Jim was longing for a large, hearty meal. With an arm hooked through an arm of John Doe, he turned into the swellest restaurant the neighborhood offered, in the very shadow of the marble home of J. P. Morgan and Co. He thought he felt his prisoner draw back, but he wasn't sure.

A waiter placed a menu card before each.

"What?" demanded Tierney after long study. "No corned beef and cabbage today?"

"No, sir. But the frogs' legs are delicious," said the waiter, "and the chateaubriand is famous here."

Tierney's face twisted. Frogs' legs! He'd just as soon eat boiled monkeys! And this chateaubriand, whatever it was, was out of his class. If Maggie knew that he ever ate anything with a name like that she'd hand him one with a rolling pin.

"Beef and spuds," he ordered. "And a double order, with pie. Any kind of pie that ain't queer. Just pie."

"And you, sir?"

John Doe pointed to a line on his card, mutely indicating his order.

"The chateaubriand?" the waiter said. "Very good, sir."

Well, decided Tierney, this mysterious person knew what it was. The fat detective was surprised when he discovered that chateaubriand was nothing but good beef, broiled and then sliced. While he shoveled in his own food he watched John Doe. The man was picking delicately, lightly, elegantly. And how gently he pressed the big damask napkin to his lips! Jim nodded to himself, thoughtfully.

After lunch was over, John Doe reached for the bill as if from force of habit, but withdrew his hand when Tierney reached for it also.

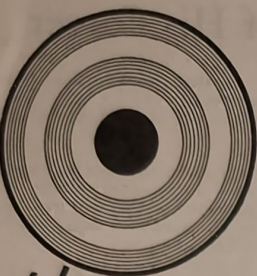
They continued their stroll in the pleasant sunshine, keeping in the financial district until John Doe for the first time opened his mouth.

"I like the river," he said.

Instinctively Tierney realized that the man was afraid of recognition and wanted to get away from this part of town. Well, there was plenty of time. They could spend many days while the beard grew, strolling through this section. So they crossed to the North River for the rest of the afternoon.

The strange gentleman who had made up his mind to bury himself





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alive in one of the largest cities of the world, who seemed to have no interest in any human being and little in himself, who never seemed anxious to get a letter, and who never smiled, one day paused at a corner and bought a copy of New York's most conservative newspaper.

He was weakening. There was something he wanted to find out about. At this time his beard was well grown. In the fine downtown restaurants to which Tierney took him he insisted on sitting at remote tables. Tierney, his keen mind ever on the alert, saw to it that during each luncheon hour his guest had abundant time in which to read the news. Also he usually managed to seat his man with his back to a mirror. Tierney wanted to know what Mr. Doe was seeking, and his quick eye was busy deciphering the reversed headlines that showed in the mirror.

ONE day a familiar name came from the mirror to him—that of Lyman M. Blake. Jim mentally noted that he must get a copy of that paper and read the article. Blake had been dead a year. This man, now that his beard was grown, looked like Blake. Could he be a brother? Or just an associate? It was strange and puzzling.

Several times Tierney had tried to induce John Doe to have his hair trimmed in one of the barber shops that catered to rich business men, but Doe had silently refused. If John Doe was afraid of his beard's giving him away, evidently he figured that long hair might help disguise him. Gradually the acquaintanceship developed into a duel between the two men.

When Tierney had John Doe safe in his cell the night he discovered Doe's interest in Lyman Blake, the round-faced detective dropped in on Inspector Sweeney. Planking a copy of the newspaper on Sweeney's desk, Jim said:

"Our ancient and silent friend John Doe is interested in this item and nothing else."

Sweeney read the article carefully. It was an account of a bitter legal fight over the will left by the late Lyman M. Blake, a battle for millions between various nephews, all of whom had been amply provided for. Apparently none of the heirs was satisfied because the larger part of the fortune had been given to charity with a good sum in trust for a faithful manservant named Josiah Williams.

The beneficiaries of the will, all save Williams and the charitable foundation, charged insanity at the time the will was drawn. The story stated that the will was a holograph will, written in his own handwriting by the decedent, duly witnessed by two bank clerks. The contestants held that Lyman Blake, far from having charitable inclinations, had accumulated his great fortune by selfishness, that he had never been interested in charity, and didn't even go to church.

"What do you think, Chief?" asked Jim, as the inspector laid down the paper and removed his glasses.

"It looks as if our man might be a distant relative hankering for some of that money, Jim."

"Probably a brother, long lost," suggested Tierney. "He certainly strongly resembles Blake, now that his beard has grown. He might have been a black sheep in the family—maybe went crooked and doesn't want his name to become generally known. Comes to New York, tries to get in touch with relatives, and gets picked up."

"That's as near it as I can figure," agreed the inspector. "He might have a just claim to a share and yet there might be some sort of crime hanging over him."

Sweeney pressed a button and asked one of his men to bring in the prisoner.

"Let me have that fake picture, Jim," he added. "I'll give him a touch of the third degree."

As the uniformed officer entered with John Doe, Sweeney rose and said to the escort: "Please bring in a chair for Mr. Blake."

At the name, John Doe started slightly.

"I think we have placed you now, Mr. Blake," said the inspector, "and there's hardly any use of your keeping on the mask. We have nothing against you. There may be someone you care for who may be undergoing a great deal of suffering because of what you are doing. If that is so, I beg you to



Rookie Game Warden: "Did you say our job was to protect wild animals, sir?"

tell us your story. Look at this, please."

He gave the synthetic photograph to John Doe, who looked at it and then dropped his gray eyes in thought.

"Well?" asked Sweeney.

"Could you bring Josiah Williams here?" asked the once mute man.

"Surely. Give me the address." It was a Riverside address.

"He works in the family of Talbot at that number," explained John Doe.

The department phone gave the inspector the desk of the police station nearest the address and he ordered Josiah Williams found and brought to him immediately.

"May I read the paper while we wait?" asked John Doe.

"Surely."

THE wait was not long. A patrolman brought into the room a little weazened man of about seventy, clean-shaven, anxious of eye, neatly dressed. John Doe stood up. Josiah Williams gave him one look in the flood of the overhead lights and staggered back with a cry of, "Mr. Blake! Mr. Blake! It can't be!"

"Please get him a chair; he's old and tired." It was the soft considerate voice of a good master. "Sit down, Josiah. I'm not dead. And you gentlemen," turning to Sweeney and Tierney, "need worry no longer. Here are the facts. I chose to disappear because of many business worries. I needed complete rest and my physician told me if I didn't take it I'd soon be dead. No one knew when I went away or where I went. I hid myself in the woods far up in Maine for months until I was in splendid shape, and on my return discovered that a body taken from the river had been identified as my body, and that I was accepted as dead. It gave me a great feeling of relief, for I had no wife and children to think of, and my money had become a terrible burden. I was free of it and had some cash with which to support myself while I tried out the experiment of starting out life all over again."

"Oh, Mr. Blake! I'm so glad, I'm so glad," cried the old butler and valet. "I grieved and had to get a job to keep from going insane."

"Yes, Josiah. In fact you were the only one who cared one whit about me. The others cared for my money. See here, gentlemen," Blake turned the sheets of the paper and pointed to a

little notice on the page opposite the editorial page. It read:

"In Memoriam.

"One year ago today died Lyman M. Blake, friend and beloved master. May his soul be in peace and the mercy of God be his. His old servant, Josiah Williams."

"May we go now?" asked Blake, rising.

"Yes, sir," said Sweeney. "But I must notify the newspapers, you know."

"I shall thank you if you do, Inspector. The fighting heirs who wanted all will find through the press that they have none. And I'll dispose of my money before death, keeping enough for my good friend here and myself to live on quietly."

Tierney's prisoner was again the cultivated gentleman. He turned to Jim with a smile and said. "You've been mighty nice to me. May I pay you for all your time and trouble?"

"No, sir. It ain't allowed."

"Well, you often spoke during those long days of your love for music. I should like, if you will let me, to give you a little musical treat. In fact it is something I must get rid of."

Tierney's eyes were popping eagerly as he thought of the various instruments he had yet to torture—instruments he would like to have in his cottage over in Jersey.

"I'm sure crazy about music, Mr. Blake," he said, grinning.

"Well, Josiah and I are going to a place I bought up in Maine to spend the rest of our lives fishing and loafing," explained Mr. Blake. "I have an opera subscription for the next season—a whole box. It would take thousands to buy it and I make you a present of it, Mr. Tierney."

"The uproar?" asked Jim dubiously.

"Why, yes, the Metropolitan Opera. The box is for three nights a week."

"The grand uproar? Three times a week?" He looked pale around the gills.

"Why, it's nothing to me, Mr. Tierney, I assure you," said the rich man. "Please don't feel backward about accepting it."

"Well, sir, if you could make it—you see I live out with the hicks in New Jersey and don't come into the city except on a job."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. If you don't mind, if it's all the same to you, Mr. Blake, make it a double-bass, triple-plated saxophone."

The rich man looked with some astonishment first at Jim and then to Sweeney, who broke out laughing.

"Does he mean really that he would rather have a saxophone than an opera subscription?"

"He does, Mr. Blake," replied the inspector.

"Then I shall send him in care of this office the best that money can buy. Good evening, gentlemen."

"Just a moment, please," said Sweeney, as old Josiah took his master's arm and they started to leave. "Would you mind telling me about your walks along Riverside in the early morning?"

"Not at all. I was in hopes of passing Josiah. I missed him a great deal, as he missed me."

"Oh, and just one last question, please, Mr. Blake."

"Yes?"

"About stripping your clothes of all means of identification and changing your appearance."

"In case of accidental death I thought I'd just let these greed-filled relatives keep on fighting and find in the end that their lawyers would get it all. But today when I read Josiah's *In Memoriam* notice I decided to come back to life and teach them their lesson. Good-by, gentlemen. Good-by, and I'll not forget the saxophone, Mr. Tierney."

The Brethren

(Continued from page 17)

"In one of these," said the sultan, "is that jewel known as the enchanted Star and the Luck of the House of Hassan. In the other is a pebble of the same weight. Come, my niece, take you these boxes and give them to your kinsmen, to each the box you will. The jewel is magical, so they say. Let it choose, therefore, which of these knights is ripe for death, and let him perish in whose box the Star is found."

"Now," muttered the imam into Saladin's ear, "now we shall learn which of these two men the lady loves."

"Oh, be not so cruel!" Rosamund was pleading wildly. "I beseech you spare me this task. Let me not be the blind sword of fate that frees the spirit of one I love."

But Saladin answered sternly: "Princess, it is fitting that you, for whose sake the offense was committed, should mete out its dire reward. Do my bidding."

For a moment Rosamund stared at the boxes; then suddenly she closed her eyes, seized them, and held them out. Calmly enough the brethren took, each of them, the box that was nearest. Then Rosamund opened her eyes again, stood still, and watched.

"Cousin," said Godwin, "before we break these cords, know that, whatever chances, we blame you not at all. You are innocent of the death of either of us! Believe that always, as we shall."

Then he began to unknit the silk that was bound about his box. All watched breathlessly. The only sound in the intense silence was the little grating noise of Godwin's nails as, having no knife to cut the silk, he patiently untied it.

"Trouble enough about one man's life in a land where lives are cheap!" suddenly exclaimed Wulf, thinking aloud, and with a laugh he tore the silk from his box with his strong fingers and, breaking the seal, shook out its contents.

Lo! there on the floor before him lay gleaming the enchanted Star of Hassan! Rosamund saw—and the truth broke from her lips at last. "Not Wulf! Not Wulf!" she wailed, and sank back senseless into Masouda's arms.

"Now, sire," chuckled the old imam, "you know which of those two the lady loves."

"Yes, I know," muttered Saladin. Wulf, who had paled for a moment, flushed with joy as the truth came home to him.

"This star is well named 'the Luck,'" he said, as he picked up the jewel and fastened it to his cloak above his heart, "nor do I hold it dearly earned." Then he turned to his brother, who stood by him white and still, saying:

"Forgive me, Godwin, and grudge it not to me, for when I am sped tonight this Luck—and all that hangs to it—will be yours."

So that strange scene ended.

THE afternoon drew towards evening, and Godwin stood before Saladin in his private chamber.

"What seek you now?" asked the sultan sternly.

"A boon," answered Godwin. "My brother is doomed to die before midnight. I ask to die instead of him."

"Why, Sir Godwin?"

"For two reasons, sire. As you learned today, it is Wulf who is beloved of the lady Rosamund, and I would have him live. Moreover, it is I whom the eunuch heard bargaining with the captain Abdullah—I swear it. Take your vengeance upon me, and let him go."

Saladin pulled at his beard, then answered: "If this is to be so, time is short, Sir Godwin. What farewells have you to make? You may not see the princess, but do you desire to speak

with your brother for the last time?"

"No, sire, for then he might learn the truth and—"

"Refuse this sacrifice, Sir Godwin, which perchance will scarcely be to his liking. Is there any other whom you would see?"

"I wish to say good-by to Masouda, the waiting woman to the princess."

"That you cannot do, for I believe this Masouda was at the bottom of your plot. I have dismissed her from the person of the princess and from my camp, which she is to leave with some Arabs who are her kin. Had it not been for her services against the Assassins, I should have put her to death."

"Then," said Godwin with a sigh, "I desire only to see Egbert the bishop, that he may shrive me according to our faith."

"Good. He shall be sent to you. I accept your statement that you are the guilty man and take your life for Sir Wulf's. Leave me now—I have greater matters on my mind. The guard will seek you at the appointed-time."

Godwin bowed and walked away, while Saladin looked after him with somber eyes.

TWO hours later guards came to summon Godwin. Accompanied by the old bishop he followed them to the vault of the great house where Saladin was lodged—a large, rough place, dimly lit with torches, in which waited the headman and his assistants. Presently Saladin entered and, looking at him curiously, said:

"Are you still of the same mind, Sir Godwin?"

"I am."

"Good. Yet I have changed mine. You shall say farewell to your cousin." He turned to an attendant. "Let the princess of Baalbec be brought hither, that she may see her work. Let her come alone."

"Sire," pleaded Godwin, "spare her such a sight."

But Saladin answered only, "I have said."

A while passed, and Godwin, hearing the sweep of robes, looked up, and saw a veiled figure that paused, hesitating, there in the shadowy vault.

Then Saladin spoke: "Princess, you are sick with sorrow because the man you love is about to die for you. But know now that I have had pity on your grief, and his life has been bought with that of the knight who stands yonder."

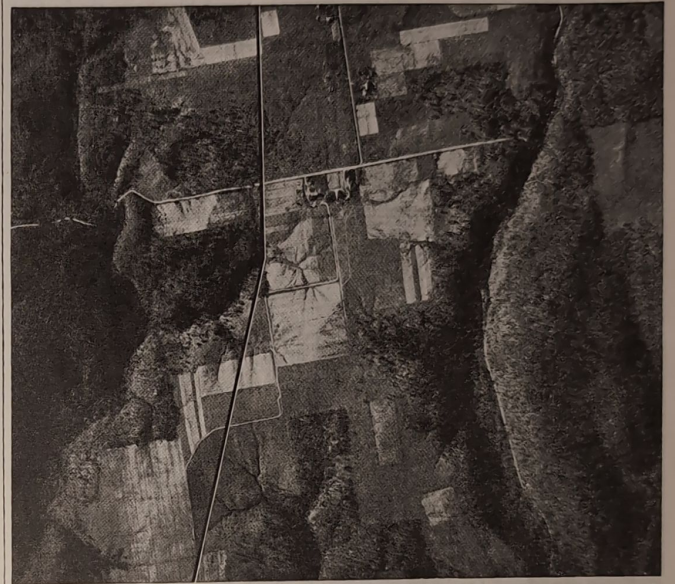
The veiled figure started, swayed, then stood erect again. It seemed to struggle for words.

"Rosamund," broke in Godwin, speaking in French, "I beseech you, be silent and do not unman me with words or tears. It is best thus. Wulf you love as he loves you, and I believe that in time you will be brought together. Your happiness will be mine, always and forever. I pray you, give to Wulf my love and blessing, and will you say to Masouda—so gallant, so true—say or write, that I thought of her in my last moments, and that my prayer is we may meet again where all crooked paths are straightened. Rosamund, farewell—may peace and joy go with you through many years, aye, and with your children's children! Farewell."

She said no word but stretched out her arms and, none forbidding him, Godwin walked to where she stood. Without lifting her veil she bent forward and kissed him, first upon the brow and next upon the lips; then with a low cry, she turned and fled, nor did Saladin seek to stay her.

For a moment Godwin stood gazing after her, his face alight. Then he turned and walked unhesitatingly back to the death place. There he knelt

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down before the headsman and, turning to the bishop, said:
"Bless me, father, and bid them strike."

But even as he spoke, he heard a well-known footstep, and looked up to see Wulf staring at him.

"What do you here, Godwin?" asked Wulf. "Has yonder fox snared both of us?" and he nodded at Saladin.

"Let the fox speak," said the Sultan with a swift, unexpected smile. "Know, Sir Wulf, that your brother wished to die in your place. But I refuse such sacrifice, though I have made use of it to teach my niece, the princess, that should these plottings continue, certainly they will bring you to your deaths. Knights, you are brave men whom I prefer to kill in war. Good horses stand without; take them and ride with these foolish citizens of Jerusalem. Nay, thank me not. I thank you who have taught Salah-ed-din how perfect a thing can be the love of brothers."

The brethren stood awhile bewildered, for it is a strange thing to come back from death to life. At last Wulf dashed his hand across his eyes and spoke:

"A noble deed, Godwin, yet one for which I should not have thanked you had it been accomplished. Sultan, we are grateful for your boon of life—and may we bid farewell to our cousin Rosamund before we ride?"

"Nay," answered Saladin. "Sir Godwin has done that already—let it serve for both. Tomorrow she shall learn the truth. Now go, and return no more." "That must be as fate wills," answered Godwin, and they bowed and went.

Outside that place of death their swords were given them, and two good horses. Then guides led them to the embassy from Jerusalem, which was already in the saddle. And, having bid farewell to the bishop Egbert, they rode away from Ascalon at nightfall.

Chapter Twenty-one

ON and on they rode through the desert sands, beneath the silent stars. They spoke little. A strange foreboding had come upon Godwin, and Wulf was bitterly depressed because Rosamund was to lose her one friend—since Saladin had ordered Masouda from the camp.

"True we have our lives," Wulf broke out after a long silence, "but how shall we save Rosamund? While Masouda stayed with her there was some hope, but now I see none."

"Courage!" answered Godwin. "We must keep up heart."

Yet even as he spoke, that strange fear was pressing upon him—a premonition of some dread disaster drawing nigh one who was dear. Rosamund? Or Masouda? He knew not. He knew only that he feared, in a blind torture of terror that bathed him in sweat.

He suffered as from a blow unseen, pierced by the unknown anguish of one beloved. Yet perchance the long, hard day had worn him to his fear-ridden madness. He could not tell. . . .

All night they rode, fast and far. When dawn broke, their little company had left the plain behind and rode among the hills. At a sudden turn, they drew rein—for there before them in the flaming sunrise stood the holy city of Jerusalem. There were her walls and towers, and there, stained red as if with the blood of its worshippers, soared the great cross upon the mosque of Omar.

Yes, yonder was the city for which men had died by thousands, and still must die! Saladin had offered to spare her citizens if they consented to surrender, but they would not. This embassy had told him that they had sworn to perish with the Holy Places, and now the returning riders, looking at the city in its splendor, knew the hour was near, and groaned aloud.

Godwin groaned also, but not for

Jerusalem. The racking apprehension of the night was upon him again. Oh, what dark deed had torn this dawn? . . .

Jerusalem was still long miles away. The company pressed forward down the valley in order to reach the city before the heat of midday.

"Look!" Wulf said suddenly to Godwin.

Swiftly galloping down the shoulder of a hill that had just rounded in sight came a man and woman mounted on beautiful horses. As they drew near the embassy, they checked their whirlwind pace, and then Godwin and Wulf recognized the man as the old Arab called Son of the Sand, who had given them the horses Flame and Smoke.

"Sir," said the Arab to the leader of the embassy, "I have come to ask a favor of yonder knights who travel with you. This woman," and he pointed to his closely veiled companion, "is a relative whom I desire to deliver to friends in Jerusalem, but dare not do so myself because the hill dwellers between here and there are hostile to my tribe. She is of the Christian faith and no spy, but cannot speak your language. Within the south gate she will be met by her relatives. I have spoken."

"Let the knights settle it," said the commander impatiently, and spurred on.

"Surely we will take her," said Godwin. "Come, lady, ride between us."

Silently she took her place, while the Arab spoke once more.

"Sir," he said to Godwin, "I pray you disturb not this woman with words, nor ask her to unveil her face, since such is not the custom of her people. It is but an hour's journey to the city gate during which you will be troubled with her. This is the payment that I ask of you for those two good horses which, as I am told, served you well."

"It shall be as you wish," said Godwin; "and, Son of the Sand, we thank you for those horses."

"Good. When you want more, let it be known in the market places that you seek me," and he began to turn his horse's head.

"Stay," said Godwin. "What do you know of Masouda, your niece? Is she with you?"

"Nay," answered the Arab in a low voice, "but she bade me be in a certain garden near Ascalon, at an appointed hour, to take her away. So thither I go. Farewell." And he shook his reins and departed like an arrow.

Godwin gave a sigh of relief. If Masouda had made this appointment to meet her uncle, at least she must be safe.

Then the three rode on, and at length they reached the gate of Jerusalem, which was crowded with waiting folk. They passed through, and the embassy was escorted away by the chief people, with most of the multitude following them to learn if they brought peace or war.

GODWIN and Wulf stared at each other, wondering where they were to go and where they would find the relatives of their veiled companion. Near them was a garden that seemed deserted. They rode into it to take counsel, and their veiled companion followed.

"We must speak to her now," said Wulf, "to ask her whither she wishes to be taken."

Godwin nodded, and they wheeled their horses round.

"Lady," he said in Arabic, "be pleased to tell us where we shall find your kindred."

"Here," answered a soft voice.

They stared about the deserted garden, and returned: "We do not see them."

Then the lady let slip her cloak, revealing the robe beneath.

"By St. Peter!" said Godwin. "I know the embroidery on that dress.

Masouda! Is it you, Masouda?"

As he spoke, the veil fell also, and lo! before them, with drooping head, stood a woman like Masouda and yet not Masouda. The hair was dressed like Masouda. The hair was of the same rich hue; hers; the skin was of the same rich hue; there was even the tiny mole upon her cheek, but they could not see her eyes. Suddenly she lifted her head and looked at them.

"Rosamund! It is Rosamund herself!" gasped Wulf. "Rosamund disguised as Masouda!" And he leaped from his saddle and sprang to her side.

She slid from her horse into his arms, and lay there a moment, while Godwin turned aside his head.

"Yes," said Rosamund, freeing herself, "it is I and no other."

THEN Godwin spoke in a strange, strained voice: "You are Rosamund disguised as Masouda. Who, then, was that woman to whom I bade farewell before Saladin?"

"I know not, Godwin," she answered, "unless it were Masouda clad in my garments as I left her."

"Tell us your tale," said Godwin hoarsely.

"It is short," she answered. "After Wulf was condemned, I fainted. When I found my senses again I thought that I must be mad, for there before me stood a woman dressed in my garments, whose face seemed strangely like my face."

"Have no fear," she said. "I am Masouda, who, among many other things, have learned how to play a part. Now listen. I have been ordered to leave the camp; even now my uncle waits without, with two swift horses. You, Princess, will leave in my place. Look, you wear my robes and my face—almost; and the man who guides you will know no difference. I have seen to that, for although a soldier of Salah-ed-din, he is of my tribe. I will go with you to the door, and there bid you farewell with weeping, and who will guess that Masouda is the princess of Baalbec and that the princess of Baalbec is Masouda?"

"And whither shall I go?" I asked.

"My uncle, Son of the Sand, will give you over to the embassy which rides to Jerusalem or, failing that, will take you to the city."

"And what of you, Masouda?" I asked.

"Of me? Oh, it is all planned," she answered. "Fear not; I escape tonight—I have no time to tell you how—and will join you in a day or two. Also, I think that you will find Sir Godwin, who will take you home to England."

"But Wulf? What of Wulf?" I asked her. "He is doomed to die, and I will not leave him."

"The living and the dead can keep no company," she answered. "Moreover, I have seen him, and all this is done by his urgent order. If you love him, he bids you obey!"

"I never saw Masouda! I never spoke such words!" exclaimed Wulf.

"She said those things to force Rosamund away," muttered Godwin.

"And then, Rosamund?"

"And then—oh! having Wulf's express commands, then I went, like one in a dream. I remember little of it. At the door we kissed and parted weeping, and I followed the soldier guide to the place where an old Arab waited among some trees, with two horses. He put me on one, and we departed at a gallop. All last night we rode hard, and at length we came to that mountain shoulder and waited there till we saw you coming with the embassy."

"Then the old Arab told me that for my life's sake I must be silent and keep myself close veiled until we reached Jerusalem, for if they knew me the embassy might refuse escort to the niece of Saladin, and might even give me up to him."

"I promised and asked, 'What of

Masouda?' He said that he rode back at speed to save her also, as had been arranged. And—and—the rest you know!"

"Aye," said Godwin, "but where is Masouda, and what will be her fate?"

Then he told Rosamund all that had happened since the hour when Wulf had been condemned—and he confessed to both Wulf and Rosamund the strange terror of impending doom that had so shaken him.

"Now, hark you, Wulf," he ended, turning abruptly to swift planning, "take Rosamund and place her in sanctuary with the nuns of the Holy Cross, whence none will dare to drag her. The abbess may remember you, for we have met her, and at least she will not refuse Rosamund a refuge."

"But you? Where do you go, Godwin?" cried Wulf.

"I? I ride back to Ascalon to find Masouda."

"Why?" asked Wulf. "Cannot Masouda best save herself? Has not her uncle returned thither to take her away?"

"I do not know," answered Godwin; "but this I do know, that for our sakes Masouda has run a dreadful risk. She can expect no mercy from Saladin."

"Oh!" broke out Rosamund, "I feared for her, but she persuaded me that all had been safely arranged. And now—oh, now she may have died because she loved so well!"

There Rosamund checked herself. She would not name the one whom Masouda held dearer than life, the one whom she would serve even by the saving of another woman. But she looked at Godwin, and Godwin looked back at her, and there was agonized understanding in their eyes.

"I shall go back also!" Rosamund declared brokenly.

"No!" answered Wulf. "Saladin would kill you for this flight, as he has sworn."

And Godwin asked with gentle sternness: "Would you throw away Masouda's sacrifice?"

Rosamund looked at him again and stammered:

"If—if—that dreadful thing has happened, Godwin—if the sacrifice—oh! what will it serve for you to go?"

"Rosamund, I know not what has happened; I go to see. I care not what may chance. I go to find Masouda!"

Then, seeing his set mouth and flashing eyes, neither of them sought further to stay him.

"Farewell, Rosamund," Godwin said. "I leave you in the keeping of God in heaven and of Wulf on earth. Wulf, my comrade and brother, fare you well also."

For a moment his strong handclasp steadied the shaken Wulf. Then he mounted his horse and, without looking back, rode into the narrow street and out through the gateway, till presently he was lost in the distance and the desert.

IN choked silence, Wulf and Rosamund watched him go.

"Little did I look to part with my brother thus," said Wulf at length in a thick and angry voice. "By God's Wounds! I had more gladly died at his side in battle and then leave him to meet his doom alone."

"But you would not leave me to meet my doom alone," murmured Rosamund. Then she broke out: "Oh! I would that I were dead who have lived to bring all this woe upon you both!"

"Nay," said Wulf. "Nay, Rosamund." And his clasp steadied her even as Godwin's hand had steadied him.

"Come," he said then. "We must do what Godwin wished us to do. Follow me, Rosamund, and we will ride to this nunnery to find you shelter."

So they rode on through the narrow streets that were crowded with frightened people, for the news had spread

that the embassy had rejected the terms of Saladin. And now war was before them—war to the end!

War without hope! Their leaders were slain or captive, their king a prisoner, their soldiers skeletons on the field of Hattin. Only the women and children, the sick, the old, and the wounded remained—perhaps eighty thousand souls in all—but a few of whom could bear arms. Small wonder that despair reigned in Jerusalem.

Pushing their path through this sad multitude, Wulf and Rosamund at last reached the nunnery on the Via Dolorosa. After some delay, they were received by the white-robed abbess.

"Lady Abbess," said Wulf, bowing low, "my name is Wulf D'Arcy. Do you remember me?"

"Yes. We met in Jerusalem—before the battle of Hattin," she answered. "Also I know something of your strange story."

"This lady," went on Wulf, "is the daughter of Sir Andrew D'Arcy, my dead uncle, and in Syria the princess of Baalbec and the niece of Saladin."

The abbess started, and asked: "Is she, then, of their accursed faith?"

"Nay, mother," said Rosamund, "I am a Christian, and I come here to seek sanctuary, lest my fellow Christians surrender me to my uncle, the sultan."

"Tell me the story," said the abbess; and they told her briefly, while she listened, amazed. When they had finished, she said:

"Alas! my daughter, how can we save you, whose own lives are at stake? Still, what we can we will do gladly. My counsel is that you be enrolled upon our books as a novice, and don our garb. Nay," she added with a smile, noting the look of alarm on Wulf's face, "the lady Rosamund need not wear it always. Not every novice proceeds to the final vows."

"Long have I been decked in gold-embroidered silks and priceless gems," answered Rosamund, "and now I welcome that white robe of yours."

So they led Rosamund to the chapel, and in sight of all their order they gave her sanctuary at the altar, and threw over her tired head the white veil of a novice. There Wulf left her and, riding away, reported himself to Balian of Ibelin, the elected commander of the city, who was glad enough to welcome so stout a knight.

Chapter Twenty-two

ONE by one, the weary, despairing days went by in Jerusalem, and only Wulf and those in the nunnery knew that the princess of Baalbec, the niece of Saladin, had fled from her all-powerful uncle and taken refuge in the city.

There were, to be sure, men who knew that the tall young knight had conducted a veiled woman to the convent of the Holy Cross, but in those days of stress such incidents provoked little comment.

A terror-stricken people awaited the coming of a powerful enemy.

At last the dread hour arrived. The hosts of Saladin descended upon the city and fiercely attacked those walls that had but few defenders. Jerusalem's fighting men had lost so many commanders that Wulf found himself a newly made captain, directing the grim resistance of a section. He hurled himself into the fighting—and none who followed where the tall knight led

guessed that this man who cheered them on was tortured by an inner fire of grief and anxiety.

At the strong fortresses on the west side of Jerusalem, Saladin's forces were repulsed. But the sultan only moved his army in the night to the east, and when at dawn the defenders saw the enemy encamped before their weak side they knew their doom was sealed.

Some there were who wished to surrender. But many swore they would rather die. At length another embassy was sent to Saladin, and besought him for mercy, asking him to set forth his terms. His answer astounded the men of Jerusalem.

"Go," said Saladin, "to Sir Wulf D'Arcy, whom I have seen fighting bravely among your warriors. He must restore to me that which he has stolen from me before I will treat with you."

The envoys stared in silent amazement, and Saladin went on:

"This knight smuggled into Jerusalem my niece, known among us as the princess of Baalbec and among you Christians as Rosamund D'Arcy. Desiring to make her his bride, he stole her from me and has hidden her somewhere in your city.

She must be surrendered to me. When this is done, I will talk with you about Jerusalem. Not before!"

Back came the envoys to the council and made their report.

"At least," exclaimed Heraclius, the patriarch of the city, "in this matter it is easy to satisfy the sultan. His niece shall be delivered to him. Send for Sir Wulf D'Arcy."

So Wulf was sent for, and came and asked what was their pleasure.

"We desire to know, Sir Wulf," said the patriarch, "where you have hidden away the lady known as the princess of Baalbec, whom you stole from the sultan?"

"What is that to your Holiness?" asked Wulf shortly.

"A great deal, to me and to all, seeing that Saladin will not even treat with us until she is delivered to him."

"Does this council, then, propose to hand over a Christian lady to the Saracens against her will?" asked Wulf sternly.

"We must," answered Heraclius. "Moreover, she belongs to them."

"She does not belong," answered Wulf. "She was kidnaped by Saladin in England, and ever since has striven to escape from him."

"Waste not our time!" exclaimed the patriarch impatiently. "We understand that you wish to wed the woman, but our lives are at stake—this is not the hour for love and folly. Saladin demands the woman, and to Saladin she must go. So tell us where she is, Sir Wulf."

"Discover that for yourself, Sir Patriarch," replied Wulf in fury. "You who would purchase your own life with that of an innocent woman!" Then he turned and stalked from the council chamber.

Heraclius was white with anger, but Balian, the supreme commander of the city, had seen Wulf fighting at the battle of Hattin as well as there on the walls of Jerusalem, and held the young knight in high esteem. He bade Heraclius be silent and allow the council time for consideration.

"I like not the business of handing over a Christian lady to the Saracens," Balian declared.

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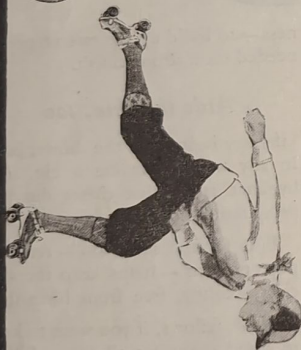
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But another leader rose and pointed out that this was no time to stand on scruples. Perhaps since the lady was Saladin's own niece, she would suffer no harm, and in any event it were better that one should endure wrong, or even death, than that thousands should perish.

With such words he overpersuaded most of them, and finally one rose and said that it was known that Sir Wulf D'Arcy had conducted a veiled woman to the Convent of the Holy Cross. Doubtless this woman was the niece of Saladin, and the council would do well to seek her in the nunnery.

In the end they rose and went to the Convent of the Holy Cross. The abbess received them in the refectory, and asked their pleasure.

"Daughter," said the patriarch, "you have in your keeping a lady named Rosamund D'Arcy, with whom we desire to speak. Where is she?"

"The novice Rosamund," answered the abbess, "prays by the holy altar in the chapel."

Now one murmured, "She has taken sanctuary," but the patriarch said:

"Tell us, daughter, does she pray alone?"

"A knight guards her prayers," was the answer.

"Ah! as I thought, he has been beforehand with us. But lead us thither, daughter."

The abbess had no choice but to obey. Soon, there they were in the great, dim place, where the lamps burned day and night. There, by the altar, knelt Rosamund—and without the rails knelt Wulf. Hearing them, he rose swiftly, turned, and drew his great sword.

"Sheathe that sword," commanded Heraclius.

"When I became a knight," answered Wulf, "I swore to defend the innocent from harm. Therefore I sheathe not my sword!"

"Take no heed of him," said one; and Heraclius, standing back in the aisle, addressed Rosamund:

"Daughter," he cried, "with bitter grief we come to ask that you give yourself for the people, as our Master gave Himself for the people. Saladin demands you as a fugitive, and until you are delivered to him he will not treat with us for the saving of the city. Come forth, then, we pray you."

Now Rosamund rose and faced them, with her hand resting upon the altar.

"I risked my life and I believe another gave her life," she said, "that I might escape from the power of the Moslems. I will not come forth to return to them—to face death or worse!"

"Then, our need being sore, we must take you," growled Heraclius.

"What!" she cried. "You, the patriarch of this sacred city, would tear me from its holiest altar? Oh! then, indeed shall the curse fall upon it and upon all who permit so wicked a deed to be done!"

Now some were shaken but most still declared that she must be given up to Saladin.

"Come of your own will, I pray you," said the patriarch, "since we would not take you by force."

"By force only will you take me!" answered Rosamund.

Some moved toward her. But they paused, for Wulf spoke fiercely:

"Seek but to lay a hand upon the novice Rosamund, and there are those among you who have looked their last upon the light." And standing there before the altar rails, he lifted his great blade.

Now the patriarch raved and

stormed, and one among them cried that they would fetch bows and shoot Wulf down.

But the lord Balian, who had followed protesting to the chapel, stepped forward and said:

"My lord Patriarch, I pray you let this thing be. That altar is the holiest sanctuary in all Jerusalem. Will you dare to tear a Christian maiden from it and give her back to the Saracens by whom she was stolen? Do you dare to give her back to meet her doom at the



The elephant who rides a trike is just a dainty thing—

His name is June, he weighs a ton, and lives in London, Eng.

He causes great hilarity when he goes down the street,

His nose upon the handlebars, his stomach on the seat.

hands of Saladin? Surely that would be the act of cowards, and bring upon us the fate of cowards!"

Balian paused and now many, swaying to his side, began to murmur agreement.

"Sir Wulf," Balian continued then, "put up your sword and fear nothing. If there is any safety in Jerusalem, your lady is safe. Abbess, we commend her to your care."

"Now shall we all perish!" shouted the patriarch in fury. "Well, take your way and let your lives pay its cost!" And he stalked towards the door.

So they went away, all except Wulf, who stayed to make sure that they were gone, and the abbess, who came and embraced Rosamund, saying that for a while the danger was past.

"Yes, mother," answered Rosamund, white-faced, "but oh! have I done right? Should I not have surrendered myself to the wrath of Saladin if the lives of so many hang upon it?"

"Nay," broke in Wulf, "for Saladin has made no promise to spare Jerusalem even if you surrender yourself."

"True," said the abbess. "At least, until Saladin shall say definitely that he sets you against the lives of all this cityful, you face no sore decision, daughter."

Rosamund bowed her head in silent acquiescence, but to herself she whispered:

"I do no more than delay the hour." The siege went on; from terror to terror it went on. As day was added to day, the despair grew ever deeper. In

every street might be met long processions of monks bearing crosses and chanting penitential psalms and praying, while in the doorways women waited for Christ for mercy, and held their children to their breasts.

The commander Balian called the knights together in council, and showed them that Jerusalem was doomed.

"Then," said one of the leaders, "let us sally out and die fighting!" "What!" exclaimed Heraclius, "and leave our children and our women to death and dishonor? Than that, surrender is better."

"Nay," answered Balian, "we will not surrender. While God lives, there is hope."

"He lived on the day of Hattin, and suffered it," said Heraclius; and the council broke up, having decided nothing.

That afternoon Balian stood once more before Saladin and implored him to spare the city.

Saladin only pointed to his yellow banners floating upon the wall.

"Why should I spare what I have already conquered, and what I have sworn to destroy?" he asked. "Did your Christian Godfrey when he seized Jerusalem a hundred years ago show mercy to the Mussulmen? Nay! He slaughtered them by the thousands, men, women, and children. Why should I show mercy to your people now?"

"Sultan," Balian said slowly, "I defend not Godfrey. But more suffering cannot wipe out past suffering."

"You do not answer me," Saladin returned, his face grim and unyielding. "Why should I spare Jerusalem?"

Then Balian spoke in burning words: "For this reason, Sultan. Before God, if die we must, we will first slaughter our women and our children, leaving you neither male nor female to enslave. We will burn the city and its wealth. We will cut the throats of the five thousand followers of the Prophet who are in our power, and then, every man of us who

can bear arms, we will sally out into the midst of you and fight on till we fall. So I think Jerusalem shall cost you dear."

Saladin stared at him and stroked his beard.

"Eighty thousand lives!" he muttered. "Eighty thousand lives, besides those of my soldiers whom you will slay. Oh! it was of such a massacre as this that once I dreamed."

Then he sat and thought, his head bowed upon his breast. At last he lifted his head and looked at Balian.

"Tell me," he said, "what of the princess of Baalbec? I told you that I would speak no more with you of the safety of Jerusalem until she was delivered to me. Yet I see her not."

"Sultan," answered Balian, "we found this lady in the Convent of the Holy Cross. She had taken sanctuary there by the altar, and refused to come."

Saladin laughed.

"Cannot all your men at arms drag one maiden from an altar stone?—unless, indeed, the great knight Wulf stood before it with sword aloft," he added.

"So he stood," answered Balian, "but it was not his vengeance that we so much feared. To do this thing would have been an awful crime, which we were sure must bring down upon us the wrath of God."

"What of the wrath of Salah-ed-din?"

"Sore as is our case, Sultan, we still fear God more than Saladin."

Again Saladin was silent and stroked his beard.

"Listen, now," he said at length. "Let the princess, my niece, come to me and ask mercy for Jerusalem, and I think that I will grant you terms for which you may be thankful."

"Then we must dare the great sin and take her," answered Balian sadly, "having first slain the knight Wulf, who will not let her go while he is alive."

"Nay, Sir Balian, for that I should be sorry, nor will I suffer it, for he is a man after my own heart. This time I said 'Let her come to me,' not 'Let her be brought.' Aye, come of her own free will, to answer for her sin against me, understanding that I promise her nothing, who in the old days promised her much, and kept my word. Now I take back these oaths, and if she comes, she comes as a slave, to whom I offer only the choice of Islam or of a shameful death."

"What high-born lady would take such terms?" asked Balian in dismay. "Rather, I think, would she choose to die by her own hand!"

"And thereby doom eighty thousand of her fellow Christians, who must accompany her to that death," answered Saladin sternly. "Know, Sir Balian, that if my niece Rosamund does not come, of her own free will, Jerusalem shall be put to sack."

"Then the fate of the holy city and all its inhabitants hangs upon the nobleness of a single woman?" stammered Balian.

"Aye, upon the nobleness of a single woman, as my vision told me it should be. Go—and my envoys shall go with you. If my niece Rosamund refuses to return with them, then I shall know that I saw but a lying vision of peace and mercy, and will press on this war to its bloody end."

Within an hour Balian rode back to Jerusalem in the company of the sultan's envoys, who bore a letter from Saladin.

Chapter Twenty-three

IT was night, and in their lamp-lit chapel the kneeling nuns of the Holy Cross chanted the solemn *Miserere*. They knew that the end was near, that the walls of Jerusalem were tottering to their fall, and that soon the wild soldiers of Saladin would be surging through the narrow streets. Then would come the sack and the slaughter.

With the nuns knelt the novice Rosamund, weighed down by the woe of the city.

Presently, above that mournful chant, the sound of insistent knocking echoed down the vaulted roofs. The solemn singing ceased, snapped in two by terror.

But the voice of the abbess calmed and steadied the white-faced nuns.

"Sister Ursula," she said, "go to the door and ask who knocks."

The sister obeyed, and the nuns held their breath and strained their ears.

To their amazement, the answer came, in a woman's silvery tones: "I am the Queen Sybilla, with her ladies. I bring with me envoys from Saladin, who would speak with the lady named Rosamund D'Arcy."

At these words Rosamund fled to the altar, and stood there, drawing a dagger from her robe.

"Let her not fear," went on the silvery voice, "for no harm shall come to her against her will. Admit us, holy Abbess, we beseech you in the name of Christ."

Then the abbess said, "Let us receive the queen with such dignity as we may." Motioning to the nuns to take their seats in the choir she placed herself in the great chair at the head of them, while behind her at the raised altar stood Rosamund, ready if need be, to perish by her own hand.

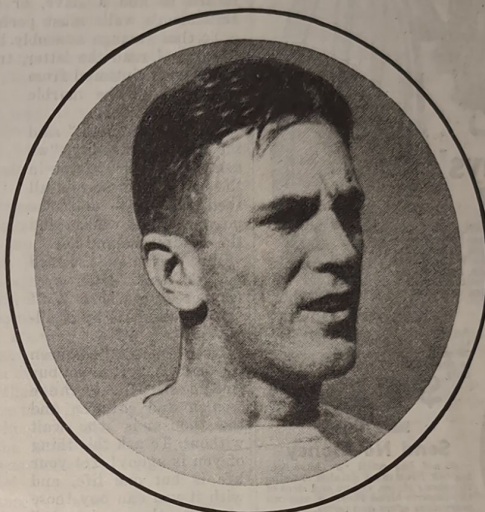
The door was opened, and through it swept a strange procession. First came the beautiful queen, royally clad but with a black veil upon her head. Next followed twelve white-faced ladies of her court, splendidly appareled, and after these three stern mail-clad Saracens with jeweled scimitars at their sides. Then appeared a procession of women, draped in mourning, and leading frightened children by the hand. And last of all marched a hundred or more captains and warriors, among them Wulf, headed by Sir Balian and ended by the patriarch Heraclius.

On swept the queen, up the length of the long church, and knelt, a suppliant, upon the marble floor, with all her ladies and the following women, while the solemn Saracens and the knights and nobles massed themselves behind.

"What can we give you, O Queen," asked the abbess, "we who can offer little save our loyalty?"

"Alas!" answered Sybilla. "Alas,

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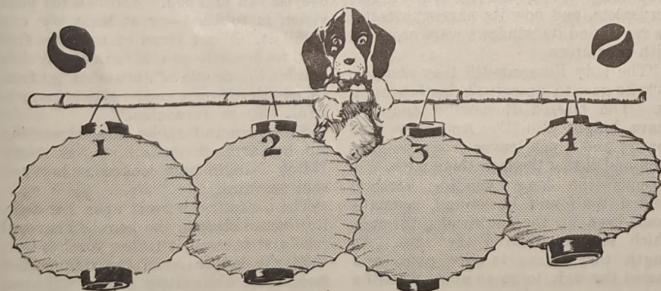
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that I must say it! I come to ask the life of one of you."

"Of whom, O Queen?" Sybilla could not speak; she could only point to Rosamund, still standing by the altar.

Rosamund turned pale, but she said in a steady voice: "What service can my poor life be to you, O Queen?"

Thrice Sybilla strove to answer, and at last murmured: "I cannot. Let the envoys give her the letter."

So the letter that the mailed Saracens bore was laid in Rosamund's hand, and she read the stern decree of Salah-din—she must, of her own free will, return to him a slave, or all within Jerusalem's walls must perish.

To that strange assembly before her, Rosamund read the letter, translating, and then it fluttered from her hand to the marble floor.

"Lady Rosamund," said the queen unsteadily, "we ask this sacrifice of you in the name of these and all their fellows," and she pointed to the women and the children behind her.

But Rosamund seemed not to hear. Her eyes wandered to where Wulf stood motionless by a pillar.

Once more the queen spoke: "Oh, refuse not our prayers! Save these women and children and the thousands who wait without. To ask this thing of you is agony! Yet your life is but one life, and with it you can buy those of eighty thousand souls."

Then the women and the children threw themselves down before Rosamund, with tears and sobbing. She looked at them and smiled gently, then said in a clear voice:

"What say you, Sir Wulf D'Arcy? Come hither, and give me your counsel."

So the war-worn Wulf strode up the aisle and, standing by the altar rails, saluted her.

"You have heard," said Rosamund. "Your counsel. Would you have me die?"

"Alas!" he answered hoarsely. "It is hard to speak. Yet they are many—you are but one."

Now there was a murmur of applause. For all knew how dearly this knight loved his lady.

Rosamund herself laughed out, and the sweet sound of her laughter was strange in that solemn hour.

"Ah, Wulf!" she said. "Wulf, who must ever speak the truth, even when it costs him dear! Know, beloved, that you have said that which I wished to hear from your lips."

Then with eyes still alight, she turned and spoke to Sybilla and all the others there assembled: "My queen, and my friends, forgive me this brief delay, these few moments in which I have said farewell to love of life, and have assured myself that he whom I must leave knows that it cannot be otherwise."

Then Rosamund sheathed her dagger, lifted the letter from the floor, touched her brow with it, and said in Arabic to the envoys:

"I am the slave of Salah-ed-din, Commander of the Faithful. I am the small dust beneath his feet. Of my own free will I, Rosamund D'Arcy, aforesaid princess and sovereign lady of Baalbec, determine to accompany you to the sultan's camp, there to make prayer for Jerusalem, and afterwards to suffer whatever punishment my royal uncle shall decree. Emirs, I am ready."

Now the envoys bowed before her in grave admiration, and as she stepped down from the altar the queen threw her arms about her and kissed her,

while lords and knights, women and children, pressed their lips upon her hands, and upon the hem of her white robe, calling her "Saint" and "Deliverer."

"Alas!" she answered, waving them back. "As yet I am neither of these things, though the latter I hope to be. Come, let us be going."

"Aye," echoed Wulf, stepping to her side, "let us be going. I go also, Rosamund."

Rosamund started then and made swift protest: "Wulf, Wulf, it shall not be! One life is asked—not both."

"Yet both shall be given that the measure of atonement may run over, and Salah-din moved to mercy. Nay, forbid me not. Surely you never dreamed that I would suffer you to go alone!"



"Psst! Keep an eye on him, son, while papa gets his glasses—he's that knife-swallower from the circus!"

"Oh, Wulf!" she cried. "You will but make my doom harder."

"No, no! Faced hand in hand, death loses half its terrors." Then he whispered, "Sweet Rosamund, deny me not, lest you drive me to madness and self-murder, who will have no more of earth without you."

Now, her eyes dark with understanding, Rosamund murmured back:

"You are too strong for me. Let it befall as God wills."

Then they two knelt at the altar, with all save the emirs kneeling also. And when their prayers were ended, Wulf and Rosamund rose and went forth, out into the moonlight, followed first by the envoys and then by the queen, her ladies, and all the company. Already the strange tidings had spread through Jerusalem, and now its narrow streets, its roofs, and its windows were crowded with spectators.

"The lady Rosamund!" they shouted—"who goes to a martyr's death to save us. The blessed Rosamund and her brave knight Wulf!" And they tore flowers and green leaves from the gardens and threw them in their path.

Down the long, winding streets, walked Wulf and Rosamund, accompanied ever by the multitude, through which soldiers cleared the way. At length they came to the gate, and passed through, to go on alone with the envoys.

Forward toward the camp of Salah-din they walked in the moonlight, followed by the sound of the weeping of the multitude.

At last these lamentations could be heard no more, and there, on the outskirts of the Moslem lines, an escort met them, and conducted them up the hill.

They came finally to the great square in the center of the camp upon the Mount of Olives, beyond the gray trees of the Garden of Gethsemane. There, awaiting them at the head of the square, sat Salah-din in state, while all

about, rank upon rank, in thousands and tens of thousands, was gathered his vast army.

Thus they came into the presence of the sultan and knelt before him, Rosamund in her novice's white robe, and Wulf in his battered mail.

Saladin looked at them silently. At last he spoke:

"Woman, you have had my message. You know that your rank is taken from you, and that you come hither to suffer the death of faithless women. Is it so?"

"I know these things, great Salah-ed-din," answered Rosamund.

"Tell me, then, do you come of your own free will, and why does the knight Sir Wulf, whose life I spared and do not seek, kneel at your side?"

"I come of my own free will, Salah-ed-din. As for my kinsman, he must answer for himself."

"Sultan," said Wulf, "the offense of the lady Rosamund is mine also. Her fate is my fate."

"What!" said Saladin. "You are ready to die with her, although you are young and strong, and there are so many other women in the world?"

Wulf smiled and nodded. "Good. Who am I that I should stand between a fool and his folly? I grant the boon. Your fate shall be her fate; Wulf D'Arcy, you shall drink of the cup of my slave Rosamund to its last bitter dregs."

"I desire no less," said Wulf coolly. Now Saladin looked at Rosamund and asked: "Woman, why have you come here to brave my vengeance?"

Then Rosamund rose and, standing before him, said:

"I am come, O mighty lord, to plead for the people of Jerusalem. See, many moons ago, you had a vision concerning me. Thrice you dreamed that I should be the means of saving many lives. Therefore you tore me from my home and desired to hold me by your side. Yet I escaped."

She paused and then burst forth: "Oh, tell me, Salah-ed-din, did Masouda pay for my escape with her life? And what of Godwin? Tell me!"

Saladin only looked at her in silence. After a moment she gathered her strength and went on:

"Now I return to pay the price you would exact from me because I disobeyed you and fled. And behold! your vision is fulfilled—or at least you can fulfill it. For I come of my own free will to beseech you to accept my life and let the people of Jerusalem go free. Oh, my lord! as you are great, be merciful. Spare Jerusalem!"

So Rosamund spoke, and stretching out her arms towards him, was silent.

But Saladin only looked at her and said no word.

Then, casting herself upon her face, Rosamund clasped the hem of his royal robe and pressed it to her forehead.

So she lay there in the shimmering moonlight, while utter silence fell upon all that vast multitude of armed men as they waited. Still Saladin sat gazing at the domes and towers of Jerusalem. At last he spoke:

"Rise," he said, "and know, niece, that you have played your part in a fashion worthy of my race, and that I, Salah-ed-din, am proud of you. Know also that I will weigh your prayer with exceeding care. Tomorrow it shall be granted—or refused." Then he turned to a captain of his Mamelukes and said:

"Take those two; keep them under guard in separate chambers till my word of death comes to you. Your life

shall answer for their safety."

The captain bowed, advanced with his company of soldiers, and conducted his two prisoners through the vast hushed multitude.

Only once did the somber little procession pause. Then Rosamund halted it, for she had caught sight of the bishop Egbert, and she stretched out her arms to him.

"Will you not tell us," she pleaded, "what of Masouda? What of Godwin? Oh, I beg of you, say!"

Wulf's blue eyes, too, besought the bishop to raise for them the veil of silence that had become a thing of torture.

Egbert's glance sought that of Saladin. It may be he received some signal of consent, or perchance he merely dared; but he spoke.

"Masouda," he said gently, "gave her life for you, Lady Rosamund. At Saladin's command, she perished by the sword. Thus was she punished for her treachery to him who had a right to command her services—and for her faithfulness to those she loved. Grieve not overmuch. She gave gladly, as I who shrive her know. That morn of doom which so weighed, Sir Wulf, upon your brother as you rode toward Jerusalem, came to Masouda as the dawn of peace. She died in happiness."

Rosamund bowed her head, unable to speak.

"And Godwin?" Wulf asked hoarsely. "He, too—?"

"Nay," Egbert said in swift reassurance. "Him Saladin loved, and so spared. He lives to serve men through the Church. Now you may ask no more. Go. Saladin commands."

He blessed them, and the little procession moved on to the old tombs that had been converted to use as cells.

At the door of Rosamund's stone prison, Wulf took her in his arms. They said no word, but silently held each other close. Then they parted with high-held heads and faces that seemed to their guards strangely radiant. . . .

PERCHANCE all men condemned to death welcome delay. Yet, even so, there must be moments when they long sorely for the swift fall of the sword.

One by one the days dragged by, and still Wulf and Rosamund lived on, each in a prison chamber. Lived on and prayed but did not hope.

The people of Jerusalem, they knew, had been spared. Through their prison bars they could see, far away, the endless multitude of fugitives passing out through the ancient gates, laden with baggage, leading their children, to seek refuge in the cities of the coast.

To the two who watched behind the bars, the sight was a sad one. Nevertheless, they rejoiced in it, for they knew now that their two lives had of a surety purchased the release of these thousands who poured out of Jerusalem.

True, Saladin had demanded ransom money from the fugitives. But his terms were not impossible for most, and he gave the people forty days in which to get together the needed gold. Moreover, he freed the aged without charge, and himself paid the ransom of hundreds of women and children whose husbands and fathers had fallen in battle.

These things, of course, Wulf and Rosamund could not know as they watched the fugitives from the little gratings in their cells. Yet they both felt deep gratitude toward the great Saracen who, despite his sternness, could be moved to a mercy rare in those days among the followers of either Cross or Crescent. . . .

The forty days had passed. But still Wulf and Rosamund lived on, if it be life to see day and night, sunlight and moonlight, only from the depths of a tomb.

Then one evening, while Rosamund

was kneeling at prayer, her door was opened, and there appeared a glittering captain, with a guard of soldiers, who saluted and bade her follow him.

"Is it the end?" she asked.

"Lady," he answered, "it is the end." So she bowed her head and followed. Without was a litter. They placed her in it, and bore her through the bright moonlight into the city of Jerusalem and along the Way of Sorrow, till they halted at the great door of the Convent of the Holy Cross.

As Rosamund descended from the litter, the doors were thrown open. She entered the great courtyard of the convent, and saw that it was decorated as for a festival. Moreover, the cloisters and the space in front of them were crowded with Saracen lords, wearing their robes of state, while yonder sat Saladin and his court.

"They would make a brave show of my death," thought Rosamund. Then a little cry broke from her, for there, in front of the throne of Saladin, the moonlight and the lamp-blaze shining on his armor, stood a tall Christian knight—Wulf!

"So we are to die together," she whispered to herself, and then walked forward with a proud step and, having bowed to Saladin, took the hand of Wulf and held it.

The sultan looked at them and said: "Franks, are you still prepared to drink the dregs of that cup I promised you?"

"We are prepared," they answered.

"And we rejoice that God has permitted us to save the people of Jerusalem."

"I too rejoice," said Saladin; "and I thank Allah who sent me that vision which has given me back the holy city without bloodshed. Now all is accomplished as it was fated. Lead them away."

For a moment they clung together; then emirs took Wulf to the right and Rosamund to the left. They led Rosamund to a chamber where, to her surprise, women waited to array her. "I am to die in glory," she said to herself as they gently unrobed her, washed her with scented waters, braided her hair with pearls and gems, clad her in fine linen and put over it gorgeous, broided garments. They added a royal mantle of purple, and splendid jewels, and threw about her head a gauzy veil worked with golden stars.

This done, the door was opened and she stepped through it, a radiant thing, glittering in the lamplight. Then came a blast of trumpets, and a herald cried: "Way! Way there! Way for the high sovereign lady and princess of Baalbec!"

Followed by the train of honorable women who attended her, Rosamund glided forward to the courtyard, and once more bent the knee to Saladin.

Then again the trumpets blew, and on the right a herald cried: "Way! Way there! Way for the brave and noble Frankish knight, Sir Wulf D'Arcy!"

Lo! attended by emirs and notables, Wulf came forth, clad in splendid armor inlaid with gold, wearing on his shoulder a mantel set with gems and on his breast the gleaming Star of the Luck of Hassan. To Rosamund's side he strode.

"Princess," said Saladin, "I give you back your rank and titles, because you have shown a noble heart; and you, Sir Wulf, I honor also as best I may, but to my decree I hold. Let them go together to the drinking of the cup of their destiny!"

Again the trumpets blew and the heralds called, and led them to the doors of the chapel, where from within came

the sound of women's voices singing.

"The sisters of the Order are still there," said Rosamund to Wulf, "and would cheer us on our road to heaven."

"Perchance," he answered. "I know not. I am amazed."

There at the chapel door the company of Moslems paused, but crowded round the entrance, waiting. Now down the long aisle walked a single white-robed figure. It was the abbess.

"What shall we do, mother?" asked Rosamund.

"Follow me," she said, and they followed her to the altar rails, and knelt down.

Now they saw that on either side of the altar stood a Christian priest. The priest to the right—it was the bishop Egbert—came forward and began to read over them the marriage service of their faith.

"They'd wad us ere we die," whispered Rosamund to Wulf.

"So be it," he answered. "I am glad."

"And I also, beloved," she whispered back.

The service went on—as in a dream, the service went on. . . . The rings that were handed to them had been interchanged; Wulf had taken Rosamund to wife, Rosamund had taken Wulf to husband, till death did them part.

Then the old bishop withdrew to the altar, and another hooded monk came forward and uttered over them the benediction in a deep voice that strangely stirred their hearts. As he held his hands above them in blessing and looked upwards, his hood fell back, and the light of the altar lamp fell upon his face. It was Godwin. . . .

ONCE more they stood before Saladin, and now their train was swelled by the abbess and the sisters of the Holy Cross.

"Sir Wulf D'Arcy," said the Sultan, "and you, Rosamund, my niece, princess of Baalbec, the dregs of your cup are drunk; the doom that I decreed for you is accomplished and, according to your own rites, you are man and wife till Allah sends upon you that death which I withhold. Because you showed mercy upon those doomed to die, I give you mercy, and with it my love and honor. Now bide here if you will, and enjoy your rank and wealth, or go hence and live out your lives across the sea. The blessing of Allah be upon you, ever. This is the decree of Yusuf Salah-ed-din, Commander of the Faithful, Conqueror and Caliph of the East."

Trembling, full of joy and wonder, they knelt and kissed his hand.

He drew them to their feet. "Ho, minstrels and heralds!" he called. "Lead this new-wed pair to the place that has been prepared for them."

Still trembling and bewildered, they turned to go, when lo! Godwin stood before them smiling, and kissed Rosamund upon the cheek and gripped Wulf's hand.

"Oh, now our gladness is complete!" gasped Rosamund.

And, "Godwin, come you home with us to England!" Wulf besought his brother.

"Nay," Godwin answered in a low tone but with flashing eyes, "the Cross is down, but not forever! Here I bide. Many more men will come from England at the Church's call. Here, Wulf, before all is done, we may meet again in war. Till then, farewell!"

So, though their eyes clung to him, they left him there—a tall, robed figure with a warrior's face. A stern face, deep-etched by inner fires. Yet touched with an abiding content.

Smiling, Godwin watched as the procession wound on. Tenderly his eyes followed those two so dear, those two who would be ever near even in far-away England. On they walked together, Wulf and Rosamund, on toward a hard-won world of surging happiness.

THE END.



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Afraid to Lose (Continued from page 13)

different voice and smiled. Scotty acted as though he were only vaguely interested. That was a laugh. If Scotty didn't beat Western for the unofficial national championship, he'd be broken-hearted.

Chuck strolled to the magazine rack, and the coach drew Nig aside.

"Johnny's feeling pretty low," Scotty said meaningly. "If you can help him any—give him a pat on the back and a boost now and then. . . ."

Nig nodded soberly.

"There's little chance of Al Hobart catching Johnny, but you can never tell. And we'll need both places in the dives."

Again Nig nodded. So the coach was sure, too, that Johnny's crown was slipping! And with it, his chances for the City A. C. job.

"I'll do what I can, Coach," Nig promised seriously.

"Good boy," Scotty said warmly.

At eight the next night, through a hum of chatter and the scrape of hundreds of feet, the announcer's voice ripped like a buzz saw:

"The 400 yard relay! In the left lane, the School of Technology. In the next, State College. In the third lane, Western University and in the last lane, City College. Each man swims four lengths of the pool. The collegiate record is 3:38.6, held by Tech."

Standing near Johnny Ladd under the 10-foot diving board, Nig felt a sudden, uncontrollable leap of his pulse. He was dazed by the lights, the crowd that stretched all the way to the vaulted ceiling, and the officials who stood around everywhere. He hardly heard the gun that sent the first four swimmers off.

Then, suddenly, the first event was over and the announcer was again speaking:

"First, Western University! Second, Tech. Third, State College. Fourth, City College. Time, 3:37.2. A new collegiate record!"

As the crowd sang its enthusiastic approval, Nig felt a shuddering sigh of relief. The result was expected. Western had eight points and State four. And the dives were one event closer.

The 200-yard breast stroke also went according to form—Western first and State second—and the score stood 13 to 7. Nothing to worry about yet. State's inning was coming.

But the 150-yard backstroke was an upset. With an unbelieving stare, Nig saw the reliable Bill Penniman crack his head against the pool on the last turn, falter dizzily, and allow the Western man to overtake him in the final 25 yards. Penniman, national champ, dethroned! And Western out in front 18 to 10!

"We'll need first and second in the dives now," he said to himself.

Drumming through the water like a high-riding speed boat, Tacks Martin took the 50-yard free style in the record-breaking time of 23 seconds flat. With a fierce joy, Nig mauled the puffing, red-faced Tacks.

Western won the 440 free by a full length, but Jonesy of State pulled into third place for an unexpected two points, and the score stood 27 to 17 with the meet half over and only the 100 free left before the fancy diving. Nig patted Johnny on the back.

"We'll get eight of those points," he murmured confidently. "And Tacks will take the 100."

But the terrific burst of energy Tacks had put into the 50 had robbed him of his reserve, and in the 100 he faltered on the stretch, allowing Wade of City College to go ahead. Another upset! And the score, Western 29, State 20!

Three events were left—the fancy dives, 220, and medley. Neither State

nor Western would score much in the 220 but State should win the medley. State had to win the medley and both places in the dives to be sure of the meet.

Always, when he heard the announcer calling for the fancy divers, Nig felt a fierce pounding in his heart and the dismal, shaking fear that he might make himself ridiculous.

He cast a sidewise look at Johnny. No matter how excited Nig felt, the strain on Johnny must be infinitely worse. Nig's eyes strayed to the small strip of adhesive tape curving around the ball of Johnny's right foot. He was about to ask Johnny how the foot felt, and then decided not to.

Automatically he noted the fact that he was to dive second, after Al Hobart, and that Johnny was diving fourth. The announcer paused and the pool broke into a buzz of excited chatter. Through the haze of his own emotion Nig heard a teammate say: "We don't have to worry about the dives, anyhow."

In no time at all they had completed their practice dives and Hobart was on the board, poised on his toes, ready to do the first compulsory dive—a running front pike. Nig's practiced eye recorded the fact that Hobart paused too long and clenched his fist, that his bounce carried him too far from the end of the board and not quite high enough in the air.

FIVE judges were seated in various places about the pool so that they could view the dives from every angle. Now they flashed cards that Nig quickly scanned. Three cards bore the figure 5; one said 6; one, 7. Hobart wasn't so hot tonight.

The announcer was calling his name. "Second diver, Berry, State College!"

Nig climbed the ladder. His limbs had suddenly gone cold and his head was whirling. Then his toes were gripping the coconut matting; the end of the board was out in front; beyond that, space. Fear left him. He had done this dive hundreds of times, and he couldn't go wrong.

Three short steps and then a high leap. His feet came down solidly on the end of the board. His body was shooting up, up. Lazily he bent at the waist and touched fingers to trimly pointed toes. High in the air he opened out and dropped like an arrow for the water. *Suff!* Not until his hands touched the bottom of the pool did he relax.

As his head broke water he saw the flash of two judges' cards—both of them 9. His heart sang.

"Good work, Nig. Great!" Chuck McKelvey threw a towel around the dripping diver and patted him on the back.

The third diver, Coleman of City College, scored a 7, and then Johnny climbed the ladder. A ripple of applause—tribute to the defending champion—filled the hall.

Johnny poised in the middle of the board until Nig's heart almost stopped. Then Johnny moved and his dive was a thing of beauty, but the delay counted against him. The judges' cards showed 8's.

At the end of the third compulsory, two facts were apparent. The first was that Nig Berry was at the top of his form, and far in front of the pack. The second was that Johnny Ladd, champion, was not up to form, and that Al Hobart of Western was giving him a run for second place.

"Step it up a bit, Johnny," Nig cautioned. "You're not going quite high enough."

"I know it," Johnny said frowning. "I can't seem to get the spring, somehow."

"Is it your foot?" Nig asked in quick concern.

"No," Johnny growled. "It's just—me."

The champion slumped to the floor and rested his head in his hands. In the flat tone of voice and the drooping shoulders Nig glimpsed the deep despair that robbed the champion of his skill. His confidence was gone, and with it, hope.

Nig looked at Johnny soberly. If he continued to get worse, Hobart might nose him out. Something must be done. Something that would give Johnny hope.

For a long thirty seconds Nig debated what to do. Then he remembered that he was way out ahead, with points to spare. And the next dive was the standing full twist. What if he waited too long at the end of the board, and then turned his body a bit too energetically? Spectators would say he had been over-eager. The judges would score him down, and he'd no longer seem unbeatable. And that might be a slim, golden ray of hope to Johnny. The champ had grasped just such slender rays before, and had climbed them to victory.

As Nig mounted the board, he knew that the coach wouldn't approve. But the coach wouldn't know. With shoulders squared he walked out to the end of the board. Once there he curled his toes over the edge. After a moment's hesitation he shifted his stance as though the matting were creased and uncomfortable. Finally he looked ahead of him and raised his arms. He was conscious of the tense silence in the hall as he waited.

Then he was gone, shooting upward and out. Gracefully he turned halfway over. Then, with a powerful twist, he turned the rest of the way. He felt himself going too far. Good!

He knew as he entered the water that his feet weren't in line with his body. Doubling quickly he came to the surface in time to see the judges flash a 4 and a 5.

Back under the ladder, he avoided the concerned eyes of Chuck.

"What's the matter, fella?" Chuck was asking. "Getting tied up?"

Nig nodded absently as his eyes sought and found Johnny. The champion was looking straight ahead of him and his eyes were glowing with sudden fire. Chuck was feverishly chafing Nig's calf muscles.

"Never mind, Chuck," Nig said quietly. "I'm all right—now."

Nig's medicine worked. Whatever the coach might say or think, it worked. On the very next dive Johnny scored an 8, and he sailed through his last compulsory and first optional like the champion he was.

AS Nig went up for his second optional, he caught sight of the coach halfway down the left side of the pool. There was a quirky, unreadable smile on the coach's face. Had he guessed that Nig had deliberately overdone one dive? With a shrug and a bound he sailed into the air in the graceful convolutions of the running one and one-half gainer.

The third optional came around. Nig was already at the back end of the board, standing erect, as the official announced him. A triumphant song filled his heart. He couldn't know just how they stood, but he and Johnny must be safely out in front.

"Berry of State. Third optional, the running two and one-half!"

Nig started forward automatically and then stopped, bewildered. The judge had called the wrong dive. He half-turned and beckoned the head judge to him.

"The two and one-half did you say, sir?" he asked.

The judge looked at his sheet.

"That's what it says," he replied. "There must be some mistake," Nig replied. "My third optional is the back spring double forward somersault."

The judge held up the card. "There it is," he said. "Running two and one-half. Okayed last night."

Nig's eyes sought and found the spot on the card. Then he looked around for Johnny. Johnny had okayed the list—Johnny could explain. But at the moment the champ was nowhere in sight. He looked down the pool. The coach was gone from the chair halfway down—probably had decided that the dives were in the bag. Nig tried to mask the icy chill that crept into his body.

"But—but, sir," he said. "That's just not my dive. I didn't do it in the prelims. It's Ladd's third dive, not mine!"

THE judge looked up at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you know the rules. It can't be changed now."

Slowly Nig nodded. "All right, sir," he replied.

He was all alone on the board, and the crowd was waiting. He fought down the sudden whirl of panic. Should he insist on seeing Scotty? Where was Scotty? What could he do? Everybody waiting. . . . Automatically he took his position.

"It must have been Johnny," he murmured through numb lips. "Johnny's the only man who could have done it." He raised on his toes. "I threw one dive for him. Now I'm going to throw another whether I like it or not! What a trick!"

He did his best, but he hadn't even practiced the dive for two days. In midair he knew that he was turning too slowly. Desperately he stayed in his tuck until he was dangerously close to the water. At the last split second he opened out, and he knew that his body wasn't entirely straight as the water closed over him.

The judges' cards showed two 3's and three 4's. As Nig climbed sickly out of the pool, Johnny walked from a cluster of swimmers and grasped his arm.

"I didn't see the dive, Nig," the champion said in a low voice. "What was wrong? Did you—"

Rage made Nig's knees tremble. "I guess you know what happened," he replied in a strained voice. "The road is clear, now."

The third diver had completed his effort and the announcer was calling Johnny's name. The champion went over to the head judge for an instant, looked at the sheet, and then walked slowly to the ladder.

By the time Johnny was poised on his toes, Nig's anger had cooled sufficiently so that he could look up. The champion's lips were set and his chin outthrust. His hands were unnaturally clenched by his side.

The pool grew utterly and completely still. Nig sensed an impending catastrophe. Then, in a blinding flash, he knew what Johnny was about to do, and he wanted to cry out, to stop him.

At that instant Johnny moved. His three strides were natural. His bounce was good. His body doubled into the tuck of a two and one-half and whirled lightning fast. Nig stifled a horrified cry.

Too soon—far too soon, the graceful white body opened out. Down it came, lank and straight. Like a mortally wounded swan it struck. Water splashed out in two wide sheets. Nig closed his eyes and shuddered.

To the shocked audience it was horrible. To Nig it was both horrible and magnificent. He helped his dazed teammate out of the pool and saw that the skin of Johnny's chest glowed cherry red.

Johnny grinned drunkenly at Nig.

"Now we're square," he said, with a slight shiver.

"You—you shouldn't have done it," Nig choked.

"I had to," Johnny replied. "I knew that you flopped that compulsory—the full twist—for me."

The two judges gave Johnny a zero on the dive. Nobody scored him higher than 2. The dive is listed in the score-book as a 2.1 dive, meaning that if the judges give you an 8—Johnny's usual score—you get 2.1 times 8. Johnny had tossed away 16.8 points.

The team manager trotted up to them and drew them into the corner of the room. He thrust a sheet of paper before them—a sheet on which he had recorded the judges' scores thus far.

"What are you two trying to do?" he yelled, red-faced. "Throw this event to Hobart? Take a look at that!"

"At ease," Johnny said, smiling. The champion seemed unaccountably happy. "You're all broken out."

But as he looked at the sheet his eyes widened. Nig looked too, and was appalled. Hobart had got away to a poor start, and Nig had dismissed him from his mind. But Hobart, watching champions flop, had taken heart. With every dive he had improved. For the first eight dives the judges had given him: "5.6—6—7—8.2—9—7—8—9!" Two 9's! And Johnny and Nig throwing away points!

"Now cut the fooling and get busy!" the manager raged. "You've only got two optionals left!"

Shamefacedly, the two divers looked at each other. Then they heard the announcer call Hobart's name for the next to the last dive. They saw Hobart poise with his back to the water and leap into the turns of the back jack one and one-half. Eights showed on the board. Hobart was keeping up the pace!

Grimly Nig went to the board. His dive was the same as Hobart's. He leaped, bent and whirled, and felt himself going straight down. He didn't see the judges' cards, but Johnny met him at the pool.

"Eights and nines," Johnny whispered. "Good going."

Johnny's turn came and he scored all 9's. And a few minutes later, Hobart was climbing up for his last dive.

The two State divers knew that if Hobart executed another good dive he might cut them out.

"Hobart of Western. Last dive! Half gainer with a half twist!" the announcer called.

WITHIN Hobart's grasp was the U. S. championship. In his next leap lay also the unofficial team championship. Hobart knew that, and the burden was great. The man who had dived beyond his ability all evening was carrying too heavy a load. His knees were trembling as he faced the water and raised up on the edge of the board. His eyes were staring as he lost his balance and stepped back.

On the dive itself he didn't do so badly. He threw his feet to the skies and twisted. But he didn't get quite all the way around. The judges gave him 6's and 5's.

With the knowledge that Hobart was within reaching distance, Nig did the best half-gainer-half-twist of his career. A minute later a strangely smiling Johnny duplicated his feat.

The dives were over and in two minutes the judges would have the result. The pool burst into a veritable roar of talk. With a dry throat and a fevered tongue, Nig waited. Suddenly the place was hushed.

"Results of the fancy dives!" the announcer bawled. "First place, Berry of State, 141.8!" There was a storm of applause. "Second, Ladd of State, 140.6! Third, Hobart of Western, 140.2! Fourth—"

Nig heard no more. Johnny was gripping his arm and shaking it. And Nig felt all at once like sitting down.

The team score was now Western 31 and State 28. McKelvey pulled an unexpected second in the 220 making the score 33 to 31. With a speed that brought the crowd madly to its feet,

State won first in the medley while Western took fourth. The final score was State 39, Western 37, all others 41.

In the locker room Coach Scotty looked down on the tired Nig. Nig looked extremely uncomfortable.

"That's the first time in my life," Scotty said sarcastically, "that two of my divers tried deliberately to lose an event! You're just a plain lunatic. And Johnny too. Where is Johnny?"

Nig opened his mouth. "Never mind!" barked the coach. "You both behaved like nuts, but—" Scotty's eyes twinkled—"I kind of liked it at that."

With that he departed and as he went out of the locker room, Johnny came in, bearing a scrap of paper in his hand. He walked directly to Nig.

"I just want you to know that I didn't switch the dives on your card," he whispered. "I knew you must have written down the two and one-half yourself. So I went up to the office. Here." He handed the scrap of paper to Nig. Slowly Nig took it and looked at it. The two and one-half was there, in his own handwriting. He stared at it.

"But," he said, puzzled, "why did you throw that dive for me?"

"Because I knew suddenly what was wrong with me," Johnny replied. "All season I've been afraid to lose. And it's made me a bum sport. And then tonight, when a mistake forced you to do the two and one-half, and the championship was within reach I was afraid. Afraid that if I took unfair advantage I'd always be a bum sport!"

Nig twisted a towel and waited. "Tonight I learned," Johnny went on, "that the way to be a good winner is to be a good loser."

Nig nodded. "And when you threw that dive, it was a load off your mind."

"You've got it," Johnny replied. "But in the Olympics, watch out. Something tells me that I'm going to be hot."

Champion and ex-champion looked at each other. Their eyes met and held.

"May the best man win," Nig said cheerfully.

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Our Readers Write Us!

—And These Letter-Writers Won Prizes

has thus far most nearly attained the coveted goal, I am convinced that *The American Boy* will represent all boy's magazines there. However, it yet remains to be completely perfected, and so here's my idea of what "The Utopian Boy" would be like.

The cover would flash one of those colorful pictures by Russell Sambrook or Albin Henning and just inside would commence a nice juicy serial comparable to "Ritchie of the News" or "The Brethren." Rear Admiral Evans would also be a steady contributor of pirate and adventure thrillers like "Ghosts of the Scarlet Fleet." Then, turning on a few pages, iron-topped Jim Tierney's chubby cheeks, bulging with Maggie's apple pie, would present themselves to the reader. This, with a good Jibby Jones story, would constitute a regular department of "Old Faithfuls" and would be put behind glass and surrounded with a gilded frame. Then back in the leafy bowers of the paper would be a Pluto ballad, one of those stirring poetical enterprises that are so delicately touched first with pathos and then with laughter. Season well with sports and ultra-modernistic stories like those of Henry Thompson and Carl Claudy and you have the first part of your Utopian magazine.

Then send a photographer out to shoot anything queer, unusual, or new and put them in a page of World News. Sprinkle it lightly with departments for

jokes, contests, stamps, and model airplanes and set aside a page or two for literary contributions from readers. Finally keep up the high grade illustrating done by Brinkerhoff and Manning deV. Lee and you may lean back in your easy chair, fire your advertising and circulation managers, send a farewell note to Mr. Cares and Worries, and give yourself a pat on the back.

Second prize, \$5, goes to John Work, 16, of Long Beach, Calif., for his fine appreciation of The magazine. Robert M. Smith, 16, of Wheaton, Ill., wins the \$3 third prize for his thoughtful discussion of art in *The American Boy*. Wish we had space to print those letters!

Ten other letter-writers have books coming to them for their entries. We're listing them, and those who are awarded honorable mention, below:

These won books: James Branyan (15), New Albany, Miss.; Kenneth Englund (18), Chicago, Ill.; Herbert Headen (16), Richmond, Va.; Marjorie Grace Houston (16), Rosedale, Kans.; Arnold Jacobsen (18), Whitestone, N. Y.; Pat O'Reilly (17), Spokane, Wash.; Roger Pfau (16), East Moline, Ill.; Forde Steele (20), Millersburg, Ohio; Harvey B. Swados (12), Buffalo, N. Y.; James W. Wade (18), San Jon, New Mex.

Honorable mention: David H. Beaumont (16), South Euclid, Ohio; Howard R. Benson (18), Lansing, Ill.; Clarence Edward Boggs (19), Bluefield, W. Va.; Hazel Bowman (15), Brewster, Fla.; Russell Bramlage (18), Covington, Ky.; Robert Bruckner (15), Lansdowne, Pa.; Jack Donovan (14), Chappaqua, N. Y.; Charles H. Eysaman (10), Mohawk, N. Y.; Theodore Fretz, Uniontown, Kans.; Dwight Hilborn (12), Houston, Tex.; Robert Norman Kindred (14), Pueblo, Colo.; Kenneth Kneebone (16), North Braddock, Pa.; Robert Hugh Lindsey (15), Buffalo, N. Y.; John Dew Mason (17), Marion, Ala.; Bob Olds (14), Little Neck, N. Y.; James Parke (14), Fairport, N. Y.; Vernon Ramberg (16), Thorp, Wis.; Felix Robb, Jr. (18), Birmingham, Ala.; James Roberts, East Cleveland, Ohio; Byron Sage, Hollywood, Calif.; Russell Schulke (17), Bay Village, Ohio; Dorothea Barndt, Ariz.; Herbert Earle Warner (10), Tucson, Ariz.; Ivy Waterworth, Detroit, Mich.; Esther Wells (13), Robinson, N. Dak.

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will insure prompt attention from advertisers

THANKS a lot, readers!

That's how we feel after reading the letters that came in to the office in response to the contest announcement in the January issue. We asked for letters about *The American Boy*—letters telling us frankly what readers think of us—and they arrived in hundreds. And there wasn't a carping, captious, unfriendly letter in the lot!

The letters came from everywhere, and from every kind of reader. There were letters from boys, some in grade school and others in college; from girls of all ages; from parents. Warm, sincere letters, many of them with specific suggestions, all of them inspiring. They proved to us that readers want to help us in the job of making the magazine better. They made us feel that even the adverse criticism was all in the family. They made us want to buckle down and do a better job than we've ever done! So, again: Thanks a lot!

First prize, a check for \$10, goes to Arthur D. Culler, 15, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Culler's letter tells us what we have to do to make the magazine worthy of a new name, "The Utopian Boy." He gives us his idea of an ideal magazine for boys, and he makes some specific suggestions. Here's his letter:

A Magazine for Utopia

By ARTHUR D. CULLER, 15
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

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Visit

Japan



An express train circles Mount Fuji, "The Peerless."

Below—These women are transplanting rice plants.

ON June 30, three American Boy readers accompanied by a member of the magazine's staff will sail from Seattle for a two-months' trip to Japan—and one of the boys may be YOU.

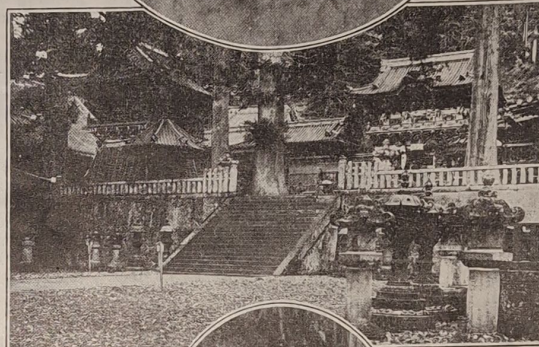
Three passports to a summer of adventure—three free trips to the gemlike island of Japan—will go to the authors of the best essays on the subject: "Japan—and Why I Want to Go There."

This contest, made available to you through the co-operation of the Japan Tourist Bureau, was announced first in the February issue, and entries are now beginning to come in. But in all likelihood the winning essays haven't yet been written. Perhaps the dreams that are setting fire to your imagination as you read this, when put down on paper, will win you the glorious trip. There's plenty of time to enter—the contest doesn't close until March 10!

If you don't win one of the first three prizes, the next 12 are worth ten times the effort of writing an essay. Silk lounging robes, the gift of the Japan Tourist Bureau!

No matter where you land in the contest you'll have had the fun of matching your wit and skill against others, and the worthwhile stimulus of having studied a subject, and having put your thoughts into words. Best of all, those of you who

Below—The famous red sacred bridge, at Nikko.



Above—One of the magnificent temples at Nikko, near Tokyo.



Left—On interior roads you still see coolie-power palanquins.



Right—The wave-washed "floating gateway" to famous Miyajima.

Left—Japanese children carry a festival "traveling temple."



Below—Smiling girls are the Tokyo bus conductors.



You may be one of three American Boy readers to go to Japan this summer. All you need do is write a three hundred-word essay, and you'll be eligible for a summer in the Orient! Read this announcement for complete details.

A train, slightly smaller than ours, but swift and well-appointed. . . . Rice fields, flooded, being turned by buffalo-drawn plows. . . . And then—

Tokyo! Here you'll see the Emperor's moated palace, walk down the Ginza, Tokyo's main street, with its banners, dragon signs, its restaurants and stores. You'll taste real Japanese food—paper-thin beef, grilled on a charcoal burner before your eyes, rice, bean paste, and if you like it, raw fish or shark's fin! And you'll experiment clumsily with chopsticks!

Then Nikko with its gold and red shrines. . . . Kyoto, with its temple containing 33,333 statues. . . . Nara, ancient capital of Japan, with its richly decorated pagodas and its famous museum. . . . Osaka, with its skyscrapers and factories. . . .

Your trail will take you to Miyajima, the sacred island, with its famed red gateway—the "floating torii"—built in water. . . . Beppu, the hot-spring, vacation resort of Japan. . . . And Shimonoseki, where you'll board a boat for the short trip to Korea. In Korea you'll take the South Manchurian railway to Keijo (Seoul), the capital, where you'll see the palaces and tombs of the Korean kings; and then to famed Mukden.

At Dairen you'll go aboard an O. S. K. liner (Osaka Shosen Kaisha) for a trip down the Yellow Sea, back along the southern coast of Japan, to Kobe.

Then Nagoya, center of Japan's fa-

mous pottery industry. Yamada, where you'll find Ise, most venerated shrine of Japan. On to Miyanoshta with its hot springs—and finally Yokohama for two more weeks of unfailing Japanese hospitality aboard the N. Y. K. liner that takes you home.

You'll have learned many Japanese words—beautiful, musical words. You'll have seen Japanese shows and dances, and heard Japanese songs. You'll have traveled through mountain gorges, past sapphire lakes, and through gorgeously decorated buildings. You'll have seen gold Buddhas and fierce dragons in stone.

When you return, you will be required to write within 90 days a 4,000-word account of your trip for the Japan Tourist Bureau. And now, the simple rules you must follow:

Write at once to Mr. M. Y. Inomata, The Japan Tourist Bureau, One Madison Ave., New York City, inclosing two cents in postage and asking for literature on Japan.

Study the literature—also the Orient articles by George F. Pierrot in recent issues of the magazine—and then write your essay.

Send your entry to the Japan Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., before March 10. Keep the essay under 300 words if possible—although longer essays won't be barred, preference will be given the shorter ones if all other things are equal. No essays will be returned

—they'll be the property of the Japan Tourist Bureau. Keep a carbon if you wish.

Write your essay on one side of the sheet only. Typewrite it or write clearly in ink, and put your name, age, address, and year in school, if you attend one, at the top of each sheet. To save yourself postage, inclose your Best Reading Ballot with your entry—there's a ballot on page 33. Winning essays will be published in the May issue.

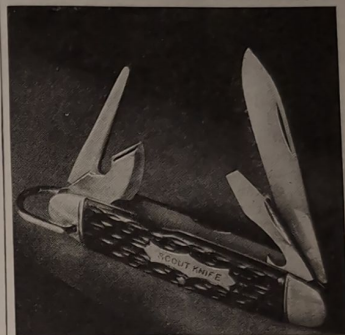
You must be under 21 on the closing date of the contest to be eligible for the prizes.

The winners will be selected by a committee of eight judges: Honorable K. Horinouchi, Consul General; Mr. Y. Shudo, commercial secretary to the Japanese Embassy; Mr. Y. Yamamoto, Resident Representative, Japanese Government Railways; Mr. K. Takahashi, manager, Nippon Yusen Kaisha; Mr. T. Toda, manager, Osaka Shosen Kaisha; Mr. T. Go, manager, South Manchuria Railway; Mr. M. Y. Inomata, Japan Tourist Bureau; Griffith Ogden Ellis, President and Editor, *The American Boy*.

The prizes: Three trips to Japan, all expenses paid except for such minor personal items as laundry and haircuts. Twelve silk lounging robes, given by the Japan Tourist Bureau.

Anyone wishing to make the trip regardless of the outcome of the contest should write Mr. Inomata for detailed information.

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"Just send me 25¢ with an empty carton of Mennen Shaving Cream (50¢ size) and—presto—I'll mail you this knife. No 'ifs' or 'buts' to this offer."

Bill Mennen

"I'm making this sensational bargain offer because I want all the readers of the American Boy to get started right in their shaving habits."

"The Mennen Shave is the young man's shave. It's clean—comfortable. That's because Mennen lather WILTS WHISKERS."

"But Mennen lather also gives you a skin health treatment. Young men often suffer from oily skin—pimples—blackheads. Frequently these skin conditions are due to dirt deposits remaining in the pores. Mennen lather penetrates into the pores—loosens these deposits—leaves your skin cleaner, healthier. . . ."

"Get a 50¢ tube of Mennen Shaving Cream TODAY (Plain or Menthol-iced). Then—send the complete empty carton with 25¢ to Bill Mennen, Dept. A. B., 345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J."

P. S. "If you don't shave as yet, persuade your Dad to get a tube. I'll bet he'll thank you for it!"

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAMS
2 KINDS: PLAIN and MENTHOL-ICED

The Vagabond Trail (Continued from page 20)

It is political in its philosophy, and inculcates loyalty to the throne and state as its chief preachment. Indeed, it asks an almost fanatical devotion to the emperor and to the old Samurai code. There are more than 17,000,000 Shintoists, but Japan's 46,000,000 Buddhists generally accept the Shinto doctrines. Shinto has no moral code. Its prayers and sacrifices aim at temporal prosperity, not spiritual blessing. It holds that the dead survive as disembodied spirits, able to bring joy or sorrow into the lives of those who follow them. Hence ancestor worship is not only logical, but highly advisable. Most Japanese worship their ancestors, and believe in the propitiation of spirits and ghosts.

Buddhism, introduced from China about A.D. 552, was at first a powerful civilizing agency, in a land struggling with barbarism. Buddhist priests were scholars, and their monasteries were refuges of learning. But the church began to aspire to worldly power; set warred against sect, and at times even intimidated the emperor. Finally the state triumphed after bloody warfare; the church was driven out of politics. There are twelve principal Buddhist sects, with varying doctrines. One teaches that by faith the believer can win to Paradise—Jodo, the pure land. Still another preaches worship of the eternal omnipresent Buddha mind, which knows no birth or decay or death. Another prescribes meditation as a substitute for revelation.

Christianity, introduced by Portuguese traders in the sixteenth century, was for a time vigorously proscribed, but was revived in 1858. There are about 275,000 Christians in Japan, of whom more than half are members of the Roman Catholic or Greek churches.

At Nikko, too, we saw the celebrated red lacquer bridge, closed to everyone but the emperor or his emissaries. Here begins the path to the temples. Japanese legend has it that the rugged little river was first spanned by two dragons, who wanted to serve the saint Shodo Shonin. For him they arched their

backs from bank to bank. When President Grant visited Japan the bridge was declared open to him; he tastefully declined to use it.

The dragon figures extensively in much of the architecture we saw at Nikko. The Far East dragon is built along the general lines of a crocodile. He has a tufted snout, and fierce and staring eyes. To the Japanese the dragon represents the cosmic forces such as heaven and rain. If he is terrible, it is as a god is terrible. To the Japanese, many dragons are friendly. One of the younger variety, for instance, likes music, hence tops of temple bells are frequently cast in the form of a curved dragon. This dragon may be found, too, on musical instruments. Another variety likes steep, high places, so his image appears on gables and beams of pagodas.

Before we returned to Tokyo we hired an open motor car, and ascended, round breathless hair-pin turns, the steep four-mile road to Lake Chuzenji. This beautiful bit of water, set in the mountains, in July and August becomes the diplomatic capital of Japan; it is cool there. We descended in an elevator to the base of the falls at the outlet of the lake. *Kegon-no-taki*, they're called. Like Niagara, these falls incite the gloomy and despondent to suicide. Police have had to forbid the brink to the public.

BUT let's get back to our train, and our journey to Nara. We found our fellow passengers good-natured and agreeable. When somebody cracked a joke his appreciative audience would look at us and smile, as if to let us in on the enjoyment. Two boys, playing a game with pegs, on a square board with a lot of holes in it, saw Bob watching them and did their best, in sign language, to explain the game to him. We should have made

Books About Japan

BOYS are writing us, asking for book advice. They want to read more about Japan, the most glamorous country of modern times, and Japanese life.

Consequently we asked Benjamin March, curator of Asiatic Art at the Detroit Museum, to suggest some books that American boys would enjoy. "Interesting, colorful, adventurous ones," we specified. "Ones that make good reading."

Get the books at your library. Or, if you're fortunate enough to be building a library of your own, let your bookstore order them from the publishers. Here is the list:

THE ROMANCE OF JAPAN, by James A. B. Scherer, Doubleday-Doran, \$3.50. The story of Japan from the Sixth Century to modern times. Vividly and forcefully written.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI, by Etsu Sugimoto, Doubleday-Doran, \$3. Mrs. Sugimoto has watched the transition from Old to New Japan, and she has lived in America and understands the American viewpoint. A fascinating book.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN, by Kenneth Scott Latourette, Macmillan, \$2. A simple and direct discussion of modern Japan, and a standard authority for everybody who wants to understand the great Empire across the Pacific.

JAPAN SPEAKS, by K. K. Kawakami, Macmillan, \$1. An excellent exposition of Japan's current views about Manchuria, the United States, and international affairs in general.

REALISM IN ROMANTIC JAPAN, Miriam Beard, Macmillan, \$5. An exceptionally penetrating travel book, well illustrated, with many unusual photographs.

MEET THE JAPANESE, by H. A. Phillips, Lippincott, \$3. By a traveler who enjoyed his stay in Japan. He tells of the things that gave him pleasure, rather than superficial curiosities.

MYSTERIOUS JAPAN, by Julian Street, Doubleday-Doran, \$4. A travel book written ten years ago by a shrewd observer and a good reporter.

KWAI-DAN, by Lafcadio Hearn, Houghton Mifflin (Riverside Library edition), \$1. Hearn, an American, liked Japan so well when he went there in 1891 that he became naturalized. He writes intimately, clearly and charmingly.

THE TALE OF GENJI, by Murasaki Shikibu (translated by Arthur Waley), Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50. The author, Lady Murasaki, was a member of Japan's very luxurious Tenth Century court. In this fascinating book she tells of the youth of Prince Genji.

A SHORT HISTORY OF JAPAN, by Ernest Wilson Clement, University of Chicago Press, \$1.50. A straightforward chronicle of Japanese history.

THE MOTHER, by Yūsuke Tsurumi, Henkle, \$2.50. The story of a peasant girl. The book is rich in its pictures of social life and customs.

many friends, could we have spoken the language.

About noon we began to feel hungry. We stopped at a station, to hear thunderous cries of "*Bento! Bento!*" For twenty cents apiece, Kato bought us three Bento boxes. They are oblong and shallow, and made of thin light-colored wood. One part contained hot rice, another cold vegetables, meats, broiled fish, a bit of omelette, and pickled seaweed. Chopsticks came with it. For five cents apiece Kato brought us three little pots of tea. The lid, reversed, became the cup. These cheap little straw handled earthenware pots, so valueless that our fellow travelers left them on the floor to be swept up, are simple and artistic in design. At home, they would be considered highly decorative. Most everything in Japan seems that way. The people are innately artistic. Anyhow, I cast one vote for bento boxes. They're a great invention.

AS usual we found ourselves fascinated with the view. Sometimes we'd wind along a hillside. Below us were broad fields of water, cut by narrow dikes into a fascinating picture puzzle. Other rice paddies, some of them no bigger than a good-sized room, crept in zigzag terraces up the slope. Crude man-power water wheels, operating on a treadmill principle, are often used to flood these higher paddies.

We saw, too, many tea plantations. Tea is *cha*, or more commonly, *Ocha*—"Honorable Tea." It is said to have been imported from China in the twelfth century by a monk, who brought in a book of directions and a bag of seed. This monk lived near Kyoto, and the region just south of Kyoto has remained the tea planting center. It is, too, sacred ground. It bears the same relationship to Japanese history as does New England to ours.

The tea plants we saw were about three feet high (there are also tea trees, but their product is poorer). The leaves are thin and long. A three-year-old shrub is bushy and ready for the pickings, which take place in May, and are repeated in June and sometimes in July. Women and girls are the pickers.

First the leaves are steamed for a half minute. This brings the oil to the surface, and the leaves begin to give off their characteristic tea odor. Next the leaves are spread out on straw mats or tables, and fanned and cooled.

The leaves then go to the firing *godowns*, or warehouses, where half naked men and women bend over great hot kettles, rolling the leaves into balls. When the mass has taken on a dark olive-green color, the separate leaves are curled, twisted and rolled, then subjected to two more firings at lower temperatures. The dried leaf emerges quite brittle. It takes four pounds of fresh tea leaves to make a pound of the commercial product. Sometimes the tea is scented by being placed in contact with flowers, such as jasmine or gardenia. The flowers are removed, 24 hours later, but the aroma remains. Tea was first introduced to England in Colonial days, when it brought \$15 a pound. Today the United States absorbs virtually all of Japan's surplus tea.

They are tremendous workers, these farmers. They have to be, for 60 per cent of the population lives off the land, though scarcely 15% of Japan's comparatively small area is tillable. Luckily for the farmers, Japan's staple crops of rice, silk and tea seem to defy mass production; they all require intensive hand cultivation. These farmers toil from daylight until dark; not an inch of soil escapes them. The total amount of hand labor is simply prodigious. In some districts farmers hang straw hoods over trees to protect them from autumn frosts. In others they hang ears of corn on racks, to ripen and cure—otherwise the excessive rains and short grow-

ing season would combine to ruin the crop. Hand labor, and more hand labor. It's a desperate battle with nature every step of the way, and only dauntless industry has won for the farmer his precarious victory.

If the American farmer finds himself impoverished, he can at least remind himself, with wan satisfaction, that he is infinitely better off than his Japanese cousin. In Japan a family of five will live on a single acre. More than half the farmers pay high rents to absentee landlords—five-ninths of the crop is a usual rental. When five people must live on less than half the product of a single acre, there is bound to be a lot of poverty. And there is. The Japanese farmer doesn't save a cent; he wears his clothes to shreds; he is lucky when he isn't hungry. When old age comes he must depend on relatives; he has no chance to provide for infirmity. The possibility of his owning his own farm is practically nil; the absentee landlords value their land very highly.

The farmer smiles, but he is discontented. Despite rigorous surveillance by the government, there is much radical sentiment in rural districts. The government prohibits the spread of socialist literature, but such literature is widely bootlegged. In upper circles, too, there is much radical thinking. College graduates can't find jobs, and they are beginning to wonder why. The wealth of Japan is closely held, and poorly distributed. It is vital to her to increase her income. Her higher-ups are deathly afraid of communism, and take steps to keep her people from hearing the communistic propaganda that is regularly broadcast in Japanese from Vladivostok, across the Japan Sea.

JAPAN has very little pasture land, hence it is difficult for her to build a cattle industry. On the other hand, with a mile of seacoast to every nine square miles of land, it is natural that she should look to fishing for her meat supply. More than 2,000,000 Japanese derive their living from fishing. Their 400,000 boats bring in everything from devilfish to great ocean spider crabs whose legs are nearly five feet long. Americans, says the American authority Dr. Gilbert, eat 16 pounds of fish apiece, each year, as compared to Japan's 200 pounds. On the other hand, Americans eat 280 pounds of meat per caput, to Japan's 2½ pounds. Japan's fisheries account for one-third of the world's annual harvest from the sea.

At Nara, a quaint old town that was once Japan's capital, we found another Daibutsu, 53½ feet high, and cast in 749. To me this Buddha doesn't compare in sublimity with the Kamakura Daibutsu. It is sheltered by a huge building, said to be the largest wooden structure in the world. Centuries of incense burning have blackened the Buddha and begrimed the interior of the building. It is dim and silent in front of the great image; temple gongs sound softly, all about you; you find yourself hushed and awed. As Nikko is predominantly Shinto, Nara fairly breathes Buddhism. The region is thick with Buddhist temples.

In the great park wander unmolested the sacred deer; it is a serious offense to kill one. The deer are sacred to Buddha, who preached his first sermon in the deer park at Benares. Their immunity typifies the loving kindness of Buddha toward all life. Everywhere are sellers of rice cakes, a delicacy of which the deer highly approve. In fact, knots of them stand about the cake merchants, awaiting customers. The moment I bought myself a supply I was surrounded; the grateful deer encored me twice before I could slip gracefully away.

We visited a native inn. Serving maids brought us tea, bowing until their foreheads touched the floor. Bob and I

sat and watched the great pool in the garden, where big carp turned somersaults with a great flurry of water.

It is a shame to slight Kyoto, the beautiful, with a paragraph. But Bob is already calling this series "Around the World in One Hundred Articles," and if I don't begin to compress he'll be right. Kyoto was Japan's capital from about 794 to 1868. To the traveler it is a treasure house. It abounds in picturesque temples, in attractive parks, in quaint shopping streets and riverside walks. One temple contains 33,333 statues of the Buddhist deity Kwannon.

Near Kyoto is Gifu, world famed for cormorant fishing. These big agile birds have a pouch below the throat; fishermen place a ring below the pouch, so that a bird cannot swallow. At night, lighted by blazing torches, the boats go out on the river in quest of trout. One expert will handle a dozen cormorants, each on the end of a string. A well-trained cormorant will fill his pouch with trout and then swim quietly back to the boat to disgorge. His wage is one of the fish he caught. It's a plain gyp!

Near Kyoto is Osaka, Japan's biggest city and called the "Venice of Japan" because of its many canals. It is populous and industrial, with many concrete and steel buildings like our own. Sometimes it is called the "Detroit of Japan." We wandered through a big department store, comparable to one of our own in size and variety of merchandise.

We were taken through the editorial rooms of the English edition of the *Osaka Mainichi*. Bob was introduced to S. Suzuki, the cartoonist. Bob could speak no Japanese, and Mr. Suzuki no English, but the two exchanged compliments by sketching each other. They got a lot of fun out of it, and so did the *Mainichi* employees who crowded around.

When I announced that I was a graduate of the University of Washington, I was told that two Washington alumni were working there. Presently I found myself renewing acquaintanceship with Morimitsu Kitamura, whom I'd known in college. "Kitam," we called him; he was a star on the varsity tennis team. E. Masatomi was another Washington man.

Naturally, the Japanese newspapers interested us a lot. The combined Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* and *Osaka Mainichi* are national newspapers, with the world's largest circulation. Japan is small enough to permit a newspaper to be delivered everywhere within twenty-four hours. This makes for big circulations. Japanese newspapers are at present hand set, because thus far no linotype has been put into use that will "set" the many characters. When one finally does come into general use, thousands of type "stickers" will be thrown out of work, as they were in this country when typesetting machines were introduced.

I WAS interested to learn that Japanese newspapers depend to an important extent on carrier pigeons. At an important baseball game, for instance, carrier pigeons will be released each inning, to carry back the play by play score. A caged pigeon goes to the game. Around his leg is a little band. The reporter writes his message on thin paper, seals it in a capsule, and clips the capsule to the band. At top speed the bird makes for his home cage on the roof of the newspaper plant; he has never been known to stop at a street corner to watch a game of marbles, or to drop into the corner drug store for an ice cream soda.

Reporters can't always use telephones because telephones, in Japan, are comparatively scarce. The government monopolizes this particular utility, and has been unable to expand its equipment to keep pace with the de-

mand. Thus telephones are at a heavy premium. If you file your application in Tokyo today, in the normal course of events you should get your telephone in eighteen years! A telephone is an extremely valuable possession. Fathers will file applications in behalf of their infant sons. It is not uncommon for a telephone to be bequeathed, in a will.

Telephone brokers keep track of the supply. They find out who might be induced to part with his telephone, who is changing residence, and so forth. A broker will get a telephone for you quickly if you want to pay him a reasonable premium—say \$2,000! Sometimes a business house that urgently needs a phone will pay a broker as much as \$5,000 to get it. The government, of course, doesn't profit by all this high finance. The broker does, and his client who sells his telephone. The government charges the subscriber about 100 yen a year, plus 1½¢ a call! Radio is a government monopoly, and the government handles the broadcasting from its own stations. You pay a receiving fee of 50¢ a month. The government also controls the post office and telegraph facilities. It costs you 1½¢ to send a 1½ ounce letter. A telegram outside the city limits, in a foreign language, costs 15 cents for the first five words, and 2½¢ for each additional word. With exchange normal, it costs you 87¢ a word to cable from Tokyo to New York, a distance of about 7,000 miles.

AN interesting adjunct to each newspaper staff is the "coolie editor." This gentleman may actually be the janitor; he probably is uneducated; his salary is perhaps \$15 a month. His name, however, is printed on the editorial page, and his job is to go to jail. Japan has not yet learned that the best interests of the people demand a free and unmuzzled press. It is very easy to offend the government. To criticize it, and especially to say anything that might be construed to reflect against the royal family, may bring down swift retribution on the paper. There is a trial and sentence, and the coolie editor serves it!

At Osaka we were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Tajima—Mr. Tajima is a managing director of Mitsui, Ltd.—and they took us to the world-famous Osaka puppet show. It was an amazing experience.

Imagine puppets as big as ten-year-old children, with faces astonishingly lifelike, real hair, and most convincingly clothed. Imagine each puppet operated by three puppeteers in loose black clothes and black hoods; they work on a floor several feet lower than the apparent floor, in order to move at the right height for the puppets. The puppeteers make no effort to conceal themselves, and, surprisingly, you soon cease to notice them. In the big scenes the puppets may be operated by masters, who wear elaborate kimonos, with their faces bare.

Meanwhile, on a raised platform in the corner of the theater kneels a black-robed man, who from a great open book intones the story and dialogue of the drama. Sometimes there are two readers, and sometimes there are musicians.

We were seeing incidents from the life of Nichiren, a Buddhist priest who lived in the thirteenth century. The final scene was most impressive of all. Nichiren had died. Nevertheless, his priests, when word came that the emperor's emissary had arrived, dressed him in red robes and sat him in an audience chair. There he received the messenger, after which his priests crowded about him and bore him from the room. The puppet Nichiren seemed very real to me, and his death a very saddening event.

The modern Japanese stage, like everything else Japanese, is at present

a blend of tradition and new influences from abroad. While Japan has its Shakespearean drama, its Hauptmann and Ibsen, its symphonies and its opera, the public still remains fondest of the old episodic historical drama, which recreates great events of the past. Perhaps the favorite story of all is that of the 47 Ronin, or feudal warriors. In 1701 a certain nobleman, insulted in the shogun's palace, drew his sword. Now, the precincts of the palace were considered sacred, and the sword drawing an outrage. The nobleman was obliged to commit harakiri (suicide by disemboweling) at once; his family was declared extinct; his Ronin followers were ordered to disband.

The code of military honor demanded that the Ronin avenge their master. On the other hand, the civil code prescribed a speedy death if they did so. Nevertheless, they stuck to their duty as they saw it. After two years of breath-taking adventure, they surprised and killed their enemy. Then they deposited his head on the grave of their dead master, after which they publicly disemboweled themselves. These 47 Ronin have become national heroes; their grave in Tokyo is visited by thousands.

The theater plays an important part in Japanese culture. In the six largest cities there are 27 theaters, visited by more than 5,000,000 each year. In the early days puppet shows monopolized the drama. Their influence is still felt, and the actors imitate the stiff and inflexible motions of puppets, rather than living people. Often the dialogue is chanted by a chorus, to the accompaniment of the 13-stringed koto, or lyre, or more often the samisen, or 3-stringed guitar. Sometimes there is a big drum, and small hand drums.

A dying institution is that of romance reading. The itinerant reader would take his place at a street corner, and declaim stories of adventure and heroism, punctuating his tale by rhythmic beating with a folded fan. Romance reading is giving way to the modern movie. We attended a little one in an Osaka suburb. It was in an open-air "theater." The floor was dirt, packed hard by thousands of feet. Seats were narrow planks. The picture was a low-class American melodrama, in which the hero, an automobile racing driver, performed unbelievable feats. From the darkness at the left of the screen came the high dramatic voice of the announcer, relating the story. (These announcers are losing their jobs, because of talkies.) The Japanese enjoyed the show a lot, and yelled and cheered when the hero won the race. America furnishes 80% of Japan's imported films; Charlie Chaplin is their favorite. They delete kissing from the love scenes; in Japan kissing is considered indecent. American movies are helping induce Japanese women to adopt Western dress. Japan has also some splendid motion picture houses, and many Japanese-produced films are excellent.

FROM Kobe, the great port near Osaka, we embarked on the Inland Sea. This 240-mile branch of the ocean concededly offers the loveliest combination of water, verdure and sky in the world. It is as important to Japan's internal commerce as the Great Lakes. We nosed our way through hundreds of rocky wooded islands; sometimes the channel was barely wide enough to let us through. Jagged rocks thrust up their menacing heads in mid-channel; always we managed to elude them. White-sailed fishing boats moved about us like butterflies. White sandy beaches rimmed the shore; above them quaint houses, and now and then a pagoda, rose above the green. High wooded mountains poked at the clouds.

A day later we found ourselves at Beppu, famed bathing city. Here steam rises through the ground, and hot

springs boil and bubble. "Beppu" is the Japanese pronunciation of the Chinese characters that stand for the Buddhist purgatory. We visited one spring, set in a gash in the hills, where the water was so hot that a Japanese girl cooked us an egg in it. Here were sold towels and undergarments, dyed rusty in the mineral water.

On the beach, under rough roofs, people were lying nude. A husky Japanese woman passed among them with a shovel, covering them with hot sand. Steam rose about them. As I've said, mock modesty and the Japanese are strangers. Nobody noticed us, for instance, when we were taken through the women's bathhouses, where dozens of nude women were enjoying the curative mineral waters. Indeed, men and women used to bathe together quite naturally, until Western ideas frowned on the practice. Now, in deference to foreign views, the men and women are segregated. There is told an amusing story of one bathhouse keeper who decided to conform to Western custom, though he couldn't see any sense to it. So he stretched a string across the middle of the bathing room, and complacently wrote "Men" on one side and "Women" on the other!

Sometimes a big turtle, fooled by the warm sea water, decides that Beppu is in the tropics, a good place to lay eggs. It's a fatal mistake for Mrs. Turtle. Presently she becomes a tortoise shell hairbrush.

FROM Beppu we took the train for Nagasaki. The ride takes all day, because the tracks wander along the coast of the southern island of Kyushu. We were soon to leave Japan, and naturally Bob and I found ourselves discussing the people we'd met, and the viewpoints that had been presented to us. There are several I'd like to set down.

Japanese business men were generally agreed that Japan must control Manchuria. This to improve her industrial position, however, and not to relieve her population pressure. Contrary to the general impression, Japan's people are not successful pioneers. They want to stay in Japan, and they do not take to anything but equable climates. Despite the overcrowdedness of the main island of Honshu, the Japanese have never fully populated their chilly northern island of Hokkaido, nor have they colonized their hot southern island possession of Formosa. The Japanese flourish in countries of stimulating climate, where the pioneering has already been done, and where standards of living are higher than their own, as in Hawaii or British Columbia. They haven't done well where the climate is unusually cold, or hot, and the lower living standards of Korea and Manchuria have baffled them completely.

Japanese realize that their hope of commercial greatness lies in becoming economically self-sufficient. Moreover, to relieve poverty they must make themselves into a great exporting nation. This process demands free and undisturbed access to Manchurian coal and iron. Too, Manchuria furnishes the soy bean that is an important part of Japan's food supply. I found most Japanese of the opinion that they could never colonize Manchuria in the face of Chinese competition, but that if they could control it and develop its resources, they would have all they needed.

The Japanese feels that his claim on

Manchuria is a justifiable one. The blood of countless Japanese soldiers has been shed there. Japan took Manchuria from China in 1894-5—at that time it was unpopulated and undeveloped, and only the interference of European powers kept Japan from annexing it. These same powers, led by Russia, then proceeded to strengthen their own interests at China's expense. They did the very thing they forbade Japan to do. Further! If we don't take Manchuria, the Japanese argue, Russia will take it. There is much historical justification for their view.

Japan's contact with Western powers has seemed to indicate that force is a legitimate tool. It was America who opened Japan to the world, and she did it with a fleet of warships. European powers have not hesitated to burn gunpowder, in their dealings with Japan. Moreover, when Japan stepped out of

her hermitage she found a world in which the strong pretty generally occupied the territory of the weak. She found England in India, France in Indo-China, Germany in Africa. She found Russia casting covetous eyes on Korea and Manchuria. Across the Pacific the great rising nation of America had brushed the Indians from her path, and had

conquered weak Mexico and shorn her of her northern provinces. Later she saw the United States beat weak Spain, and take or free her possessions in the West Indies that threatened the approach to the Panama Canal. She saw the United States take over the Philippines, and land marines in Central America. If it is all right for the United States to establish a Monroe Doctrine for all the Americas, Japan argued, why isn't it all right for us to look forward to a Monroe Doctrine for Pacific Asia? Our reasons are the same as America's.

Japanese told me that they need Manchuria; that Russia will take it if they don't establish a "hands off" priority; that anyhow they won it in war, as Britain won Canada and the United States won California. They feel that Manchuria under China is slow in development and infested with bandits; that China has been deliberately unfriendly to Japan; that under Japanese control Manchuria will be peaceful, prosperous, and a good place to live in. It is hard for the Western nations to answer the arguments which they themselves used to justify the building up of their great overseas empires.

In the paragraphs above I've set forth a representative Japanese viewpoint as it was expressed to me. Similarly, I'll present the Chinese viewpoint in a later chapter.

Certainly it will be interesting to watch Japan in these next few years. Russia is still eager to expand; she wants both Japan and China to become Communist nations, and the struggle between China and Japan is forcing China into ever closer alliance with her. That's one angle. Another: America has always stood for the open door in China. She has declined to recognize the new Japanese-controlled (unofficially) Manchurian state of Manchukuo. Any Japanese-American conflicts of interest will be settled peaceably, I am confident, but the handling of them will require forbearance on both sides.

To me, the establishing of the emperor as head of the state religion seems dangerous. It gives the government too much power. I believe that

it should be at all times recognized that a government exists solely to serve its people. The people, not the government, are most important. It shouldn't be a moral sin to question the acts of any ruler.

Japan has come a long way toward popular government. The Diet is largely elective, and in control of legislative matters. The emperor, however, still holds autocratic power. His person is "sacred and inviolable." He combines "in himself the rights of sovereignty and exercises them according to the provisions of the Constitution." He "has the supreme command of the Army and Navy." His ministers are appointed by him and individually responsible to him. In times of emergency he may issue imperial ordinances in place of law. Thus the emperor is supreme in Japan, and it is not only impossible legally, but a sin religiously, to take him to task. Such a scheme of things calls for a strong and wise ruler, well advised. What happens if a ruler doesn't measure up?

Frequently one hears the assertion that "Japanese are dishonest." On the other hand, visitors to Japan invariably discover the opposite to be true. Indeed, even the Japanese hotel attendants do not expect gratuities or lavish tipping, as do many European servants.

A high British government official in Tokyo discussed this point with me. In Old Japan, he said, the warrior class was honored and the tradesman despised. Naturally, treated like a cheat, the tradesman behaved that way. Similarly, in Anglo-Saxon history, there was a time when English, and later Yankee, merchants were noted more for shrewdness than honesty. Today the high class Japanese firms are dependable, and all Japanese business is cleaning house.

NAGASAKI might be called "a city that was." Until recently it was a great port, and the favorite coaling station of ships of all nations. Before the Russo-Japanese war the Russian fleet wintered there; uniformed Russians sauntered about the streets; their villas dotted the surrounding hills; they spent money liberally, and they made Nagasaki a gay place. But today it is quiet. Its commercial importance has waned. There is no Russian fleet; most ships coal elsewhere. We spent a day wandering over Nagasaki's picturesque hillsides, through its open-air markets, and its noisy bazaars. But our eyes were on the harbor mouth, and presently we saw the three-funneled white *Empress of Russia* glide into port.

We said good-by to Kato at the station. He leaned far out of his train, and waved to us until his car curved out of sight. He had become a very close friend; we were sad to lose him. We plan to visit him again.

From the deck of the *Russia* we watched a fascinating operation, the coaling of the ship. Spacious barges, loaded with coal, moored themselves alongside. Men and women formed double lines. They'd fill a straw basket with coal, pass it from hand to hand with unbelievable rapidity, dump it in the ship's bunkers, and toss it down to the bottom of the barge for refilling. They worked like ants. The dainty kimonos of the women grew black, and their faces too, but they didn't slow up. The Japanese can hand-coal a ship at the rate of 5½ tons a minute!

We steamed out of Nagasaki at dusk. The sun shone caressingly on the quaint houses of Japan; we waved farewell to the junks and sampans. Japan, the beautiful, faded from sight.

Heavy-hearted, we went to our state-rooms to dress for dinner. The first chapter of our great adventure had ended. But in two days we'd be landing at Shanghai, Paris or the Orient.

(To be continued in the April number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)



Fish are favorite pets.



Left, the fantastic transportation building with its suspended dome. Center, ancient Fort Dearborn. Right, Fair headquarters.

Ride a Rocket Ship!

A Week at the World's Fair and \$300 in Cash Are Waiting for Contest Winners!



Above: Chicago is reproducing a beautiful Chinese temple.

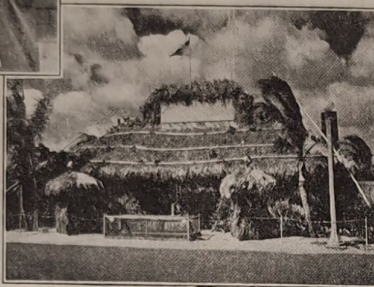
IMAGINE yourself going to Chicago this summer for a solid week at the great World's Fair now being completed on the shores of Lake Michigan. All expenses paid from your home and back to it. A week in a Loop hotel; a week of wandering through exhibits where all the scientific marvels of a century of progress will be laid before your eyes; of bathing; of gay, carnival fun; of show-going, watching men wrestle alligators, taking rocket rides through the sky! Some boy who reads this announcement will take that trip!

And 25 other boys will win \$300 in cash prizes ranging from \$100 to \$5!

By arrangement with the American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, *The American Boy* offers these prizes to readers under 21 who submit the best 300-word essays on the subject, "Why I Drink Bottled Carbonated Beverages."

Your chance to place among the 26 winners is as good as anyone's. All you have to do is write for helpful literature to Junior Owens, Secretary, American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726-729 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. Study the literature, write your essay, and submit it to the Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., by April 15.

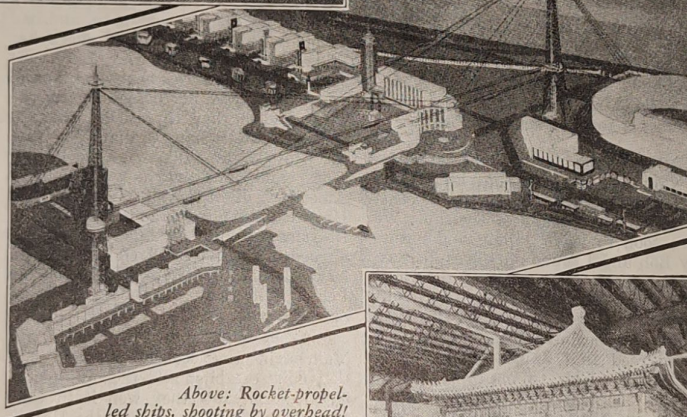
You'll find plenty of things to write about. We've read the literature, and we know how interesting it is. You'll learn, for instance, that the first man successfully to carbonate water was the great chemist Priestley, discoverer of oxygen, friend of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. You'll learn that the first man to serve "soda"



a week then, you'll travel through a magic land of fun, education, and thrill.

This enchanted land is built around two great lagoons that stretch for miles along the shore of Lake Michigan. In the buildings and enclosures surround-

Left: You'll see alligator wrestling here!



Above: Rocket-propelled ships, shooting by overhead!

water was a Philadelphia druggist in 1807. You'll learn why doctors put carbonated beverages on hospital diets.

Complete rules governing the contest are included in this announcement. But first let's visualize what will happen if you win first place! You may, if you wish, have \$200 cash instead of the prize trip. But if you select the trip—

Some time in July—the exact date will be announced later—you'll step out of your Pullman in Chicago and be taken to a big hotel convenient to the Century of Progress Exposition. For

foreign countries, bathing beaches modeled after famous foreign resorts.

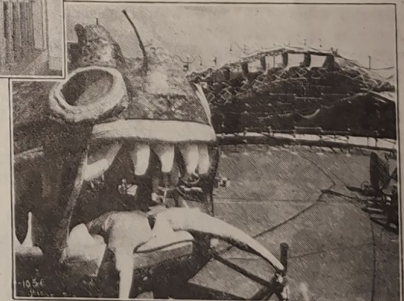
In the Hall of Science, the Radio, Communications, and Electrical buildings, the Travel and Transport structure, and the Automobile buildings, you'll see one hundred years of scientific progress.

Under the giant dome of the Travel and Transport building—a dome that is suspended from cables and that raises and lowers as the air inside expands and contracts—you'll see, side by side, the oldest railroad locomotives and the newest. Bell-funneled wood-burning locomotives nestling under the wing of giant, hundred-mile-an-hour engines!

IN another building you'll see an ancient one-lung horseless carriage alongside up-to-date 1933 models. In the motion picture exhibit, you'll find Hollywood reproduced. You'll enter a "lot" and actually see a talkie produced; you'll go behind the scenes and see "sets."

You'll ride an elevator up a 600-foot tower from the top of which you'll be able to see all Chicago laid out at your feet, and in the country beyond, the farmlands of three states—Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. And from a lower platform on this tower you'll get into the very latest of all conveyances—

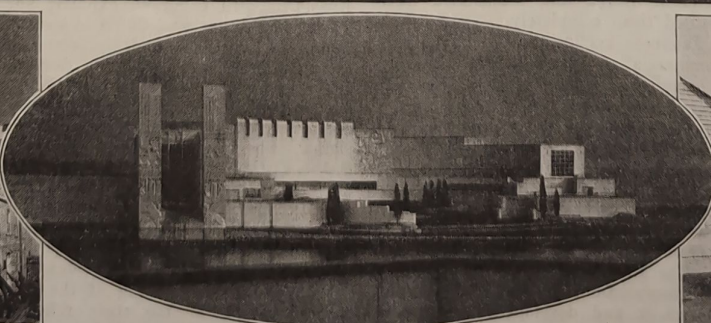
Below: Take a ride in a dragon!



Above: You'll wander through the marvelously carved Golden Pavilion of Jebol!

ing those lagoons the whole world is now being gathered—a Chinese temple, tropical palms, alligator farms, exhibits from a score of

Left: The Wigwag, where Lincoln was nominated for president. Center, the electrical building. Right, Lincoln's birthplace!



a rocket ship! A ship propelled by rocket explosions, traveling on a cable 200 feet above the sparkling waters of the lagoon and the roofs of the Exposition buildings.

In the midst of these modern buildings with their straight lines, horizontal planes and geometric designs, you'll suddenly travel back a hundred years when you step through the palisaded entrance of old Fort Dearborn. You'll climb up in the blockhouses of the fort and peer out of firing slits where once the soldiers of the outposts thrust their muskets.

Near Fort Dearborn you'll see the barnlike "Wigwam," an exact replica of the building in which Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency by the Republican party in 1860, on the eve of the Civil War. You'll see, in exact reproduction, the cabin in which the Great Emancipator was born.

In the Seminole Village across the street from Fort Dearborn, you'll walk past tropical palms, through a veritable Everglades swamp, into an arena that surrounds a pool of water where a Seminole Indian will wrestle an alligator for your amusement.

You'll go through the ancient Jehol temple, reproduced exactly as it stands not far from Peking, its graceful double-roof covered with copper shingles filmed over with gold leaf. You'll marvel all the more when you realize that 28,000 wood and bronze pieces, carved in China, were transported to Chicago for this temple.

In the lagoon, surrounded by artificial icebergs, you'll see the very ship that carried Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his party to the Antarctic—the *City of New York*.

In historic exhibits you'll see the growth of civilization in America from the earliest Mayan temples down to the present skyscraper. You'll revel in the electrical exhibits, the glowing tubes that open doors, and count passing people, the wireless telephones, the machines and metals and processes of our marvelous technical age. Literally, the world will be at your feet!

And sports, too! While you're in Chicago, world-famed athletes will perform in Soldier Field and you'll see them in action.

Jungle Haven

(Continued from page 6)

she?" he said, as we sank sickeningly into a deep trough between two great rollers.

"Excellently," said Basil. "I believe she will hold together for at least two minutes."

Two flares we burned before we heard through the darkness a faint hail.

"Ahoy, who are you?"

"Stranded plane, afloat," yelled Boris. "Hurry!"

A few minutes later a fishing craft scudded by us under shortened sail, brought about, and fetched up close. We clambered aboard and faced a seaman who held a lantern high and peered at us intently. An amazed look came over his face.

"Your highnesses—your highnesses," he said, unbelievably.

"Highness is all right with me," Basil said, "but Boris is—His Majesty."

The captain looked at Boris horrified. "King—King Boris," he breathed, and the boy nodded gravely.

But "king" was an empty title as conditions were, and I looked over the craft with a thoughtful eye. It was a typical Algonian fishing vessel, small but well found. She had two masts, the large one forward. There was a cabin, a tiny fore-castle and galley—room for the master, the mate, and four hands.

The boys immediately found accom-

You'll rub elbows with visitors from all nations, thrill to the music of bands and orchestras, and revel in the action and gaiety of the world's greatest carnival.

All this for the first-place winner, and 25 cash prizes for the 25 next best essays! Time to act, now! Read the following rules and then go into high!

Your Rules

WRITE, immediately, to Junior Owens, Secretary, American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726-729 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., and ask for free literature on the food and health values of bottled carbonated beverages.

Study the literature. Then write your essay on the subject: "Why I Drink Bottled Carbonated Beverages." Try to keep your essay within the 300-word limit. Longer essays won't be barred, but other things being equal, preference will be given the shorter ones.

Have your essay in the hands of the Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., by April 15. We must have them on that date in order to publish the winners in the June issue.

You must be under 21 on the closing date to be eligible for the prizes. Anyone connected in any way with the bottled carbonated beverage industry will not be eligible.

The prizes: First place—one week at the World's Fair, Chicago, all expenses paid; or, if you prefer, \$200 cash. Second place, \$100. Third, \$50. Fourth, \$25. Fifth, \$15. Sixth, \$10. Next twenty places, \$5 each.

Write your essay clearly—or type-write if possible—on one side of the sheet only. Put your name, age, address, name of your school and year in school (if you attend one) at the top of each sheet.

If you want to preserve a copy of your entry, make a carbon—the contest editor cannot return entries. Please don't write in advance for the results—wait for the June issue. (And we'd appreciate having your Best Reading Ballot along with your contest entry. There's one on page 33—just fill it out and enclose it in the same envelope.)

modation in the fore-castle, and went to sleep, refusing as a matter of course the captain's offer of his quarters. After the boys had retired and I had changed my clothing for a rough fishing outfit, the officers and I sat in the captain's cabin while I detailed the story of the revolution and our escape from the capital.

"You're spent, Mr. Mexican," said the master at length. "I—we are stunned. We must discuss it all in the morning."

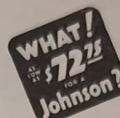
The following morning, refreshed, we met again, this time with Boris and Basil. The coast of Algonia was far off against the horizon, and the sea was rolling gently.

"Now," I began, "here we are on a small seaworthy vessel, with six loyal men aboard. Everyone in the capital must think that we have perished in the sea. What's to prevent us from taking on supplies and then sailing across the Atlantic in this little boat?"

This suggestion was met by a prolonged silence, and even Boris looked doubtful.

"Is that necessary?" he asked. "I think so," I answered flatly. "So long as people think we have perished, we can proceed where we will. Once across the ocean, we can certainly find a safe refuge."

"I am more than glad to offer our



"It's one of the greatest hits in outboard motoring!" That's what everybody said at the big New York Motor Boat Show where this brilliant SEA-HORSE model was first shown.

It's the motor that made Johnson famous—vastly improved for 1933 with a new, speedier lower unit, pressure-vacuum cooling system, Portage-Steering Handle and Taper-Tube Underwater Exhaust—in which the muffler and down tube are combined in one beautifully engineered unit.

It's a twin—with the smoothness that only a twin can give. And it's a SEA-HORSE for endurance! Its predecessors sold for \$150. The 1933 model, with all its modern refinements, is priced at only \$96.50, f.o.b. Waukegan. Ask your dealer for a trial and see why it is the hit of 1933!

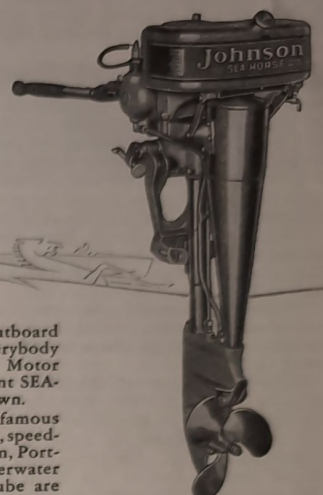
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JOHNSON SEA-HORSES



A New Light Twin

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FREE

Send us the names and addresses of just five people interested in owning outboard motors and we will send you, free, this beautiful sculptured Johnson SEA-HORSE souvenir, cast in iron and finished in a silver lacquer. Also send for a copy of the 1933 Handy Chart of motor sizes and specifications, listing the 7 great motors in the Johnson line—a model for every purpose—and priced as low as \$72.50!

You Get Lots of Fun Roller Skating—

But perhaps you do not realize how much fun we get out of making good Roller Skates for you to use year after year. The foot-plate is FLEXIBLE, and therefore the skates are easy on the foot. They are balanced just right and have the best rubber cushions we can buy. The straps do not break for the leather is the highest quality.



BEST OF ALL the Ball Bearing Rolls have the longest life and roll the easiest. Our name on the roll makes them easy to identify. Look first for the handsome new box and then at the rolls. You keep strong and husky and have the fun besides.



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boat," the captain said quickly. "We can take on supplies at an island I know of. Please do not hesitate. If it happens that the boat cannot stand the long voyage—then we can hail a ship."

So the matter was settled. The captain briskly ordered sail up, and the scow began cutting her way westward. By nightfall we had stocked our ship and said farewell to Algumia for good. A long period of favoring winds and bright weather followed, and not many days elapsed before we passed the great fortress of Gibraltar into the open sea. "We could land here," Boris suggested as we sailed by the great rock, "and place ourselves under British protection."

"Which they would give you conscientiously," I said. "But it is not enough. We must go where no spy can reach us."

With the passing of Gibraltar our troubles began. Our very first night in the Atlantic a storm descended upon us, and with the coming of dawn it increased in ferocity. For three days we lunged and rocked in the recurring tempests, until the captain, haggard and worn, came to me.

"We've sprung leaks," he said hoarsely. "If this storm keeps up we may go down. We'll have to put you aboard a ship—if we pass one."

I need not tell in detail how we were transferred to the first liner we met—the *Pelican*, with a group of scientists aboard, bound on an expedition for the famous Stanton Foundation; or how one of the stewards was a spy in the pay of Power B. Suffice it to say that we landed at the town of Para, in Brazil, knowing that Power B was informed of our whereabouts. And Power B, murderer of Sergius, would not rest as long as Sergius' sons were loose.

Chapter Three

WE found lodging in the hotel, and then I set about the job of buying a river launch and stocking it with provisions and camp equipment. I had made up my mind that we would go up the Amazon. Perhaps, somewhere in the jungle, we could find security. Most of my money I still had; so I spent freely, leaving out no article that could possibly give comfort in a wilderness home.

We were perhaps unnecessarily careful. We moved about by day as little as possible, and at night not at all. We never turned street corners close to the corner of the building, but swung wide, lest we come upon an enemy suddenly. Our diet consisted largely of eggs—boiled—and goat's milk, purchased in the goat. I did the milking. I liked neither the job nor the milk, but it was one hundred per cent safe.

In our launch I installed a 200 horsepower motor, doing the work in an up-river boat well. If we had to flee suddenly, we would want speed.

As we entered the market place on our third day in Para, determined to sail upriver the following morning whether we were completely ready or not, we noticed much gesticulation and excitement in front of a newspaper bulletin. Judging that some great event was being reported, we hastened over, and I translated the following:

"Lisbon, Port. — This morning five aviators started an unofficial good will flight between Portugal and Brazil. The destination is Para. The names of the intrepid adventurers are Lieut. Col. Cervenda—"

I didn't read any more. Cervenda! "They are landing here?" asked Boris. "Why here instead of Rio?"

"You see, Boris, Rio de Janeiro, one of the world's great capitals," said Basil sarcastically, "is totally without attrac-

tion. What can it mean, Mr. Mexican?"

"That Power B has trailed us to Para," I said laconically. "Boys, I'm going to ask you to do me a big favor." "You have but to ask, Mr. Mexican," began Boris.

"Hold on, Boris," said Basil. "He has something up his sleeve. And we're not to be in on it. How about it, Mr. Mexican?"

"It's nothing much," I replied. "Just take the launch up the river to last night's anchorage. Unless you hear from me, do not return until morning."

"I thought so," laughed Basil. "No, sir, Mr. Mexican."

"If Mr. Mexican wants us there, there we'll be," Boris interrupted. "Don't be a heroic little idiot, Basil. You're sure we can't help, Mr. Mexican?"

"I'm sure," I said.

"Very well, sir," and they left me.

I WAITED till our launch went up the river, and then carefully made some purchases I had not previously planned.

Of all men in Europe I feared Cervenda most. I knew well in whose service he really was, regardless of what uniform he might be wearing at the time. Brilliant soldier, excellent diplomat, splendid linguist, expert aviator, he was withal the most utterly savage and unscrupulous of all that inner circle that constitutes the complex politics and diplomacy of Europe. I had even heard it whispered that his were the brains of Power B. Now I could see they were not. The brains of that organization would never have been hazarded on so dangerous a trip.

As I stood in the square a few hours later, a loud shout arose. The aviators had been sighted, and the people cheered themselves hoarse. I wondered how much enthusiasm would be shown if these kindly people understood the real purpose of the air adventurers.

It was dusk as the five seaplanes alighted on the river. From the banks the great cheering continued. The heroes were rowed to shore, and their planes were towed in. The aviators remained on shore and watched until officials put the planes in charge of a platoon of soldiers.

I watched everything from cover, though I was little afraid of recognition. For now I was again a naked savage, clad only in loin cloth and moccasins. I was dyed with a dark brown nut extract that I knew would be unaffected by water. It is risky to swim the Para—there are strange water dwellers there—but these air dwellers were worse. I let myself into the stream, slowly, in the darkness, at a distance above the nearest sentry.

I had a water skin partially filled with heavy liquid. I relied on a somewhat careless watch—after all, who would expect anyone in Para to harm those beautiful planes?

I drifted rather than swam. Once in a while I hazarded a splashless stroke, more for steering purposes than to acquire momentum. The water skin, partly filled with air, supported itself.

The black shadows of the planes were before me, moored on the riverside. Along the wharf, brightly lighted with gasoline flares, paced the sentries. Ever so gently I slid between two of the planes and awaited under the dock.

The sharp challenge of a sentry rang out. This I expected. Indeed it was the moment for which I waited. The corporal of the

guard was approaching with the relief.

The few moments when guard is changed are the ones when vigilance is at a minimum. The two sentries face each other, and the new one listens to the recitation of orders by the old one. The old guard considers himself off duty, while the new one does not yet consider that his responsibility has begun.

That was my moment. Calling back all the liteness and cunning I had learned in my backwoods youth, I wriggled along the side of one of the planes, and fumbled about until I encountered an oil cap.

I visited three of the planes in this manner—it was fortunate that sentries had not been stationed in the planes themselves. When the old guard fled away, I was obliged to wait. I dared not visit the other two planes until the next relief came. I spent two hours under the dock, in the dank timbers, fervently praying that my presence would remain unnoted by alligators.

When the next relief came on I gave my attention to the other two ships and then made my way upstream. I had accomplished what I had set out to do without alarming the guard. I had discovered that each plane carried a small machine gun and a few bombs. This, despite the handicap of the weight on a transatlantic flight! Well—what else were we to expect? It confirmed our suspicions.

I donned my clothing and returned to the room I had engaged at the little hotel. I tried to wash off the stains and partly succeeded. Then I went to sleep.

In the morning I rose early and started to leave the hotel to go to our boat. But another early riser was ahead of me. Lieutenant Colonel Cervenda arose from his armchair and greeted me cordially.

"Mr. Mexican—how do you do? I am delighted," he began, very suavely.

"I am well, Colonel," I said. "Congratulations on the big jump."

"It sounds big but it is nothing. Will you dine with us today?"

"Thanks—no. The boys have planned a launch picnic up the river, and we're off within the hour."

"The boys—what boys?"

"Come, Cervenda," I said. "You know very well what boys. Please don't play the hypocrite with me. I'm not a child."

"No, Mexican, you are not a child. You're a very, very brave man. What a pity!"

"And you, Cervenda, you have extraordinary cleverness and courage. And I am sorry for you."

And with that I left him. Silly bravado, I suppose, but I enjoyed it.

Within an hour I met the boys at the pier, ready and eager to start. I jumped aboard, and the launch was turned upstream.

"Why the disguise, Brother Bones?"

asked Basil, noting my stained skin.

"Did we have minstrels last evening?"

"No. But we'll have fireworks this morning. Switch on the engine and make speed."

He did. Above the roar of our speed boat I thought I could distinguish another and another and still another distant hum arising. Were they starting the planes?

Boris was steering, and giving his whole mind to it. We were fairly flying over the water, driven by an engine far too strong for

the timbers of our boat, over waters we did not know. How far up the river would we get?

"I don't understand this last move," said Basil, frowning.

"Let's hope you don't," I said shortly. "Look there!"

The first plane appeared. To the citizens of Para, undoubtedly, it was just a practice flight. We were by this time perhaps fifteen miles from Para, out of sight of the town and its inhabitants. It was a lovely place for a crime.

"An exhibition flight with a little bombing practice, barring accident," I yelled. "We're scheduled to be the accident. Are you getting all the speed you can?"

"Yes," answered Boris.

"Then zigzag!" I commanded.

We zigzagged in sudden, darting turns, and the first bomb, probably dropped by Cervenda himself, missed by a wide margin. The second one was too close for comfort. We dodged the third only by reversing the engine. The fourth was a dud, and by jamming on full speed we managed to dodge the fifth. But the first plane was wheeling back for another try—perhaps with the machine gun this time.

There was a flash of flame high above us, a dull explosion, and plane number one, her wings rent, came down in flames. Another explosion split plane number two into great pieces. Her pilot dived out from the flaming ship to fall shattered into the great trees. The third burst while wheeling and came down in a sickening tail spin. The fourth and fifth tried to glide down to the water, but exploded almost simultaneously just before they landed.

"The experiment was a success, Professor," said Basil, after a long pause. "Just what did you do last night?"

"Made use of the fact that nitroglycerine in a lubricating system will not explode until an engine gets hot," I answered.

Chapter Four

WE returned to the city in order that our sudden disappearance might not cause suspicion. Four of the aviators, we learned, had been picked up dead, and Cervenda was said to be dying. The city closed its doors in mourning, and provided a magnificent funeral procession. Daily news bulletins reflected the horror of the outside world, and messages of condolence came from the great ones of Europe—and one of these was signed "Berthes, Provisional President of the Republic of Algumia."

Four days later, as inconspicuously as possible, we started up the River Para. Many voyagers have described the voyage up the Amazon with greater skill than I can. Some incidents stand out on our voyage very sharply—for instance when we emerged from Para into the broad bosom of the Amazon, and found one shore to be out of sight of the other. We traveled swiftly, and avoided meeting anyone. We ate and slept on our boat.

We passed the city of Manaos, and there I remember the curious sight of the deep black waters of the Rio Negro mingling with those of the yellowish Amazon at their confluence. I thought of turning up the Rio Negro and seeking our home at its headwaters, but I seemed to remember a traveler's description that spoke of many rapids. We continued up the Amazon.

At times we were bewildered by the many islands in the river. It was at such a time that we became confused and inadvertently left the Amazon and proceeded up one of its smaller tributaries. We sailed up the stream for two days, between the green walls of the jungle. The third day we came to a place where the jungle opened and low hills came down to the river, and there was a small settlement on the banks called Pematén.

HELP!

WANT a story by Clarence Budington Kelland? About Mark Tidd? Then give us a hand. For more than a year Mr. Kelland has been promising to finish a Mark Tidd story, but he hasn't got around to it. We've been reminding him, but our letters haven't done any good. So appoint yourself a committee of one to give us a lift. Write Mr. Clarence Budington Kelland, Port Washington, New York. Tell him you want a Mark Tidd story right away, and why. We'll do our part by paying for it, and publishing it just as soon as he delivers it. (Don't tell him you saw this notice!)

We landed and established ourselves after we had decided that here might be found a safe, if not a completely comfortable, home. We were able to obtain a one-story wooden dwelling on high piers. We found only two traders in the village, and they were there only part of the time. The other inhabitants were all Indians.

I made all possible arrangements for comfort, selected servants carefully, and announced that I and my companions were orchid hunters. It was a plausible objective, with the advantage that it didn't compete with others on the ground.

Here I felt that we should be safe, at least for the time being. I hired Indians to report the appearance of any unusual visitors coming up the river. Back in the jungle we set up and equipped a small cabin that could be reached only by a trail of our own making. Complete packs, rifles, and ammunition we stored there for instant departure into the hinterland.

Days passed, and with each day our sense of relief and safety grew stronger. Lessons were resumed, and we included in our curriculum a study of the Lingoa Geral, the language of the country. It was not a difficult conversational medium, although it was extremely limited in vocabulary.

It was on our return from one of our long expeditions after orchids that we found the Indian Jeremi waiting for us. Even his stolid face showed excitement. "Many boats are coming," he said.

"Canoes—Indians?" I asked.

"No—men all kinds—boats—guns."

"How far away?"

"Here soon!" he answered.

It was too bad. We had really been quite comfortable and happy. It was still daylight. I went up into our dwelling and looked down river through powerful glasses. A veritable armada of river boats swept into sight. Each was loaded with uniformed men, and I could see that all were armed with rifles.

I waited for a better view. There was no evidence that we were the objective of this powerful fleet, although my instincts told me that we were. I kept my glass trained upon the leading boat.

The boys joined me, and questioned eagerly.

"What is happening, Mr. Mexican? Have they come for us?"

"I fear so," I said.

"Well," said Boris. "Shall we go down and fight them?"

"No," I said. "The wise leader is the one who knows when and how to retreat."

"I wish we weren't quite so important," said Basil, plaintively.

I wished so too, heartily, and I wondered if the motive of building a canal and avoiding the fortification that threatened it, as outlined to me by King Sergius, were sufficient to account for this implacable and continuous enmity.

"Why do we wait?" asked Boris.

"We wait no longer," I said at last.

"In the leading boat is our friend Cervenda. How he survived I don't know, but there he is!"

"And who are the people with him?" asked Boris. "He surely did not bring armed forces across the ocean!"

"I understand," said Basil. "These are Brazilian soldiers. As soon as he was well enough, he simply lodged a complaint with the authorities, accusing us of having tampered with the planes."

We went down the stairs, slung emergency packs on our shoulders, and started at a dogtrot down our jungle

trail, accompanied by our two Indians.

"Do we sleep in the cabin tonight?" asked Boris.

"We'll stay there, perhaps, but we won't sleep," I answered.

However, we passed the night without interruption, and with the first streak of dawn were on the trail again, deeper into the forest, heading for distant hills. Now and then we waded up small streams.

We reached high ground, and from here we were able, from tree branches, to look back upon our abandoned home. It was in flames. We could see the flotilla of boats upon the river. The greater part of the expedition, we knew, was engaged in a vigorous search.



It may seem strange, but here's a man who walks upon the sea.

His name is Walter Herrfurth, yes, from Potsdam, Germany.

It must be fun to stroll upon the surface when it's flat.

Or run a race in wooden shoes—now wouldn't you like that?

"Mr. Cervenda must be very angry," I said. "Let's hurry."

We reached better going as we went upward, and we made good time. That night we ate emergency rations and perched in a tree. We didn't light a fire.

I could think of no better plan than to strike northwest, guided by the compass. Perhaps upon the other side of this small divide we might strike a settlement so far removed from civilization that we could make a home there unmolested.

Our rifles kept us supplied with food, for game was not scarce, and we had plenty of ammunition. After the first night, we didn't hesitate to build large campfires to keep away jaguars.

We crossed a wide plateau and started to follow another river upward. But here our Indians stopped. The country beyond, they said, was inhabited by the great Evil Spirit of the Woods—it was, in fact, his headquarters. They besought us to go no further, and even suggested that we turn back at least a little way. They were thoroughly in earnest and badly frightened. I realized that I could not hold them, and nodded. They fled across the plateau like deer.

After a few miles of hard rocky trail, we reached a tremendous falls with high rock walls on either side. For a time the cliff seemed insurmountable, but Boris' keen eyes detected a narrow path along the face of the wall. It was a risky climb, but we had to make it somehow.

Boris, sure-footed as a mountain goat, led the way upward, picking the best route carefully. Basil followed, while I brought up the rear. Many times we dug in our toes and hugged the rock faces desperately, but finally we clambered over the crest, spent and dripping with perspiration. And there a new surprise confronted us.

On the level ground before us stood a row of tall, majestic Indians, paler in

color than any I had ever seen. Such clothing as they wore and their fantastic feather headdresses were spotless white, enhancing the pallor of their clear tan skins. They were about twenty in number, young, supple-limbed and vigorous, led by an older one whose headdress carried red ornaments that suggested authority. Each warrior carried a small white shield, and held in his right hand a javelin ready to hurl at the signal.

For a moment they stood motionless—a glorious row of living statuary. Behind them were others—older, similarly immobile, and still further back a row of temporary shelters of twisted bamboo. It was a fantastic and terrible picture. These people were vastly different from the natives we had seen. For a moment I feared that they were hirelings of our pursuers.

We laid our rifles on the ground and extended our hands as a sign of peace. I attempted to open a conversation in the Lingoa Geral dialect but they paid not the slightest attention to me.

It was Basil who saved the day. He assumed that like all primitive peoples the sun appeared somewhere in their worship. He pointed at the ravine from which we had come—then swung his arm in a wide arc and pointed to the sun. Twice he went through it, trying to indicate that we were the sun's chosen emissaries.

The chief barked a command. The spears dropped simultaneously to the earth, and as one man the squad of warriors sank to one knee.

As the chief advanced toward us a hail from the rear halted him. In front of the row of kneeling warriors stepped an old, old, wrinkled man, carrying a small drum. His face and body were splashed with white and red splotches. His scanty garments were hung with bones and teeth of all kinds. He carried a medicine bag. I guessed his status at once.

Here was a magician—a medicine man or shaman of some kind—and his attitude was distinctly unfriendly.

It was many a long day before I found out what the old gentleman said, as he stood there alternately beating his drum and indulging in fluent oratory, but it was easy to see that he didn't want our "magic" to enter the tribe in competition with his own.

His tirade went somewhat as follows:

Boom—boom. "These have said they have come down from the Lord Sun." Boom—boom. "If they lie they have come from the Outside and we want none of them!" Boom—boom. "But if they be, indeed, messengers from the Sun they will be glad to prove it to us." Boom—boom. "We will entertain them this evening, and at night we will remove all their possessions." Boom. "And tomorrow let them lie naked in the sunlight." Boom—boom—boom! "If they be come from the Lord Sun his beams will nourish them, and they will come to no harm." Boom—boom! "But if they be worldlings they will perish."

That night they feasted us royally, with, doubtless, a sleeping potion somewhere in the bill of fare.

In the morning I woke on a rocky hillside with Basil and Boris asleep nearby. We were without food, without clothing, or equipment of any sort—only our bare hands. The Indians were gone. At last, with a vengeance, we were out of reach of the long arm of Power B. Weakly I sat up, gazed at the grim jungle, and shuddered.

(To be continued in the April number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

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Wings of Lucifer (Continued from page 10)

Obediently Mr. Henning sat, his baffled mind whirling at the thief's miraculous entry.

"The ruby is in the vault," he said. "It's a time lock. I couldn't get it open if I wanted to."

"Oh, I know that!" the figure answered. "I don't want your ruby."

Mr. Henning stared. "You don't want my ruby? Well, that's good news."

"But the man who stole the Romanoi diamonds does!"

Mr. Henning crossed one leg over the other. "Mind if I smoke?" he asked, raising a hand to his vest pocket.

"Just a minute!" The masked man stepped forward and thrust his gun into Mr. Henning's middle. From Henning's vest pocket he removed two cigars, which he laid gently on the table. From under his black disguise he produced another cigar.

"This is a smoke. Those may be bombs," he explained, simply, handing his own cigar to Henning. "You could light one, count three, and toss it at my feet."

HENNING threw back his head to laugh.

"I never thought of cigar bombs!" he cried. "If we'd had those, you might have been blown up instead of poor Foster. Man, man, I wouldn't have on my heart what's on yours for all the diamonds in the world!"

The masked figure stood at ease ten feet from Mr. Henning, his gun watchfully raised.

"You're mistaken," the voice announced. "I didn't shoot Foster nor did I steal the Romanoi diamonds. I'm not here after your ruby. But I know who did murder Foster and take the diamonds. He will steal your ruby—unless you do what I suggest!"

Mr. Henning looked narrowly at the black robed figure. The same black shoes, black tights, black jersey; the same black hood over the eyes, the same voice, the same black gloves. He glanced around the room, frowning. The door was still bolted. The lights burned brightly. There was no other way into the room, except the windows.

"Are you a human fly, able to climb sheer walls, or do you conceal wings under your—ah—disguise?" he asked. His voice was casual but there was keen curiosity in it.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you—so I'll show you later," was the composed answer. "But I dislike talking with a gun pointing at the heart of a man whose aid I want. I'm not a very good shot, and—"

"Do you know any more good stories?" interrupted Henning's mocking voice. "You killed Foster with a shot through the head. I felt the wind of your bullets past my ears!"

"The murderer would feel complimented," was the quiet answer. "Give me your word of honor to listen to me quietly for ten minutes, and then to sit for one minute in your chair if I choose to jump out the window. Promise, and I'll put the gun away—no! I'll give it to you."

Mr. Henning blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling, considering this amazing speech.

"Why should you take my word? I wouldn't take yours!"

"Because you don't know me! I do know you," the masked figure answered. "I'm offering you my weapon for your word, so we can talk."

"Suppose I won't give my word?"

"Then you'll listen anyway—only—but you will give me your word!"

"All right. You have it. I promise."

The masked figure stepped across to Henning, handed him the gun, handle first, pulled a chair from the table and sat. Amazed, Henning resisted an impulse to put the gun in his pocket.

"Please listen carefully—and don't ask questions until I am through," the intruder began. "Then I'll either go as I came—while you sit as you promised—or I'll answer any questions you ask."

"Go ahead," Mr. Henning replied.

"Two men lived for three years on top of a mountain out West," the masked man spoke rapidly. "One of them is a scientist and inventor, like his father before him. From that father he inherited certain formulae and ideas in metallurgy and some revolutionary aerodynamic conceptions. With the other man for an assistant he worked for three years. One result was the lightest metal known to science. Catch this."

From under his black jersey he drew a small bright metal ball, perhaps two inches in diameter, which he tossed at the seated figure. Henning caught it, then cried out in surprise.

"Why, it doesn't weigh anything!"

"Right. It's lighter than balsa wood—the lightest so-called solid known. Yet it's as strong as structural steel. After three years the assistant left, desiring another career. He stole the formula for Aerolin. He also stole certain plans."

The black figure paused, as if searching for words.

"I am the real inventor of Aerolin, and a new and wonderful fuel. I want both to be useful to mankind, to have them make me the fortune they are worth. Were worth—because now both are worth exactly nothing."

"How so?"

"The man who stole Aerolin and my invention used them to steal the Romanoi diamonds. If I give my invention to a possible purchaser, I also give myself up as the burglar. No one would believe that another man possesses the same means—"

"But you expect me to?"

"I'll prove it to you!" came the quiet answer. "I've already begun. A burglar doesn't present his victim with his gun, taking a word in exchange."

"Why come armed in the first place?" demanded Henning, keenly.

"You'd be justified in using a gun on a masked man who appeared in your rooms at night. I had to protect myself."

Henning nodded. "Go ahead," he said.

"I cannot successfully accuse the other man of burglary, as he left no evidence. Possession of the invention is not evidence. Demonstration would be. To vindicate myself and my invention, I must catch the real thief red-handed in another jewel robbery."

Mr. Henning puzzled for a moment over this, then grinned.

"How can you anticipate his next job?"

"I'll be there. His next attempt will be on your ruby, and you'll stage the scene for that robbery!"

MR. HENNING stared, open-mouthed. The statement took him by surprise, although his capacity for that emotion was already strained.

"Have I permission to get up?" Henning asked.

"You have the gun," his visitor reminded, gently. "I have only your promise."

"It was my promise I was thinking of when I asked permission."

"What do you want to get up for?"

"I want another cigar!"

The masked figure laughed—a healthy, clear-voiced laugh. He handed Mr. Henning one of the cigars off the table.

Henning thanked him with a nod and lit it. "Now you might elaborate your proposal that I stage the robbery of my ruby!"

"Have a paste duplicate made, secretly. Let it be known that the theft of the Romanoi diamonds has frightened

you. Announce that you will sell the ruby. Have the buyers assemble in the Tower Building, but don't tell them the ruby is imitation until you show it to them. Announce even greater precautions than were taken for the Romanoi meeting. Have the street filled with police—anything you want. Set a date—be sure it's at night. Your imitation ruby will be stolen. I'll follow the thief and you will see me do it! Either I'll catch him with the evidence of the crime on him or—"

He stopped. Henning was acutely conscious of the menace to the thief in that unfinished sentence.

"You're proposing an impossibility!" he said, uncomfortably. "No thief will be able to get up there again—not if I take the right precautions!"

"If I show you it is possible, will you do it? Think, man! No jewel is safe, outside of strong boxes, if we don't catch him! You can't open your own vault and look at your own collection without grave risk. While that man is abroad, every jewel in the world is as good as ownerless—"

"But you're asking me to risk the life of some buyer. The thief shoots to kill!" Henning shook slightly.

"If you don't display a gun, he won't shoot. He's not a murderer at heart—I know him. I know him well! He will steal for the love of fine gems, and shoot to protect himself, but not otherwise."

"All right. I don't believe in your possibility, but if you show me, I'll do what you ask—"

"Sit in your chair for one minute by your watch. Then come to the window."

The black figure walked rapidly to the opening and disappeared behind the heavy curtains.

Mr. Henning sat for a long minute, then rushed to the window.

The black figure was nowhere to be seen.

HENNING looked blankly up, out around. No rope, no airship, no ladder, no anything by which the black man could have gone. Then "My heavens, look at that!"

Flying swiftly as a bird flies on extended pinions, without noise or flap of wing, a huge black bat flitted across the stars.

High over the roofs of apartments across the street it soared, higher, higher. The watcher at the window gasped as it folded its wings and dropped like a plummet. While Henning's body cringed, the wings flew open and the figure turned with a graceful swoop, to mount skyward almost as fast as it had fallen.

The breathless watcher at the window saw the flying silhouette poise on the edge of a roof, fall off and catch itself, hover, somersault in the air, rise almost vertically, swoop and dive. His hair rose in superstitious awe. Then a feeling of envy replaced his amazement. This was freedom! This was liberty as man had never known it! This was the flight of which man had dreamed; flight without cumbersome engine, without apparatus other than great black wings!

The figure flew away from the watcher, then turned and shot down a long incline at express train speed. On, on, it came, headlong for the apartment—Henning cried out in terror. The figure must be dashed to a hideous death against the wall!

But instead of being dashed to pieces, the bat-like form presented the full spread of its wings to the air and drew up smoothly to drop lightly to the window sill. Before the amazed and horrified watcher the figure folded the wings back in a narrow V, slid arms and legs from black metal rings, and climbed into the room.

"You see?" asked the black man.

"Great guns!" cried Mr. Henning, and there was reverence in his tone. "Bird flight—the thing Lillenthal tried for and died for—"

"Now will you help me trap that burglar? Vindicate my wings?"

"Yes, yes—a thousand times yes!" cried Henning, his voice so choked with amazement and wonder he could hardly speak.

"If you don't mind, I'll shed the disguise. It's much too hot unless you're flying—"

The masked figure first pulled off black gloves, then untied and slid off the mask that covered head and face.

Mr. Henning saw a pleasant-faced young man, not handsome, with wide gray eyes and sandy hair.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'll tell you—after the paste ruby job," Hod said smiling.

ASYNDCATE of fifteen, jewel collectors and dealers in precious stones, sat about a table in the offices of the company of the murdered Foster. "Is the Keltonham ruby here?" asked Wirt of Ledbetter, president of the D. M. P. A.

"It will be here at the proper time,"

said the president. "Whatever else we made public, we didn't say when and how the ruby would be brought here!"

"Of course not. But why be secretive about it now?" Mr. Wirt was slightly indignant.

The D. M. P. A. police chief put in a pacifying word. "We have taken all the precautions we could think of," he explained. "Things are different tonight! I have sixty men in this building at the present moment. Four guard each of the five locked doors between this top floor and the first occupied floor below. By special arrangement with the trustees, the building is closed; no one will be permitted to go in or out. Beginning with the top every room in the building was searched at six o'clock today. No one is in the building except ourselves and the guards and no one can get in."

"You satisfied, Mr. Henning?" asked Wirt.

"Have any of you gentlemen guns?"

was Henning's answer.

"You asked us not to bring any!"

accused the Frenchman.

Henning looked from man to man.

All but the D. M. P. A. police chief disclaimed the possession of weapons. He looked uncomfortable.

"I can't see any sense in it!" he stormed. "Yes, I've got a gun! I don't propose to take any chances—"

"Then you're not satisfied?" Henning shot the words at him.

"I am satisfied. No human can reach these offices until I say the word!"

"Then give me your gun. I meant the condition I made. I am satisfied, too—but if a miracle does happen, I want no shooting—"

No one sensed Henning's discomfort at the part he was playing. He didn't like deceit. He much preferred telling his plan at once. But the masked figure had insisted no one know the ruby was false until the last possible moment. Not until just before they saw the gem were they to be told. The affair must be convincing. Henning glanced curiously at the black windows, wondering if the thief were outside. Perhaps he wasn't even in the city!

The jewel was to be displayed at nine o'clock. The group thought it in the great vault—all but the manager of Foster's business, and he had been sworn to silence.

Wirt looked at his watch. "You can open in a minute—" he said.

Henning nodded. Then, to a chorus of protest, he shut all six windows and pulled down the shades. It was too warm a night to shut out the air! No

one could see in—why, the nearest tall building was a quarter of a mile away! "Please be seated," said Henning slowly. His voice was very low. "With all the earnestness of which I am capable I ask you to read what I am going to hand you and to follow the instructions literally."

To raised eyebrows and looks of wonder, Henning distributed slips of typewritten sheets to each man. The instructions read:

"Do not start. Do not speak. Do not look surprised. Put this slip in your pocket and act naturally. The Keltonham ruby I shall show you is paste. It will be stolen, and its theft will lead us to the Romano diamonds. Any slip on your part means failure. Show yourselves good sports by looking and acting as if this fake were the real ruby. J. Gordon Henning."

From an inside pocket he took a small box, opened it, and set it on the table in front of the group. For a moment no one moved. Then the slips were put gravely into pockets and the "ruby" passed from hand to hand. No one betrayed his amazement. The comments on the ruby's size, its beauty, and its unique cutting, were apparently unfeigned.

FROM the dark windows of a vacant room in the tower of the Chandler Building, a pleasant-faced young man looked through powerful glasses at the Tower Building. He was clad in white and no mask hid his face.

Spread on the floor behind him lay wings of silver white.

"If I knew which way he'd come I'd get there just after him and steal his wings!" he muttered. "But I don't know—"

He looked at a wrist watch. "If I win," he said softly, "I'll have fortune and a clear name. If I fail—" He shrugged. "I must not fail!"

He kept his gaze riveted on the Tower Building. The temptation to scan the sky was strong, but he didn't yield.

"Might miss him." The wrist watch showed five minutes of nine. "He must come soon—hah!"

He sprang back into the room, hauled the lifeless wings to the window, thrust arms and legs through rings, hooked up two slender springs, and jumped from the ledge. He smiled as he fell a hundred feet, then soared, up, up—and sped like an arrow for the Tower Building.

The "ruby" had passed around the circle. Each man had handled it. Henning thought they had played well the parts so suddenly thrust upon them. To expect to see a gem worth a hundred thousand dollars and be confronted with a paste imitation might readily unstring anyone.

"Hands up, gentlemen, quick!"

Fifteen pairs of hands shot ceilingward, the more quickly that they expected it. Through the door from the hall stepped the familiar masked figure, black from head to heel. Henning marveled at the voice, so like that which had planned this scene—could it be the same man! But of course not! It was the paste ruby that was on the table before him—not the real one.

The masked figure swept up the box and sped to the door.

"I am glad there is to be no shooting!" he observed, casually. "Let me warn you again—it will be exceedingly dangerous to come into the hall for a couple of minutes. I was amused when you picked the same spot for your second meeting. Did you really think I couldn't get in this time?"

His merry laugh rang out through the still room as he shot through the door and closed it after him. They heard the key turn.

Then babel broke loose. Questions poured at Henning. Ignoring them, he sprang from his chair and threw up the shades and windows. "Look—look!" he shouted. "You'll see!"

From the window sill in the hall a black figure leaped. Like a stone it dropped, then rose and soared on extended pinions. Then the breathless watchers at the windows saw a white streak fall from the roof above and curve across the path of the other.

"See, see!" cried Henning. "White Wings has no mask!"

Speechless, the fifteen watchers crowded the windows. A gleam of light illuminated for an instant the second flying man as he shot by, revealing a head of sun-bleached hair. They gazed absorbed at the incredible chase, fading rapidly into the distance and the dark. . . .

HOD flew with tremendous beats. If Jim could reach a building, the pistol that had killed Foster would speak. Jim would shoot—Hod was sure of it. There was a streak of ruthlessness in Jim that went with his gay daring. But Hod knew that Jim's extended hands could draw no pistol while the figure was in flight. Therefore Hod must stay close. One of them must die. There was no other way.

Hod's face was lit with reluctant admiration. Jim was flying easily and well. Behind the little shield Hod nodded in approval.

But all the time Hod gained. The five hundred yards between them became four, and the four, three. Although Jim didn't once look back, Hod knew that he was aware of being chased. There was purposefulness in Jim's steady flight.

The three hundred yards became two; the two hundred, one. Hod knew that his quarry couldn't escape. The one hundred yards dwindled to fifty. Then Hod bent his head to one side of the little shield and called:

"Jim! You can't get away! It's to the death!"

At the words, Jim folded and dropped. Hod checked himself to hover and watch. Jim did as he would have done in his place—dropped stonelike for the deep shadows of the earth. For an agonizing moment Hod thought he had lost his man. He stared frantically down through a hundred yards of darkness. Then he saw a dim shadow intercepting a lighted street and dropped after it.

Now Jim climbed with beating wings and cautious side slips. Like a falcon Hod clung to his tail. Dizzily they spiraled and looped. And now Hod knew that terror was lending power to Jim's wings.

"I'll drive you from the city, Jim!" Hod yelled. "It's your last flight!"

"Yours too, then," Jim's voice came faintly back.

Jim mounted skyward. Hod climbed easily a hundred yards behind.

Up, up—two miles, three miles into the bitter cold of the upper air. Then down in an awful rush that set the slender Aerolin ribs trembling with strain.

"Hoping I'll break my wings!" thought Hod. "But they'll not break—"

As if convinced that he couldn't shake off his pursuer, Jim suddenly ceased his acrobatics and winged steadily to the east. New York became a dim radiance on the horizon, and Brooklyn just a glare of light. Long Island Sound widened, a dark blue against the black of the shore. Ahead stretched only the stars and the night—and the Atlantic. "Where's he off to?" wondered Hod. "There's no mountain or high tower or apartment house on the end of Long Island—"

The end of Long Island drifted by below, a dark shadow in the ocean, with



tiny lines of white showing where breakers roared. The black figure didn't falter. They were flying a mile above the water, and the air was chill. Hod wished for his woolen mask. He hadn't expected to fly so far.

"Wherever you go, I'll go, Jim!" he called.

The black figure ahead climbed more slowly now, and slanted less, as if resting. Hod was tired, but he hadn't even thought of quitting. Land was several hundred miles behind. Only an occasional feeble twinkle marked a ship in the dark water below.

Hod rested easily on his wings, content to stay his dogged hundred yards behind. Did Jim have a ship waiting? How could he find it in that waste?

Slowly Jim slanted toward the water until only a scant five hundred feet lay between the ocean and the flyers. Then he turned in a loop, swept back, turned again and flew parallel to Hod.

"My dear cousin, I think you win!" The words came in a faint gasp.

"I told you I would!" "I'd—give you—my ruby—if I could—get it!" Jim glanced at his extended hands, captured in the rings of the wings.

"Never mind the ruby!" Hod called. "It was only paste. Tell me—where are the Romano diamonds?"

Jim smiled. "Don't you wish—you knew?" he gasped.

Hod's face grew bleak with despair. "You must tell me!" he cried. "You must!"

"What if I choose to die with my secret?" Jim tantalized.

"You can," Hod called slowly. "But you won't, because whatever else you may be—I think you're a sportsman."

"Well said, cousin!" Jim laughed gaily. "I'll give you back—your career. The diamonds are—under the logs—in my fireplace."

FOR the space of a minute they flew side by side. Then Jim spoke again, mockingly. "You win—you think you win! But have you strength to get home?"

Then he laughed, a last splendid laugh, and with a cry that was to ring in Hod's ears all his life, the Black Wings fluttered, came together in a point—and man and wings dived headlong for the sea. . . .

Hod stifled the cry in his throat as he followed, slowly. He was a hundred feet above the surface when Jim parted the water in a terrific splash. Hod saw the water mount toward him and settle slowly back. A sea gull swept curiously over, as if wondering.

With a sigh Hod turned. The shore was very far away, and he was tired. But ahead something called—a justification for Wings. There was Henning, with whom he must keep faith.

He flew very slowly, on long, long slants. His wings beat feebly. His body was tired—terribly tired from the tense posture of flying. He wanted to fold up, and drop.

It was noon when an exhausted figure fluttered down from the upper air to fling itself at the open window of a Park Avenue apartment. What matter if they saw him from the street? If Jim had told the truth he was safe.

With the last ounce of his strength he spread his wings and landed on the sill. He fell rather than climbed into the apartment where he had stood a few days before to accuse and be accused. His white wings collapsed behind him as he struggled from the rings. For a minute he lay gasping for breath upon the floor. Then he crawled to the fireplace in which logs and kindling were piled ready for lighting.

Feebly he clawed at the wood, then pitched forward on his face. His last conscious act was to draw from beneath the pile a little chest of polished wood.

His wings were washed white of stain.

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daughter, Greek goddess of health. St. Pierre and Miquelon (general). Four designs: map of the islands, flanked by sturdy fishermen; valley village, and lighthouse, with border of fish; fishing boats, with border of seagulls; and a Newfoundland dog. Switzerland (semi-postal). The annual *Pro Juventute* (For the Children) set brings a portrait new to philately—

that of Professor Eugen Huber, jurist and author of Switzerland's civil code, on the 30 centimes. Huber died in 1923. On the 5, 10, and 20c are illustrated youths' athletic events—flag juggling, putting the stone, and wrestling. Saar (semi-postal). Designs, Kirkel citadel ruins (40 centimes); Bliescastel chapel (60c); town of Ottweiler (1 franc); St. Michael's Church (1fr 50c);

town of St. Wendel (2fr); St. Johann's Church at Saarbrücken (3fr); and a view of Dillingen (5fr).

Spain (general). The Gate of the Sun, at Toledo, is illustrated on a new 10 pesetas.

Swaziland (general). This British protectorate's first stamps since 1890 offer a portrait of King George, Swazi shields, Kaffir kraals, and mountains.

Blizzard! (Continued from page 25)

brothers have built a cabin at the timber line, two hundred miles north of here," explained Hackley. "That's right up here, at the head of Lake Eileen." He marked the spot on Renfrew's map. "They make that a sort of supply depot. Then Detwiler and Frayne are living in a sort of cave twenty miles northeast, out on the Barrens."

"What are they doing there?" "I dunno. Frayne's sort of crazy, I guess. He aims to collect what he calls specimens of animals and such. Detwiler just humors him, living out there where they ain't no fuel nor shelter. I s'pose he hired out to do it, but I wouldn't do it myself for all the money on earth. You'll stay here a spell?" "No. I've got a message for Frayne. And it's urgent."

In spite of Hackley's almost violent protests, Renfrew set out once more in the face of the oncoming storm.

The blizzard struck him as he traveled across the wind-swept ice field of Lake Eileen. The black sky seemed suddenly to plunge down to the earth, bearing a fog of snow that thickened the fury of the wind through which Renfrew had to shoulder his way.

He wrapped the hood of his parka closely about his face, breathing into it, while he struggled blindly forward. He knew that the blizzard came from the north. If he could continue straight into it, he would not lose his course. But the wind buffeted him almost beyond endurance, while its high shrieking tortured his nerves.

Soon he became aware that the dogs were pulling him forward, and he was moving in dumb helplessness behind them. He found himself cringing from the blasts of the gale, madly tempted to leave the handles of the sled and blunder away, crazily retreating from the wind. Grimly he rallied all his faculties, knowing that he must either fight his way forward or make camp, and that to camp on the exposed ice sheet of the lake was suicide.

The only haven that offered was the wooded shore of the lake, three miles across wind to the eastward. But Renfrew couldn't bring himself to accept it. The very fury of this blizzard could give Detwiler the means of gaining by the death of his cousin. Even now, the inexperienced Frayne might be battling against death. Renfrew drove himself on.

He could not see the dogs beyond the sled in front of him. He was isolated in a white chaos of whirling, stinging sleet. The wind seemed to be running wild—it buffeted him from every direction. His whole body was becoming numb; his lungs struggled for every gulp of frigid air. Worst of all, he was afraid he was circling. For hours he had battled forward and the woods at the head of the lake should have appeared long since. Twelve miles, it had been by the map. And he had battled the blizzard for three hours. If he was circling, he was lost. He couldn't last much longer.

He stopped the dogs and stood, cringing from the torture of the sleet, while he tried to penetrate the storm. Then his eyes caught something at his feet. A tiny ridge on a wind-swept patch of the lake ice—a ridge that was strange-

ly colored brown. His heart rose with a surge of new courage as he realized the meaning of that tiny yellow-brown ridge. It showed that, recently, a man who chewed tobacco had spit upon the ice—he was near the habitation of men!

Rallying himself once more, Renfrew strained every nerve to catch the direction of the wind. Deciding from which direction it most constantly attacked him, he headed his dogs directly into its fury and forged ahead through the darkness. In the bullying thunder of the storm he went staggering and blundering on for perhaps two miles—until a merciful providence caused his dogs to lead him into a collision with the gaunt corner of a log cabin that protruded from a great pile of drifted snow.

Inside, undoubtedly, were men and warmth and comfort. But to reach the door of the cabin, he must remove a mass of snow that completely concealed the side of the cabin behind a hill that sloped up to the roof. With dogged determination he went to work, bitterly aware that it might take him hours to move sufficient snow to reach that door.

HE dug with both hands, feeling out the direction in the pitch-black gale. Sometimes he found himself sliding away from the cabin and had to feel his way back, fighting the demons of despair and fatigue that shrieked out within him. Once panic almost overwhelmed him when he realized that, blindly groping in blackness, he had lost the cabin entirely. The whimpering of his dogs, mournfully answering his call, led him back again. He came finally to realize that he was racing with the automatic movement of his weary arms against a fatigue that was rapidly overcoming him. The hopelessness of it all pressed down upon him.

Yet, driven by grim determination, he continued to move his arms mechanically, digging on in blank endurance—until suddenly snow was hurled back upon him in great chunks and masses as a door opened inward, revealing a blaze of light. Two men plunged out and grasped him as if he'd been a bag of duflie. And then he was in the steaming cabin with the door closed once more against the blizzard, blinking and panting as he tore open his fur clothing, trembling and dizzy with fatigue.

"Feed the dogs!" he cried. "There's food on the sled outside."

The two tall, blue-eyed men who occupied the cabin exchanged glances. One of them, whose well-fleshed face and strong, good-humored mouth made him seem the more dominant of the two, started immediately to pull on his fur outer garments. The other, more lean and taciturn of bearing, turned quietly to the stove and prepared some hot food for the visitor.

These were the brothers Judd, veteran trappers of the North. They listened with frank admiration and respect to Renfrew's brief account of his journey through the blizzard.

"When I heard you yellin' outside," boomed Gregg, the elder, "I says, 'It must be a wolf. It can't be a human.' Then after a while we got the idea that Detwiler or Frayne might have been caught out, and we thought we'd in-

vestigate. You must have known before you left Reliance that there was bad weather brewin'."

"Yes," admitted Renfrew. "But I had some business that wouldn't wait."

"Detwiler?" asked Alan, the younger. Renfrew nodded. "And Frayne. Where are they living?"

Again the brothers exchanged glances.

"I thought there was something queer going on," said Gregg slowly. "Detwiler knows men and he knows the Barrens. He knows that kid ain't got no right to be foolin' round out there. The Barrens are tough in winter, even for experienced men. No fuel, no shelter, nothing."

"How are they living?"

"They dug a cave in the side of an esker—that's one of them gravel ridges. Got it propped up with timbers they hauled from the woods here. For fuel they gather willow twigs and roots and such. They eat when they kill a caribou or anything else that Frayne don't want for his collection."

"What do you think they're doing it for?" asked Renfrew.

"Search me," said Gregg. "It's Detwiler," said Alan. "He's got some crazy notion of humoring this kid Frayne for the queerest reason I ever heard. Detwiler's a funny thinker, and he loves the Barrens and sort of glories in the hardship of livin' out there on the eskers."

"What was his reason?"

"How's that?"

"This queer reason you spoke of for humoring the kid?"

"Oh, you wouldn't scarcely believe it. But he told me once he was doing it to make a man out of this young Frayne. Make a man out of him. Sounds queer, don't it?"

"Yes," said Renfrew. "I've got to go out and see him tomorrow."

"You're crazy," said Gregg. "This blizzard'll blow for three days at least."

But Renfrew felt that every minute counted. At last, impressed by his calm determination, the Judds insisted on accompanying him. The three of them started the next morning with a long line attaching them to the sled, and Gregg Judd driving the dogs.

What had been for Renfrew the day before a journey of incalculable danger now became an adventure in the highest kind of sport. With three strong men, ample provisions, and a team of good dogs, they could do no worse than lose the way and be forced to build a snow barrier against the bullying blizzard. The game was to hold straight to their course. There were spells when they could see one another dimly in the whirling curtain of the storm. Again, everything disappeared but the gray ghost of the blizzard, and they drew their faces into their hoods like turtles, blundering forward with slow, battling strides, blind to the world, gasping for breath inside the fur covering. Then the snow would whirl upward again with a boisterous howl of the wind, and the world would come forth, appearing as if through a curtain of heavy gauze.

In one of these moments of vision Renfrew, ten feet to the left of the sled, the line slack between him and Gregg Judd, saw what he thought for a mo-

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ment was Gregg gone mad. Then he realized that he was looking at a man of huge proportions who staggered like a gigantic humpback through the storm. He saw the man sink down and rise again, queerly slim, to totter this way and that, as if seeking escape from invisible walls.

"Wait! Hold hard!" roared Renfrew. Gregg stopped the dogs. The three travelers closed in on the queer stranger, who was blundering about, completely blind in the snow, while another man lay moaning at his feet.

"Detwiler!" cried Gregg Judd when he saw the big man's face.

"Frayne!" cried Alan Judd, staring down at the man who lay moaning.

"Thank God!" cried Detwiler. "I was afraid I'd lost him!"

With Frayne on the sled and Detwiler lashed to their line, they returned again to the cabin. While they made their way back, with the blizzard shoving them from behind, Renfrew struggled with a strange new problem. Detwiler had been carrying Frayne on his shoulders! Detwiler had been afraid that Frayne might die!

Back at the cabin it developed that Frayne had cut his foot badly with an ax, and that both men were gaunt and weak from starvation. They had not found Renfrew and his party too soon.

"What made you travel in the blizzard?" asked Renfrew.

Detwiler gazed at him with luminous, guileless eyes. He was a tall fellow, towering above the tall Judd brothers by several inches. Under his thickly matted hair, his nose was sharply aquiline, and his wide thin lips were sensitive and firm.

"Our fuel ran out," he said simply. "It was impossible to get more, and without it we were freezing."

"Why didn't you come in alone? You could have made the trip quicker and got back to him with fuel."

"I didn't dare leave him. If anything had happened and he had died—well, I didn't dare."

"Why not?"

The thin lips stretched in a smile. "That man, Frayne, is my cousin. If he died, I'd inherit over three hundred thousand English pounds. That's what I was afraid of."

Renfrew stared in amazement. "It's a fact," said Detwiler, with earnest simplicity. "My father wrote me from England that an old uncle of mine was dying and that when the end came Frayne would inherit the money. He told me Frayne was in Canada, and I looked him up. Well, when I found him this is what he was: a shoe clerk—

a narrow-chested weakling who spent his evenings playing billiards and his days selling shoes. It made me feel sad to think that such a man should inherit all that money. I could see how he'd spend it. Luxurious living, fat living—he'd become a pig of a man."

"But I found that he knew nothing about the old man, that he didn't dream of ever having money. And what's more he showed spirit. He responded instantly to my stories of life up here in the Barrens. So I conceived a crazy idea. I didn't let him know about the money or our relationship. I just lured him into this trip, and he took to it like a boy. It was wonderful, and I thought, 'This may be the death of you, my lad, but if it isn't, it'll make you a man.' But I didn't know the trap I was digging for myself."

He paused while Renfrew watched him, fascinated.

"What trap?" urged Renfrew quietly. "It was this. Before we left Edmonton, I took a paper and pencil and figured out a family tree from all I knew of the family. And, by heavens, I found that if this boy died, I was the one who'd inherit the money. So then I saw what I'd done. A man puts himself snugly into the hands of Death when he winters in the Barrens. That's the splendid adventure of it. And here I was doing it to this boy, and if he died—well, I couldn't permit it. I was too darned afraid of that."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of inheriting that money. It takes everything out of life that makes life worth living. It takes friendship from you and freedom. It burdens you and tangles you up in houses and lands and luxuries. It would rip me out of the Barrens as a tree's uprooted by the gale. It would tear me out of the woods and fling me into the cities. For me it would take all the happiness out of life. That's what I was afraid of. To carry Frayne back through the blizzard might have killed me; but if Frayne had died I'd have suffered worse than that. I'd have been buried alive in money!"

Renfrew stared at the amazing fellow, divided between laughter and astonishment. Then he began to chuckle.

"I'm not laughing at you," he explained quickly as he saw Detwiler flush. "I'm laughing at the fact that two men almost died to save Frayne from your clutches. We thought you meant to kill him—" he paused, lost in a fit of joy.

"For the money!" he gasped. "We thought you meant to kill him for the money!"

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"Thank goodness that's over with!"

He Took No Chances

Alf (to Ralph, who is high up on the ladder): "Hey, Ralph, that ladder is upside down!"

Ralph: "I know it. I put it up that way so I'd be near the bottom if it falls."

Snip for Snap

"When did the robbery occur?" the cross-examining lawyer asked the witness.

"I think—" began the man on the stand. "We don't care what you think; we want to know what you know," snapped the lawyer.

"Well, I may as well not testify then," said the witness quietly. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."

The Lumberjack Twins Who—



The Fatal Gift

"Yes, I'm something of a mind-reader. I can tell at a glance just what a person is thinking of me."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I mean—don't you find it embarrassing?"

Chemical Reaction

Chemistry Student: "What would you do if the teacher didn't like the way you do experiments, and bawled you out?"

All-A Chem. Student: "I'd hand her a hot retort."

Proof of the Pudding

Nervous Old Lady: "If I give you a piece of pudding you'll never return, will you?"

Persistent Tramp: "Well, Ma'am, you know your pudding better than I do."

Duty, Honor, Country!

The rookie was on sentry duty for the first time. A dark form approached. "Halt!" cried the recruit. "Who is there?"

"The orderly officer."

"Advance."

The orderly officer advanced, only to be stopped after a few steps by another "Halt!"

"This is the second time you have halted me," observed the officer bitingly. "What are you going to do next?"

"My orders," was the reply, "are to call 'Halt!' three times and then shoot."

No, Did You?

Did you hear about the absent-minded professor who jumped from an airplane and didn't open the parachute because it wasn't raining?

Old Stuff

"Physicists are attempting to weigh light."
"They're behind the times. Some butchers have been doing that for years."

The Seditary Art

"It took eight sittings."
"What? Been having your portrait painted?"
"No, learning to skate."

Of Tender Years

Many a young man poses as being hard boiled when he's really only half baked.

Took the Bait

Red: "Boy! She certainly gave you a dirty look."

Ted: "What's that? Who did?"
Red: "Mother Nature."

The Rivals

"Oh, I know a few things!" said the haughty senior.

"Well, you haven't anything on me," retorted the freshman. "I guess I know as few things as anybody."

Too Many Times

The expert in vocational guidance gazed at the young man before him thoughtfully, wrinkling his forehead.

"You can't keep a position," he mused. "Perhaps the reason is that you don't throw yourself into your work. Have you ever been fired with enthusiasm?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man. "From every job I've tackled."

The Age of Iron

She: "The directions say to rub the surface down with steel wool. What on earth is steel wool?"

He: "I'm not sure, but I think it's made from the fleece of hydraulic rams."

We Can Use More

Aspiring Author: "At last I've written something for *The American Boy* that's been accepted."

Would-Be Writer: "What was it?"
A. A.: "A check for a year's subscription."

Stupid!

Jimmy's father found him in the barn. He was shaking his pet rabbit and saying: "Five and five! How much is five and five?"

"Jimmy, Jimmy, what does this mean?" his father demanded. "Why," said Jimmy, "Teacher told us rabbits multiply rapidly, but this dumbbell can't even add!"

No Escape for Him

The out-of-town boy had gone into the party with a group. Later in the evening, standing next to another boy, he ventured:

"Sort of a dumb party, isn't it?"

"Certainly is," said the other.

"Let's go home," suggested the new boy.

"I can't," was the answer. "I'm the host."

Obliging

Hobo: "Could you give an unfortunate man a bite, Madam?"

Housewife: "I don't bite, myself, but I'll call the dog."

Too Much Overhead

Mike: "Did you hear about the undertaker dying last week?"

Ike: "Uh-huh. He didn't make much on that job, did he?"

Mike: "Not much. In fact, he went in the hole."

Couldn't Defend Herself

The city girl was spending her holiday on the farm, and the young man of the family seemed to find her good company. One evening they were leaning over the pasture gate when they saw a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted bovine fashion.

"See there," said the young man. "That sight makes me want to do the same."

"I don't see why you shouldn't," the city miss observed. "After all, it's your cow."

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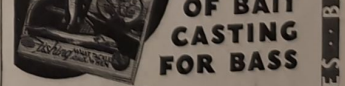
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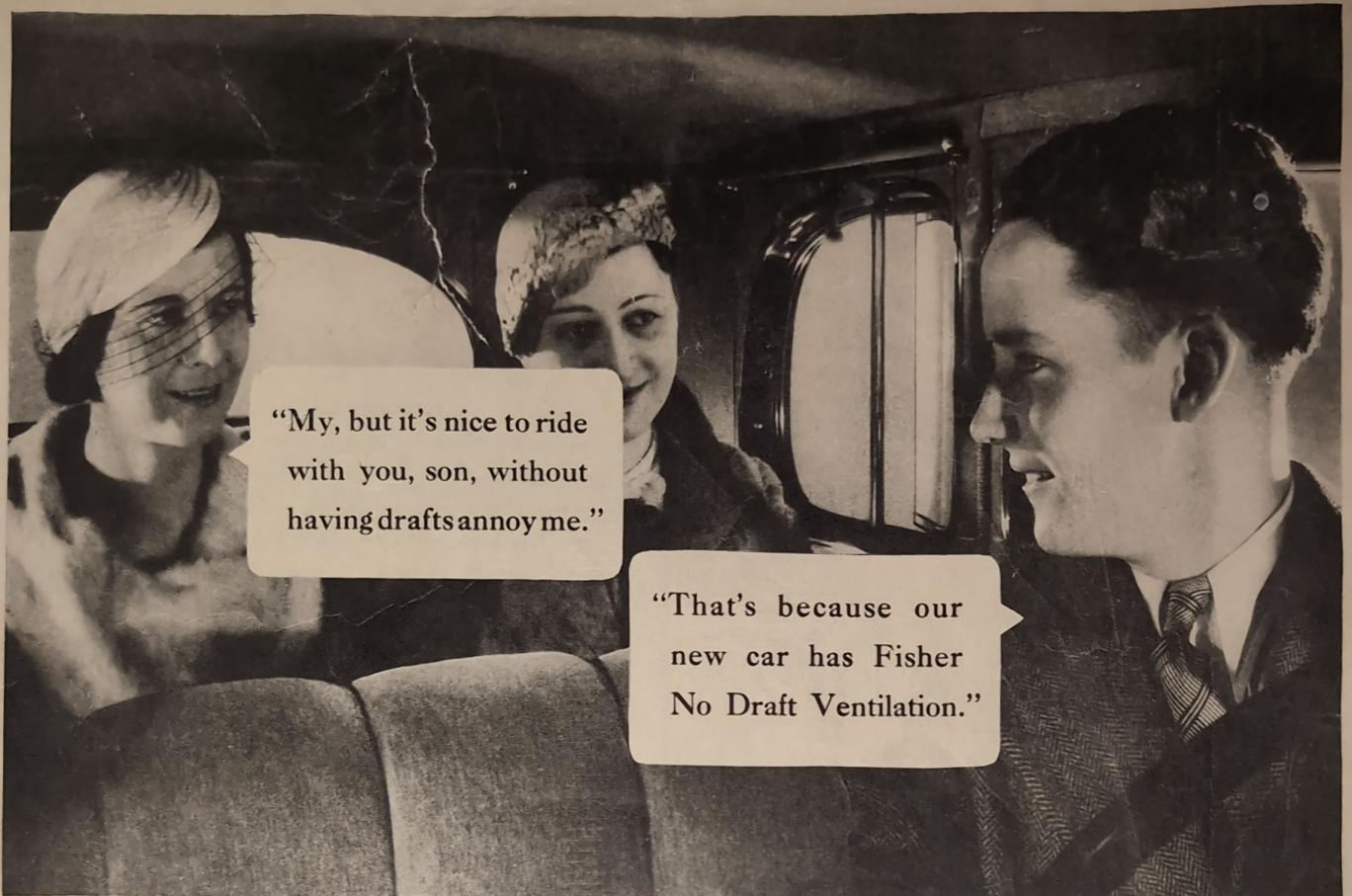
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